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A Bouquet of Indian Flowers.
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Perfume, Soap, Sachet.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA

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Fire, Marine, Guarantee.

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OFFICES—83 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

S. E. CAMERON, RESIDENT SECRETARY.

MAY 1903 PRICE 9D.

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NIXEY'S REFINED BLACK LEAD.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS' REPUTATION, THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS. STILL THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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Look for the name "Dueber" in the case.
Write for our "Guide to Watch Buyers."

THE
DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS,
CANTON, OHIO.

1. "I wonder if I'll catch my train?"

(Continued on page iii.)

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Light, Strong, and Rab bit Proof.

Made of STEEL TUBE, with Malleable IRON FITTINGS; with **Galvanised Steel Wire** wove on to the frames.

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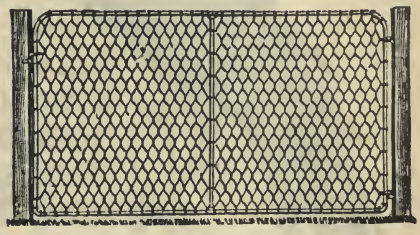

Weight of a 9-foot Gate under 50 lbs. Hinges, Catche and Stops complete. Can be hung in a few minutes.

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Is a Necessity in Every Home.

Ready for instant use when received. No setting up. No trouble. You can have at home in your own room Turkish, Russian, Hot Air, Vapour, Medicated, Perfumed, Mineral, Salt, Quinine, Hop, or Sulphur Baths. Benefits and cures Sleeplessness, Obesity, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures a hard cold with one bath. These baths are highly endorsed by physicians and such eminent authorities as Dr. Ruddock, Dr. Kellogg, Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

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Carriage paid to any Victorian Railway Station, or Australian and N.Z. ports.

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THE WILSON EAR-DRUM

is really a substitute for the working parts of the natural ear. Has no wire Invisible, easy to adjust, comfortable Totally different from any other device Descriptive pamphlet sent upon request

J. CHALMERS,
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(SOLE AGENT FOR AUSTRALASIA)

There's SECURITY in

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Absolutely Cure

BILIOUSNESS
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
INDIGESTION.
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FURRED TONGUE.
DIZZINESS.
SALLOW SKIN.

They TOUCH the LIVER

Be Sure they are CARTER'S

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE STEEL STAR WINDMILL,

TRUE AS STEEL

(OF WHICH IT IS MADE),

Is galvanised after being put together. This galvanises every rivet and bolt in its position, protecting the bolts and the cut edges from rust. This galvanising business is a great feature—increasing the life of the MILL.

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They have BALL BEARINGS, which is another valuable point.

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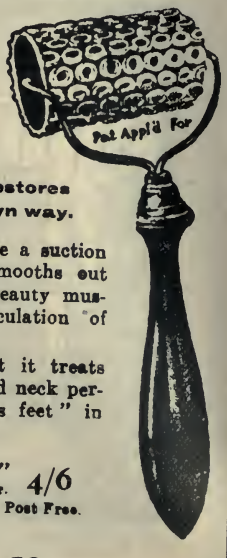

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The cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

Sample Jar of "SKIN FOOD" Given Away with each Roller. 4/6
Roller and Sample Jar - - Post Free.

THE ENTERPRISE CO.,

Box 133, G.P.O. MELBOURNE.

2. "Look out, ye fule!"

(Continued on page vii.)

MR. EDISON'S LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

1st.—The New MOULDED Records, made of a harder material, which is more durable, and wears better than the old type, is not damaged by handling, and is more natural in tone, more distinct, and of exceptional loudness.

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DRINK and DRUG HABITS and resultant Nervous Diseases eradicated at home without inconvenience by

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Assured results. Either sex. Adaptable to every case. Success testified by Officials of London Diocesan Branch of CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THOMAS HOLMES, the famous North London Missionary, Author of "Pictures and Problems of the London Police Courts," writes: "I wish to bear my testimony to the great value of your remedy. I selected only those cases that are acknowledged to be at once the most difficult and the most hopeless. In the lowest depths I met them. I soon saw the beneficial effects of your remedy, their physical condition rapidly improved, their depression of mind passed away, they became bright and hopeful—in fact, new men."

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS.

"The Treatment succeeds in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred. The Faculty acknowledges itself amazed at the "marvellous success of this new remedy, which destroys the taste for alcohol and kindred drugs, making them absolutely "abhorrent to the patient. A strong point about this proved cure is that it can be taken as ordinary medicine, and in no way "interferes with general habits, while the inebriate home becomes practically a thing of the past."—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results."—TRUTH.

The "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" (London), in an Article entitled "Where the English are holding their own,"—says:—

"For some years the Gold Cure as a remedy for inveterate drunkenness held the field. This American method of treatment, "although achieving considerable success in many cases, is far from being a universal specific. It entails a long and costly "treatment, involving subcutaneous injections and residence in an institute during the time of treatment. The competing "system to which I am now calling attention is simpler, and appears to be not less efficacious. The Tacquaru Company, "although in its infancy, claims already to have effected a cure of nearly 3,000 cases of those who suffer from alcoholic excess.

"The Company has its own medical men, who examine every case, and who vary what may be called the supplementary "ingredients of the specific according to the circumstances of the case with which they are dealing. Unlike the Gold Cure, "it necessitates no subcutaneous injection, and patients can be treated in their own homes."

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Most people have **Pets.**
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All people wish they hadn't.
Why keep such troublesome **Pets** when . . .

"THE PET CORN CURE"
is within reach of all.

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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

☞ BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.
TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully. "J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E, London."

AGONISING COUGH.—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED by ONE DOSE of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED by TWO BOTTLES

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

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FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

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PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. M'DONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSET, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

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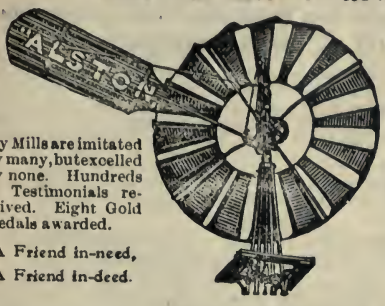

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My Mills are imitated by many, but excelled by none. Hundreds of Testimonials received. Eight Gold Medals awarded.

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A Friend in deed.

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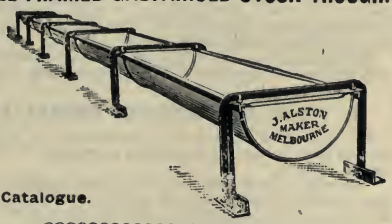
The Best Trough Ever Invented. Will not crack, leak, rot, or rust.

All Lengths.

Write me your requirements.



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CURES PILES.

"PILA" is a Sure and Permanent Cure for Blind and Bleeding Piles. Sufferers should not fail to give this valuable remedy a trial. It has cured thousands of the very worst cases! Saved many a painful operation, and given immediate relief from pain. "Pila" is taken internally, and is specially recommended to delicate constitutions. Price, 5s. per jar; postage 1s. extra. Send for "Dr. Ricord's Treatise on Piles," and testimonials free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. If not obtainable at your chemist, apply direct to Co.

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ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

Without it the hair becomes dry and weak; it feeds the hair, removes scurf and harshness, and produces a strong and healthy growth; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children, and for those whose hair has become grey.

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is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath.

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(Continued on page ix.)

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THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

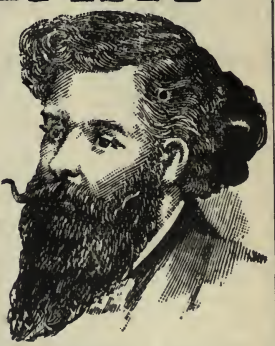
A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc., also for restoring grey hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Direction for use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (8 times 2s. 6d. size) **4s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World.



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A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING BY NATURAL MEANS

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous; I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right. "Yours truly,———(August 8, 1900)."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked **Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'** Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION.
Prepared only by **J. C. ENO, Ltd.,** at the **'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON,** by **J. C. ENO'S Patent.**

4. The Blast!

(Continued on page xi.)

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.

HOLLAND'S
MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

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TUBERCULOSIS OF THE KNEE.

SIX YEARS' STANDING CURED BY

Vitadatio.

28 Park Street, Abbotsford, September 19, 1902.

MR. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in writing to inform you what your wonderful medicine VITADATIO has done for me. Seven years ago I had a bad attack of Typhoid Fever, from which I recovered, but about two months afterwards my right knee began to swell in an alarming manner. I was taken from one doctor to another without obtaining any relief. It gradually got worse than ever, and the doctor told my parents that unless I was taken oút my lungs would go as well. I was then taken to another doctor, who told me that the knee-joint would have to be removed all together. He sent me into the hospital; consultago as well I was then taken to another doctor, who told me that the knee joint would have to be removed altogether. He sent m into th hospital, consulaion was hld, and h oeration was performed. Several more operations followed, but the wounds would not heal; the discharge coming from them was something terrible. I was then discharged as relieved, but two years later was again admitted, and another operation performed, but without any relief. My knee by this time was one mass of corruption, which ran down my leg in a stream, an the dstench was terrible. I began to give up all hope of recovery. Amputation of my leg was the only thing left, but in my weak state I knew I never would survive. I had heard a lot of talk about VITADATIO, so I told my omther one day that I would like to give it a trial, which I did. People laughed at the idea of it curing me and said I was a fool for taking it, but I persevered, and after the sixth bottle my leg began to get better. I still kept on and now I am thankful to say that through VITADATIO, I am now, after six years' suffering, completely cured of the disease "Tuberculosis of the Knee." I shall be very glad to give anyone information concerning my case, and to show them the wonderful cure VITADATIO has worked. You may use htis in any way you think fit. I remain, Yours truly,

(Signed) HERBERT WEAVER.

I have much pleasure in certifying to the truth of my son Herbert's statement, for it has cured him when all else failed. It is a grand medicine, and has done a great thing for us.

JOSEPH WEAVER.

I can confirm the truth of the above testimonial. Herbert Weaver was in my employ and left to go into the hospital for the operation.

T. R. WILDE.

Henry-st., Abbotsford.

Vitadatio

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CURES

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P.S.—Mrs. Kent is an aged lady. The sore was about twice the size of one's hand.

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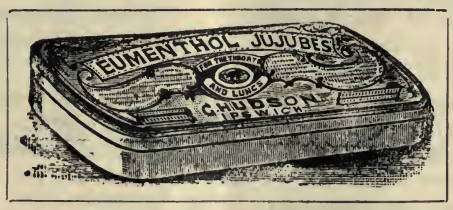
and LUNGS.



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THE COLLEGE consists of stately buildings (on which nearly £40,000 has been spent), standing in Spacious Grounds, and furnished with the latest and most perfect educational appliances. It includes Gymnasium, Art Studio, Swimming Bath, Tennis Court, etc.

THE ORDINARY STAFF numbers fifteen, and includes six University Graduates, making it the strongest Teaching Staff of any Girls' School in Australia.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—The Visiting Staff consists of eighteen experts of the highest standing, including the very best Teachers in Music, Singing, and all forms of Art.

BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

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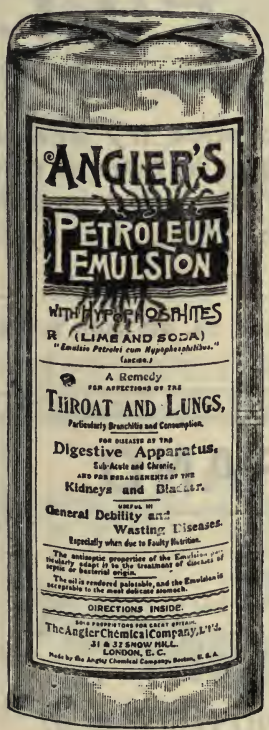

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(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

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WHY? Because those who once try BEECHAM'S PILLS are naturally impelled to inform others of the benefits derived therefrom, and in this way the confidence and esteem of the public have been lastingly secured.

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WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."
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Yours truly,
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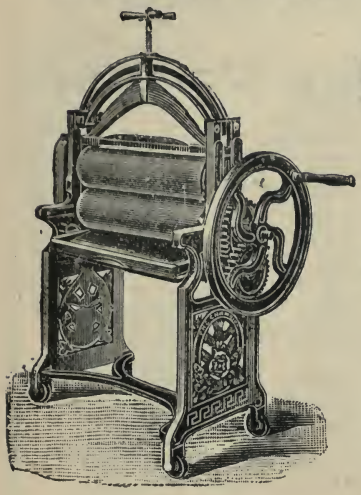

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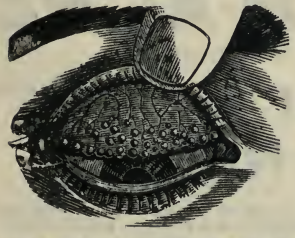

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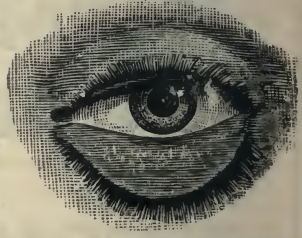

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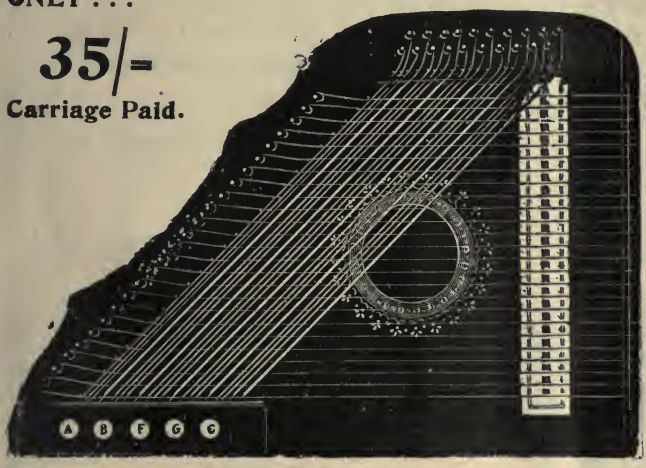

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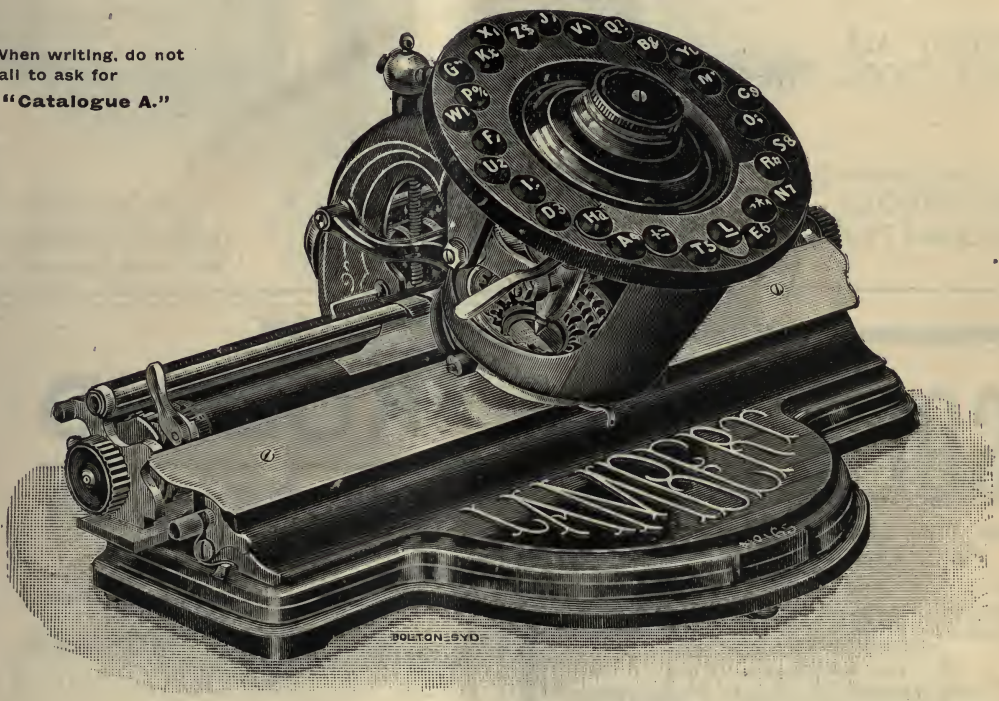

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W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
Editor, "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

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Editor, English "Review of Reviews."

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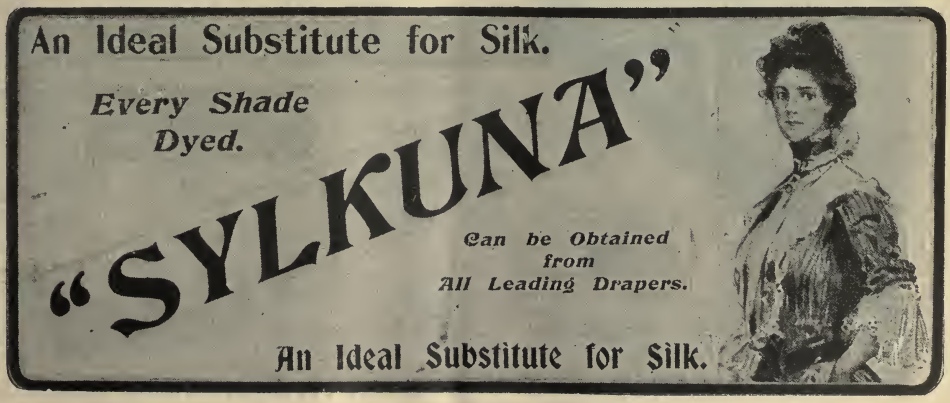
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Vol. XXII. No. 5. MAY 20, 1903. Price, Ninepence.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Infected Letters!

The Imperial Government has notified that it "cannot prohibit the employment of coloured British labour on mail steamers, as provided in the Commonwealth Postal Act." This provision is one of the anxious precautions taken to secure a White Australia; though how the whiteness of the continent can be dulled by the circumstance that, say, a black cook is employed on the ship which brings its mail-bags to Australian ports is by no means clear. The offence of coloured labour is that it is usually cheap labour. Coloured labour on foreign mail-boats does not, it is true, supplant Australian labour. If the P. & O. boats, for example, are compelled to carry only white stokers and cooks, they will not recruit these in Australian ports. The clause forbidding Australian letters to be carried on board a ship that employs a coloured man is thus, for practical purposes, meaningless. But it gratifies race sentiment. It is in line with "labour" ideals. It is a slap in the face of that considerable section of the human family guilty of possessing the wrong complexion. But that the mail-boats of an Empire in which seven persons out of every eight belong to the coloured races can be forbidden to have a coloured face amongst their crews, is an absurdity of quite exquisite quality. The Federal Government, it is announced, will—for the sake of boycotting men of coloured skins—make separate mail arrangements on its own account—and will certainly pay many thousands of pounds more every year for the luxury of doing so. But that we should insist on a new and separate mail service by way of protest against the existence of all the coloured varieties of the human race helps to make Australia ridiculous. And it hardly pays a nation to turn itself, or its policy, into a sort of cosmic jest.

The Great Strike

We describe elsewhere at length the revolt of a section of the railway employes in Victoria, the most dramatic incident in the history of the month, and one which involved the gravest possible issues. We may add here that not the least noteworthy feature of the struggle was the utter miscalculation of their own strength on the part of the strikers. They were almost arrogantly confident of victory; at the end of only seven days they made an unconditional surrender! The strength of a strike lies in the difficulty a non-striker finds in resisting the opinion of his own class. A man who will not strike, or who takes the work others abandon, is a "scab," a "blackleg." Those two phrases are as formidable weapons in a strike as Mauser rifles and pom-poms were for the Boers in the late war. "Don't let your children think of you as a 'blackleg,'" was the appeal that decided many a hesitating driver to leave his footplate. But in this case the opinion of a class was in quarrel with the public opinion of the whole community! The driver who took out his engine amid the execrations of a crowd of strikers and their sympathisers found himself the centre of a cheering crowd when he brought his train into a station. The strikers, it was

realised, were the true "blacklegs;" the "blacklegs" of the State; the men who took their places were heroes. And that sentiment decided the issue.

The Federal Houses

The Federal Parliament meets on May 26, and there must be two sessions betwixt that date and February, 1904, when Parliament comes to an end. The new session cannot last longer than four months, owing to the election arrangements of the Senate, and into that comparatively brief session a vast amount of work is to be compressed. The Cabinet has in hand no less than eleven Bills of the first importance:

High Court (Judiciary) Bills, Defence Bill, Patents Bill, Banking Bill, Inter-State Commission Bill, The Federal Capital, The High Commissionership, The Naval Agreement, Navigation Bill, Arbitration and Conciliation Bill, Bonus Bill.

Some of these Bills are of a highly contentious character, and will provoke fierce debate; some of them represent what might be called legislative luxuries, which—without either public or private loss—could be postponed to a later date. The vice of Australian politics is excessive legislation. More Acts of Parliament have been expended upon the population of the Australian States during the brief period of their existence than upon any other section of the human race of the same dimensions—and in an equal space of time—since history began! At the present moment there are—including New Zealand and the Federal Parliament—sixteen Houses of Parliament all toiling in the production of Bills. The Australian continent itself might almost be papered over with the innumerable statutes its too prolific Parliaments, with more than rabbit-like fecundity, have produced. Fewer bills, more maturely considered, and more wisely administered, would better serve the public interest. Whatever faults may be charged against the Federal Parliament, lack of industry is not one. It has already contributed to Australian history the longest parliamentary session on record, and it seems probable that its last sessions will, like its first, be over-congested with work.

The State Premiers

The Conference of State Premiers this year attracted quite unusual attention. This was due, partly, to the area of the subjects the Premiers undertook to consider, and partly to a certain doubt whether the Conference might not make audible and emphatic that discontent with the Federal Government which, rightly or wrongly, exists. In any case, it is clear the annual meetings of the State Premiers grow in public value. The Premiers passed many resolutions, the most important being those which deal with the federalisation of the public debts of Australia and the settlement of the Murray River difficulty. The one hope of financial gain from Federation lies certainly in the federalisation of the State debts; and the State Premiers passed a resolution declaring that in their judgment this process "should be taken in hand as soon as possible."

Vicious Finance

At present one Parliament raises the money, another spends it. The Federal Parliament raises a vast revenue, deducts what is necessary for its own support or to carry out its own policy, and hands over the balance to the State Treasurers. The Federal Parliament is thus in a position of always having a tremendous surplus, which it must hand over to somebody else; and, human nature being what it is, this constitutes a standing temptation to lavish expenditure. On the other hand, the State Treasurers are always in a condition of distressing uncertainty as to what amount will come to them from the Federal Treasury; and these conditions are on every ground unsatisfactory. If the State debts were wisely and happily federalised, this might well represent a saving of 1 per cent. per annum on £180,000,000—a clear gain of nearly £2,000,000 per annum. This would of course supply some two million solid reasons annually for contentment with Federation. In addition, the process would put both Federal and State finance on safer ground. But the federalisation of State debts is a big process, edged round with perplexities and risks, and the debate upon it has only begun.

The Murray River

The provisional agreement on the Murray River question settlement is of importance. It covers a period of five years, and endeavours to distribute the waters of the great river betwixt the three rival claimants—New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—with something like justice. The two first States want to store the waters in the upper course of the river for irrigation purposes; South Australia is jealous lest the stream, by the time it reaches its boundary, should have shrunk to a mere runlet, and so be useless for navigation. The Inter-State Commission recommended that during the period betwixt February and

June of each year, "the diversions on the part of New South Wales and Victoria shall be respectively 240,000 cubic feet per minute and 127,000 cubic feet per minute, unless the volume of the Murray at the South Australian border exceeds 70,000 per minute, in which case the diversions shall be proportionately greater." In the Premier's agreement it is directed that the diversions shall be "subject to the condition that the volume flowing in the river channel at the eastern boundary of South Australia shall not be reduced below 150,000 cubic feet per minute." The agreement provides for the appointment of an administrative commission, and for the reference of any dispute as to the true meaning and intent of the document to the Chief Justice of Queensland for decision. These may be accepted as necessary provisions. But the main point is the concession made to South Australia. In a sense Victoria and New South Wales make a present of a considerable portion of their own rainfall to that State; and the agreement represents an attempt to adjust the rival claims of navigation with those of irrigation.

Mr. Seddon

Mr. Seddon has completed his tenth year as Premier of New Zealand, and he has probably a stronger hold on public opinion to-day than during any other part of the decade. Fortune has been kind to New Zealand during Mr. Seddon's reign. It has been smitten by no drought and shaken by no bitter party strife; and the great markets of the world have been curiously hospitable to New Zealand produce. And it may be argued that it is easy to steer a ship when the winds blow softly and no rocks lie in the course. But Mr. Seddon must have rare qualities, both as leader and as administrator, to have controlled the politics of New Zealand for ten years, and at the end of the process to find himself practically without a rival. In a speech at Wellington, Mr. Seddon naturally "sounded the loud timbrel" over the record of his Government. He said: "The present Government had started in 1893 with a net surplus of £256,459, and the surpluses in his ten years of office had amounted to a net sum of £3,195,143, and to a gross sum of £3,769,419." These are expressive figures! They are such as no other political leader in Australasia could quote, and Mr. Seddon—no matter what his limitations may be—is entitled to recite such facts as these with just pride. There is not an Australian State, it may be added, that would not gladly see Mr. Seddon at the head of its affairs.

Tasmania

Tasmanian politics have been perplexed, during the month, by the unexpected defeat of Dr. McCall, who holds the portfolio of Chief Secretary in the New Cabinet, in an attempt to win a seat in the Council at South Esk. The retiring member, Mr. Scott, beat him by 273 votes to 241. It might have been supposed that the party which swept the country at the general elections just held would be able to carry a single seat in the Council; but this has not been the case, and Ministers are left without a representative in that Chamber. Mr. Crosby at Hobart inflicted a still more crushing defeat on Mr. Smith, who stood as the Government candidate. These two defeats would almost seem to prove that Tasmania has already changed its mind on the subject of reform; but this is hardly the case. The Assembly consists in so large a majority of men quite unproved in public life, that there is a natural feeling in favour of keeping experienced men in the Council. The Council, too, is in an unfriendly mood towards the Assembly. It has hardly forgiven the plan of reform which required the two Houses to sit together, but to vote separately, like two orders; and in this matter it apparently reflects the mind of its own constituents. Tasmania has by no means changed its mind on the subject of reform; but it waits to see how the new Assembly will manage public affairs.

An Undesirable Immigrant

The Immigration Restriction Act which is responsible for the Six Hatters is continually yielding incidents which are the cause of much enjoyment to humourists under other skies, but which vex the self-respect of Australia, and help to make us the jest of the civilised world. The Sultan of Johore is on a visit to Australia. He is the civilised and intelligent ruler of a little State held in much respect; but on reaching an Australian port he had, according to the press, to prove that he was not an undesirable immigrant by going through a series of grammatical exercises. The Sultan took it all good-humouredly, but said, as comment, "His Majesty Edward VII. would receive me as an honoured guest." Sir Edmund Barton explains that "before the Sultan arrived telegrams were sent from our office to each port that the provisions of the Immigration Restriction Act were not to be imposed upon our visitor." "No Federal

officer," he declares, "said anything to the Sultan of Johore on the subject." Some of the passengers, he thinks, "were trying to bring the law into contempt"—by applying it! "A scare has been raised by some people," Sir Edmund Barton adds, genially, "who think they can play these little games on the Commonwealth." It is clear in this case Sir Edmund Barton only rescued the law from contempt by promptly suspending it. The spectacle of the Federal Government sending hasty telegrams to all its ports directing that the Sultan of Johore, who is simply visiting Australia, had not to be treated as an undesirable immigrant has in it an element of decided humour. Unfortunately, the humour is at the expense of Australia.

The Unemployed

As winter draws on, the unemployed trouble grows naturally, both in scale and seriousness, in all the States. Part of it is inevitable. Any civilised city with a population of 400,000 or 500,000, under any sky or any social conditions, will have in its streets a certain amount of what can only be described as human *debris*, the failures of the race, the parasites of the body social. There is always, too, a certain proportion smitten by disasters for which they are not responsible, and who are entitled to both respect and sympathy. But much of the want of Australian cities is of a quite artificial character. The trend of recent legislation is to regard the State as a semi-divine providence, and to hold it responsible for the supply of everything the citizen needs, from tender youth to extreme age. So the clamour grows loud that the State shall provide work for everybody who needs it; and work at sufficient rates of pay and under conditions not too distressing. In New South Wales a number of the unemployed were put on relief works at 7s. a day; this was reduced, in the interests of economy, to 6s. a day; whereupon these remarkable "unemployed" all struck! In Melbourne, during the month, a deputation urged the Minister of Railways to find work for the workless, and he arranged to put on some 200 men. On the same day, and by members of the same deputation, a trainload of miners on their way to Jumbunna to accept work at 9s. a day were howled at as criminals. There is a strike on at that place; the men will not accept 9s. a day, and object to anyone else taking the work that they refuse. But it illustrates the perplexed social conditions of Australia when coal-mine proprietors offer 9s. for eight hours' work, and offer it in vain; while deputations besiege the Government asking it to find work for the unemployed.

Naval Policy

The Federal Parliament, when it meets, will certainly witness a keen debate on the subject of the new naval agreement. Ministers are pledged to the increased vote, which will probably be carried. But Labour members will object to it on general grounds of policy, as a form of "militarism"—though in the case of actual national peril no class in the community would exceed working-men in a loyal willingness to fight for the Empire. A section of the Parliament will also object to the agreement because it fails to give Australians a personal share in the defence of their own ports. They want to contribute—partly, at least—men instead of money. But there are signs that the British Admiralty is becoming more disposed to meet Australian aspirations on this subject. Lord Tennyson told the New South Wales Naval Contingent: "By the new naval agreement you will come under the direct command of His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief of Australasia. The Admiral has just told me that the feeling at the Admiralty is this—that when you form an integral part of this naval system you will be warmly welcomed by your comrades in the mother country." Admiral Fanshawe on his own account addressed the members of the contingent, and said:

> He sincerely and earnestly hoped that measures in accordance with Australian sentiment would very shortly be taken, in which would be included the formation of an Australian branch of the naval reserve, and in which there would be opened a road and the way made smooth by which in future not only gallant Australian soldiers, but gallant Australian seamen, would have an opportunity of showing to the world, as their comrades had shown in South Africa and in China, that they were second to none on sea as well as on land.

The Admiral in command of the Australian station would hardly talk like this without official warrant; and it may be hoped that, sooner or later, the policy of the Admiralty will be made elastic enough to include everything Australia wants.

The daily papers report:

The Six Hatters Again

> Advices received by the last English mail state that the Agents-General for the several States are greatly perturbed by the effect which the Immigration Restriction Act is having in Great Britain, particularly those provisions by which it was attempted to exclude the six hatters from Australia. The Agents-General held

a conference, and decided to make representations to the Prime Minister upon the subject, and to ask for a full explanation of the operation of the Act, in order that they might be armed at all points to meet the critics of the statute.

The six hatters, it is clear, are likely to be long remembered. In a far-off way, they suggest the incident of "Jenkins' Ear," which Carlyle has immortalised, and which certainly had historic results in the eighteenth century. The case of the Six Hatters makes visible for the popular imagination, in a concrete and picturesque way, the trend of our legislation; and it is clear that public sentiment in Great Britain has been arrested and made uneasy by the sight. No ingenuity of explanation can alter the fact that a cluster of artisans, whom any State might be eager to welcome, and who came out to do skilled work at high wages, were for a time forbidden to land on Australian soil. It is true that, after a while, and with much public clamour, they were admitted; but the incident is accepted by the outside world as a proclamation of the fact that Australia does not want any more population. The people who are here already are anxious to keep the rest of the world out. That is not true, of course; but that this is the impression which—rightly or wrongly—is produced on the public opinion of England cannot be denied, and it is an impression which will do us great mischief. The stoppage of the Six Hatters will certainly register itself on the next Australian loan, and the cost to us in hard cash, if it could be ascertained, would probably run up to surprising figures.

Human Wealth

In the matter of immigration, Australasia may well contemplate the spectacle that Canada just now offers with envious eyes. The stream of population there grows to enormous dimensions. Whole cities are being emptied on the far-stretching plains, swept of bleak winds, which make up the Canadian Dominion. And the tens of thousands of stalwart men pouring into Canada are not only themselves wealth in its best form; they take great sums of money with them. One group of emigrants alone, destined for a particular district, took £350,000 in hard cash with them. The new immigration will transfigure Canadian history. Australia has, against Canada, the one handicap of distance; but for climate, and the general conditions of life and work, it can offer advantages far beyond anything to be found in Canada. The main difference is that Canada eagerly welcomes new population, and even goes in search of it. Australia hoists as its signal to the human race the case of the Six Hatters.

A Handicap of Debt

To put the matter quite fairly, however, it should be added that Australia has for the immigrant, as against Canada, one bad handicap; but it is of our own creation. In Canada, the national debt is some £16 per head, and this is a shrinking quantity. It has been reduced by a procession of surpluses, that of last year alone amounting to £2,500,000. Now, the average burden of public debt lying on each Australian was at the Canadian level, or about £17 14s. a head—forty years ago; but since 1871 we have piled up our debt to Alpine proportions. In 1881 it averaged over £28 per head; by 1891 it had climbed to nearly £48 per head; in 1902 it has reached the dizzy altitude of £55 17s. 4d. per head! And while our debt has expanded in this fashion, our population has been practically stationary. To put it briefly, an emigrant to Canada takes on his shoulders, as his proportion of the public debt, £16; an immigrant landing in Australia has to carry the burden of over £54. It is idle to pretend that this handicap of debt is not against the increase of population.

The State and the Individual

Mr. Philp, the Queensland Premier, delivered during the month a somewhat noteworthy address to the Sydney Chamber of Commerce. Miss Shaw, the "Times" correspondent, in her letters on Australia, described the favourite attitude of a typical Australian as "leaning against a post;" and the "post" has come to be the State. Mr. Philp protested against that attitude. In Queensland, he said, "they had no use for people who wanted to be eternally leaning on the Government." The manliest strain in British character, and one which goes far to explain the history of the British Empire, is the strain of independence, the habit of self-reliance. The British colonies are the creation of private enterprise; and yet, curiously enough, on their soil has grown, with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd, a feeble type of character that can only contrive to exist as long as it is spoon-fed by the State! Mr. Philp touched the watershed which divides the rival policies contending for the future of Australia when he pleaded for freedom of individual enterprise as against the policy of perpetual State control. In Sydney, Mr. Philp's speech proved the text of an animated newspaper controversy, and leading men in

every department of life have contributed to the discussion. Sir George Dibbs' contribution may be quoted as typical:

I go with Mr. Philp all the way; all the way, I say. I don't talk much publicly now, but I have had—well, a few years' experience of affairs commercial, industrial, and political, and this tendency to extend State action, and concurrently to harass and discourage private effort, must ultimately result in paralysis of the country's energies.

Labour Ideals

On the other hand, Mr. Watson, the very able leader of the Labour party in the Federal Parliament, makes a clever defence of Labour ideals. He has no difficulty in showing how strongly opinion grows everywhere in favour of municipal or State control of what may be called the machinery of civilised life—such as railways, the supply of water, light, etc. But this is quite different from the policy of, say, the settlement by the State of wages in all private industries! Mr. Watson, however, made an interesting statement of the general ideals of the Labour party. "We are not communists," he says; "we regard communism as an impracticable dream, glorious as an ideal, but impossible of realisation." He went on to say:

Broadly speaking, we think the Labour parties of Australia would be content to secure collective control of those concerns which are, or are in their nature, likely to become monopolies. . . . The Labour party is charged with advocating the claims of only one class of the community. In a sense, this is perfectly true. We advocate the claims of the producing class as opposed to the non-producing class. But we most emphatically deny that we champion any particular section of producers. Whether a man works with his head or his hands, on a farm or a station, at forge or bench, in an office, or a store, or a bank, he is to us equally important. And in the true and proper sense we hope we are concerned with the interests of the whole community, and as ready to repel an injustice to the rich man as to remedy the condition of a poor one.

There is weight in all this; but, incidentally, it shows how spacious are Mr. Watson's ideals. He is prepared to play the part of a superintending providence over the profits of the capitalist as well as over the wages of the labourer. This is perhaps logical; but it is a somewhat alarming view of the functions of a Parliament!

Aggrieved Judges

The month has witnessed the unusual spectacle of a group of Australasian judges discharging speeches across twelve thousand miles at the Privy Council. In the case of "Wallace and others versus the Solicitor-General of New Zealand," the Privy Council reversed the finding of the New Zealand courts, and expressed itself with quite unjudicial vehemence on the New Zealand judiciary generally. The case itself concerns the title to land given by some native chiefs for school purposes to Bishop Selwyn. The lands were insufficient for the purpose, and the trustees applied to the Supreme Court for powers to vary the terms of their trust; but the Solicitor-General of New Zealand claimed that as the trust had not been fulfilled, the land reverted to the Crown, and the New Zealand Court of Appeal declined to exercise its jurisdiction. The trustees appealed to the Privy Council, and judgment given was in their favour, with emphatic comments. Surprise was expressed that "the Solicitor-General should have thought it consistent with the traditions of his high office to attack a charity which it was prima facie his duty to protect." "The proposition advanced on behalf of the Crown," their Lordships said, "was not flattering to the dignity or the independence of the highest court in New Zealand, or even to the intelligence of the Parliament. When there is a suit properly constituted, and ripe for decision, why should justice be denied or delayed at the bidding of the Executive?"

On Their Defence

Now, the New Zealand Bench is one of high character and perfect independence, and the New Zealand judges are the last men in the world to submit to aspersions of this character. Sir Robert Stout, the Chief Justice—and who, as it happens, dissented from the finding of the Appeal Court which the Privy Council has upset—made a strong and dignified protest against the reflections thus cast upon New Zealand Judges by the Privy Council:

Any person reading their Lordships' remarks, and being unacquainted with the judgment of the Court of Appeal, would assume that this Court had declined jurisdiction, had denied justice, and had lost its dignity and independence through dread of the executive Government. These imputations are baseless, and I hardly think it becoming in the highest tribunal in the Empire to make such charges against any Court unless they are conclusively proved. A great Imperial judicial tribunal, sitting in the capital of the Empire, and dispensing justice, even to the meanest of British subjects, from the uttermost parts of the earth, is a great and noble ideal; but if that tribunal is not acquainted with the laws it is called upon to interpret and administer, it may unconsciously become the worker of injustice. At present we in New Zealand are, so far as the Privy Council is concerned, in an unfortunate position. It has been shown that it knows not our statutes or our conveyancing terms or our history.

The Retort Judicial

The other New Zealand judges were equally emphatic. Mr. Justice Williams said:

He had had the honour of being a judge of the Court for twenty-eight years, and had seen Govern-

ments come and go, but he never had known the Government attempt in the slightest degree to interfere with the independence of the Court in the exercise of its judicial functions; or that the Court had shown a want of independence or subservience to the Executive. No suggestion of the kind contained in their Lordships' judgment had ever been made here. It had been reserved for four strangers, sitting 14,000 miles away, to make it.

Mr. Justice Edwards said:

Never before has it happened that the ultimate appellate tribunal of the Empire has charged the judges of any colonial Court, as their Lordships have now charged the judges of this Court, with want of dignity and with denying or delaying justice at the bidding of the Executive. If there were any foundation for charges so grave, then the learned judges against whom they were levelled ought to be removed from high office, which they would have shown themselves unworthy to occupy.

These extracts show how keenly the New Zealand judges resent the accusations made against them. The London "Times" acknowledges that these protests "merit serious and respectful attention," and gently suggests to the Privy Council that "it would be wise to give the utmost attention to the susceptibilities of the independent colonial courts, which were keen to resent grave charges." The whole incident is unfortunate; but it serves to show that there is a good deal of human nature underneath learned wigs on both sides of the sea.

LONDON, April 1.

The Tsar's Manifesto

The chief European sensation of last month was the publication of the Tsar's Manifesto, the full text of which is given on another page. What the Manifesto says is one thing, what it means is another, and what it will actually effect is different from both. What seems to be clear is that however involved and enigmatical its phraseology may be, the Manifesto is equivalent to a public declaration to all the world that the Tsar is not satisfied with the condition of affairs in Russia, and is feeling about for some way of mending matters. M. Pobedonostzeff is said to be displeased with the manifesto, and the Tsar is reported to be busily engaged in impressing upon his Governors his earnest desire that they should give practical effect to his benevolent intentions. It is curious that for once the most extreme democrats agree with the staunchest upholders of the autocracy in wishing that Nicholas II. would exert his authority more vigorously than he has hitherto done. What Russia needs is not autocracy so much as an autocrat, for autocracy without an autocrat is only a bureaucracy in which the Tchinovnik usurps the authority of the Tsar.

The Scientist versus the Politician

On March 30 the "Times" published its first Marconigram from the United States. Wireless telegraphy may do more to make the British Empire a political unit than all the schemes of the politicians. The electrical engineer, by cheapening and expediting transit, is already doing more to solve the housing question than has been done by all the Acts of Parliament. The rapid progress of submarine navigation will probably do more to reduce our naval estimates than all the protests of the economists and friends of peace. The new air-ship which will sail over London this spring portends greater progress towards internationalism than the Hague Conference could effect. And who knows but the new discovery of Radium—that strange substance that has the faculty of perpetually throwing off heat without ever lowering its own temperature—may have in it the germs of a revolution compared to which the programmes of our most advanced reformers would be insignificant! The twentieth century is but in its infancy; but already it foreshadows more wonders than those which were brought forth by its predecessor.

The Irish Land Bill

The Irish Land Bill, introduced by Mr. Wyndham on March 25, was the forty-third or forty-fourth measure which has been drafted for the purpose of settling the Irish Land Question. No Land Bill has ever been introduced under more favourable auspices; but it is to be feared that Mr. Chamberlain was not far wrong when he said that the Irish Land Question was like his gout, of which his doctors said that, while it might be alleviated, cure was impossible. The question itself is small almost to the verge of triviality. The total rental of Ireland is only four millions a year—almost the precise amount which has been added this year to the cost of our army and navy. If the Supreme Power were to compel us to apply the whole of the additional sums voted for war to pay the rents of the Irish peasants, so that they might sit rent free for ever, we should be better off by far than we are under the present arrangement. That, however, is past praying for. So we are committed once more to the interminable discussion of how to adjust the dispute between land owner and land occupier in Ireland.

ST. MARGARET'S HOPE, THE NEW NAVAL BASE ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

What Mr. Wyndham Proposes to do

The provisions of the Bill are comparatively simple. Mr. Wyndham estimates the annual rental of the land which is to be transferred from the landlords to their tenants at four millions per annum. He thinks that by the use of the credit of the Empire it will be possible to get the tenants to give the landlords twenty-five years' purchase of what is called second-term rents—that is, of rents twice reduced by the Land Commission—and to induce the landlords to sell, if the Imperial Exchequer adds on an average another three years' purchase, as a bonus over and above the money advanced to the tenants to enable them to pay twenty-five years' purchase. In round numbers, Mr. Wyndham proposes to lend the Irish tenants £100,000,000, in order to enable them to buy their holdings, and offers to give £12,000,000 bonus from the Treasury to induce the landlords to sell. The net effect of this use of the State credit is that the tenant will get an immediate reduction of about 20 per cent. upon his rent, and in 68½ years the land will come into possession free of all rent, and subject only to a land tax amounting to one-eighth of his reduced rent. Even this peppercorn charge is regarded by the Nationalists as too much, although in justice to the whole community not one-eighth, but eight-eighths of the annual charge which will be paid for 68½ years should be paid over at the end of that time to the local government for the relief of local rates. Upon this point the Land Nationalisers will have a good deal to say.

The Snag Ahead

If Mr. Wyndham could guarantee that on the morrow of the passing of his Land Bill every tenant in Ireland would become the owner of his holding on condition that he paid for ever an annual charge to the State 20 per cent. lower than the rent he now pays to his landlord, the operation, although risky, might be successful. What may spoil everything is the fact that it will not and cannot be brought into immediate operation. The process of voluntary sale will drag, and drag horribly. It is doubtful whether the whole gigantic operation can be completed in less than fifteen or sixteen years. Mr. Wyndham said he did not think more than £5,000,000 of landed property could be sold per annum for the first three years. If so, it will take twenty years before the

operation is complete. But if only 5 per cent. of the tenants are to get their rent reduced in the first year, what will the other 95 per cent. think and say and do? Mr. Wyndham's arrangement will save the Treasury and the land agents and the lawyers, but it may irritate the tenants worse than ever. The difficulty of the contrast between the lot of the tenants on the Dillon and on the De Freyne estates will be reproduced all over Ireland. Unless the machinery for transferring the land to the tenants can be speeded up, the last state of Ireland is likely to be worse than the first.

The New Slavery in the Congo

The truth about the Congo Slave Trade is rousing the conscience of the British nation to a demand for action. The following resolution passed last month indicates the direction in which public indignation is likely to find expression:

> The Committee of the London Branch of the International Union, having taken into consideration the evidence as to the existing position of affairs in the Congo Free State, is of opinion that the objects which the Berlin Conference had in view when it gave International sanction to the Congo Free State have not been attained; that the promises made by King Leopold have not been fulfilled; that the conditions upon which the International sanction was given to the foundation of the State have been violated, and that a new and more revolting form of slavery has been established, and that instead of Free-trade and the Open-door, there is a monopoly which absolutely closes the door of vast regions to European trade.
>
> Therefore this Committee instructs the secretary to take steps for summoning a preliminary conference of all those interested in the suppression of slavery, in the promotion of trade, in the civilising of Africa and the maintenance of international obligations to decide what steps should be taken in order to recall King Leopold to his obligations, and, if necessary, to withdraw the international support accorded to the Congo State by the Powers at the Berlin Conference.

The response to the secretary's inquiry has been a prompt affirmative. The preliminary conference will probably be held immediately after Easter.

The Baptists and the Belgian King

The Baptists, who for two centuries and more have ever been foremost in the van of liberty and progress, have been badly compromised by the silence of some of their missionaries on these subjects, and by the most unfortunate effusiveness of their Missionary Committee in thanking the King of the Belgians for remitting 50 per cent. of their taxes—a remission only possible because of the profits of the new slavery. Dr. Clifford, ever prompt to recognise the critical point in any situation, endeavoured in vain to induce the Committee to make public confession and withdrawal of their address to the King, but he failed to convince them that no other course could extricate them from the false position in which they were placed by lending a too willing ear to Sir H. Gilzean Reid. All that he could induce them to do was to issue a belated and inconclusive series of explanatory and exculpatory paragraphs. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* Foiled on the committee, Dr. Clifford appealed to the Press, and in a vigorous letter to the "Daily News" he sounded a trumpet blast in favour of an immediate protest against the

Photograph by] [Knight, Cranleigh.

LEA PARK: MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S PALATIAL HOME IN SURREY.

curse of the Congo. The Free Church Congress at Brighton had already, on the motion of Mr. Silas K. Hocking, passed a resolution unanimously in the same sense.

The Rise of the Lib-Labs

The triumphant return of Mr. William Crooks, who began life as a workhouse boy, and who last month converted the Tory majority of 2,805 in Woolwich into a Lib-Lab. majority of 3,229, heralds the advent of a new party. The time has come, therefore, not merely to recognise the birth of the new party, but to christen it. Fortunately, the task is not difficult. Mr. Crooks is a Labour member, but he is also heart and soul devoted to the cause of progress. Although not amenable to the Liberal Whip, the whole organisation of the Liberal party was employed to secure his election, and in nine cases out of ten he will vote in the Liberal lobby. He is described as "Crooks, W. (Lib-Lab.)," and his election dubs the Party of the Future the Party of the Lib-Labs. A shudder of horror will run through the ranks of the coming party at this new title. They will resent it and repudiate it. But it will stick all the more firmly because of that fact. Most of the great parties and religions of the world have at first resented the names by which they became famous. We need not go beyond our own land to prove our case. Whig and Tory were each nicknames invented for the purpose of discrediting the politicians who afterwards gloried in belonging to parties whose titles recalled in one case the rebel Covenanters of Scotland, and in the other the Rapparees of Ireland. And so it will be with the Lib-Labs. No Liberal or Labour man will for some time call himself a Lib-Lab. The Labour party will specially resent so close an alliance with the Liberals. But they cannot help themselves. There is no future for the Liberal party save in alliance with the Labour party; and there is no possibility of the Labour party being able to form a Government except by the support of the Liberals. As Lib-Labs. they will triumph; but their future depends upon the hyphen.

The flying column, 800 strong, with six Maxims, which left Obbia on February 22, under the command of General Manning, occupied Galkayu Wells in the Mudug region on March 3. The Mullah retreated westwards to Galady, whence he is reported to have started for Gerloguby with a force of 10,000. The main column, about 1,400 strong, under Colonel Fasken, left Obbia on March 10, and is now at Galkayu. Galkayu is about one hundred miles from Obbia, and is the point where the forces under Colonel Swann and General Manning will effect a junction. The Berbera column has established itself at Bohotle. Damot Wells have been occupied. The objective of the expedition is Gerloguby, an important caravan centre, whence routes branch off to Bohotle, Mudug, and Obbia.

MAP OF SOMALILAND SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

The Organisation of the Lib-Labs.

Mr. Crooks, in an address which he delivered to a Conference of Trades and Labour Councils, held in London on March 21, explained with refreshing candour the way in which he set about organising victory in Woolwich. He said:

> First they organised the workers into a good political body; then they invited Temperance organisations, the Progressive Association (a society for local elections), the two Liberal and Radical Clubs, Free Church Council, United Irish League, Democratic League, etc., to a conference. All came except the Free Church Council and United Irish League, the last-named being prohibited by its rules. The outcome of the Conference was a "Labour Representation Committee." It was advisable for Labour to gather up whatever help they could secure, short of the forfeiture of their principles and their independence.

This Labour Representation Committee worked hand and glove with the Liberal organisation to defeat the Tory candidate. To secure this co-operation without sacrificing the independence of the Labour party was, as Mr. Crooks pointed out, a task demanding diplomacy and statesmanship. Labour candidates must be men who can, "without sacrifice of principles, reply with sympathy and take an interest in the aspirations of others on matters which do not directly or vitally affect the Labour section." In other words, every Labour candidate to be successful must be a Lib-Lab. in fact although not in name, otherwise, as Mr. Crooks pointed out, "the Labour men would have to rely upon their own strength to get their candidate in," which,

being interpreted, means that in nine cases out of ten the Labour candidate would never get in at all.

"Turn the Rascals Out!"

If the election at Woolwich foreshadowed the rise of the Lib-Labs., the polls in Rye, Chertsey, and Fermanagh were not less significant of the desire of the electorate "to give the other side a turn." The election in Fermanagh turned almost entirely upon the question of the compulsory expropriation of the Irish landlords. Mr. T. W. Russell's candidate, after a hard fight, defeated the Government candidate by a majority of 152. In Chertsey, one of the most Conservative districts of Surrey, the Unionist majority fell from 2,287 to 1,171. But the most astonishing result yet recorded was the return of the Liberal candidate for Rye by a majority of 534. At the previous election the Unionists carried their man by a majority of 2,489. The Conservative collapse in Rye was a portent which struck such terror into the Unionist camp that when Chertsey only reduced the Tory majority by 1,116 votes, the result was welcomed with as much enthusiasm by the Ministerialists as if they had captured a Liberal stronghold. Rye was regarded as the death-warrant of the Ministry. Chertsey was a reprieve.

TURKISH SOLDIERS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE HEADS OF THEIR VICTIMS.
("Public Opinion.")

Clericalism and Anti-Clericalism in France

The French Premier, with the support of the Chambers, shows no sign of modifying the rigorous policy which he is pursuing against the Clericals. He refuses authorisation to the Religious orders, and last month bluntly warned the clergy that he would repudiate the Concordat with Rome if the Pope refused to appoint bishops whom the Government had nominated to three vacant Sees. The Concordat, he said, was not a concession from Rome, it was a contract the provisions of which the State had a right to enforce. The Government, he said, would not be always duped by the Vatican; it adhered to the principles of the Revolution. If need be, it would denounce the Concordat, and the road would then be cleared for Disestablishment. France, it would seem, is not likely to remain much longer "the eldest son of the Church." It would be curious, and it is not by any means improbable, if once-Protestant Germany were to succeed to the position which France seems bent upon vacating. If Austria were to fall to pieces, and her German provinces gravitated to Berlin, the erstwhile bulwark of Protestantism would fall under the control of the Roman Catholics.

General Booth's Return

General Booth was welcomed home, after his triumphal tour through the United States, by an enthusiastic demonstration of his soldiers and sympathisers in the Albert Hall. In the United States and Canada, from the President and the Senate downwards, the General was received as befitted one of the greatest and most useful of all living Englishmen. By sheer force of self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of the people, the Salvation Army has conquered the respect and won the admiration of all who appreciate useful work done for the regeneration of mankind. After General Booth has passed away, Englishmen will marvel how it was that so great a religious genius and so supreme a philanthropist was not recognised and honoured by the King, the Archbishop, and the Prime Minister at home, as he was recognised and honoured by Presidents and their Ministers abroad. That a prophet has no honour in his own country seems to be as true in our day as it was in Jewry of olden time.

The White Slave Trade

Mr. Akers Douglas has done himself honour by paying a notable tribute to the sagacity, experience, and zeal of the National Vigilance Association. He has practically entrusted that association with the duty of co-operating with the police in stamping out the infamous traffic which goes on every day in the bodies and souls of European women. Mr. Coote, to whose tireless energy the international campaign against this hideous curse of modern civilisation is chiefly due, needs £1,500 to discharge the onerous duty which the Home Secretary has placed upon his shoulders. It is a sum which many a libertine thinks nothing of lavishing upon his mistress. It would be a scandal if there was any difficulty in raising so paltry a sum to suppress what is admittedly a slave trade in women carried on in the shadow of St. Paul's and within a stone's throw of our courts of justice.

The Arrest of Mr. Whitaker Wright

The Attorney-General having decided that he would not be justified in ordering a prosecution of Mr. Whitaker Wright, a company of private citizens raised a small fund, £1,250, and appealed to Mr. Justice Bucknall whether the facts of the case did not justify a prosecution. The judge decided that they did, provided the £1,250 was paid into court as a contribution to the cost of the trial. This being done without delay, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Wright, who was promptly laid by the heels on his arrival at New York. As the law does not permit of bail in such cases Mr. Wright remains in prison until he can be extradited. Whatever may be the issue of his trial, the judge's decision has been one more nail in the coffin of the Government.

Mr. Chamberlain's Return

Mr. Chamberlain received a warm welcome when he arrived at Southampton, and he was a second time feted in the city. But somehow his advent has done nothing to restore the confidence of the Government. He has shown no sign of sympathy with those ardent Ministerialists who implored him to depose Mr. Balfour and reign in his stead over a reinvigorated Unionist party. His most notable utterance since his return, on questions other than South African, was the emphatic declaration in favour of paying compensation to publicans whose licenses have not been renewed. In this he only followed the lead of Lord Halsbury and Mr. Balfour, who have vigorously backed up Boniface against the licensing magistrates who refused to renew his license when they thought the public would be better without the public-house. But there was something piquant in the spectacle of Joseph Chamberlain condemning the policy of which Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is the most conspicuous advocate. If the Great House of Chamberlain is divided against itself, how shall it stand?

MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT.

The "Leisure Hour" for April is a very good number. There is a sketch by David Williamson of Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, editor of the "Methodist Recorder," who, according to his own account, seems to have stumbled into journalism rather than walked into it. He has, however, fallen on his feet. The Rev. William Mottram continues the true story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, and offers evidence to show that the original Dinah Morris was even more of an ideal character than the she-preacher of "Adam Bede."

The "Geographical Journal" for March is an extremely good number, containing as it does Dr. Sven Hedin's narrative of his three years' explorations in Central Asia, and Dr. Tempest Anderson's account of the volcanic eruptions in the West Indies, which is illustrated with a magnificent series of photographs.

THE REVOLT OF THE RAILWAY EMPLOYES IN VICTORIA.

Fate has been very unkind to Victoria during the month. The State emerged from the drought only to plunge into what are almost the worse mischiefs of a great railway strike. The strike, it is true, has been almost the shortest on record. It began on Friday, May 8, and ended on the following Friday. There is a Seven Weeks' War known to history, and this was the Seven Days' Strike! But though short, and ending in the complete defeat of the strikers, it was curiously audacious in its purpose, very picturesque in its incidents, dramatic in the suddenness of its close, and it involved the gravest possible issues. It is well worth while to give a complete narrative of the struggle.

For Victoria itself the struggle was a thinly disguised form of civil war; fought, it is true, with unbloody weapons, but kindling many of the passions of war. And it was a war, too, in which every member of the State found himself either an actor or sufferer—or both. But for all Australia, and even for far-off England, the strike had intense interest. Greater issues were involved in it than appear on the surface. The State, under the political conditions of Australia, employs "armies whole" of servants; and the question involved in the strike was whether a section of the servants of the State should dominate the Government; whether, in a word, an autocracy of State servants should take the place of Parliamentary government.

How It Began.

The history of the strike may be briefly told. The present Victorian Parliament was elected to restore the public finances; it had a mandate to enforce economy in public expenditure, and to put an end to a procession of deficits. There are only two methods of doing this. The State must pay less and it must raise more. A percentage reduction of State salaries represents one branch of this alternative, a heavier income tax represents the other. Both measures were inevitable, and were adopted; and, taken together, they reached every person in the community. The Civil servants naturally objected to any reductions; but they had to share the fate which had overtaken everybody in private employment. The railway servants number some 11,000 men; of this army of employes the engine-drivers and firemen are the best-organised, and perhaps best-paid, section, and the body most essential to the working of the railways. They threatened to strike when the reductions were first proposed, but did not carry out the threat—they declare, from patriotic motives; their critics say, because they found public opinion wholly against them. But it is clear that, though they yielded,

Mr. Irvine, the Premier, Conferring with the Executives.

from that point they carefully organised themselves in readiness for a strike.

As one detail, they affiliated themselves afresh to the Trades Hall. Now, years ago the union had formed part of the Trades Hall organisation, but the tie was broken by the men themselves—according to one version, because the Trades Hall Council required them to join in a strike; according to another version, because the Trades Hall itself is inconveniently situated for meetings. It is certain that the men, in their own words, "did not care a rap" for the affiliation with the Trades Hall. But the Victorian Cabinet looked on the step as a preparation for war, and under

Mr. Bent, the Minister of Railways.

the clause which forbids any servant of the State being a member of a political association they required the railway unions to withdraw their representatives from the Trades Hall Council. The question then became a flag. Now, a flag is a mere bit of coloured cotton or silk, worth commercially only a few pence; but as a symbol, men will fight and die for it! And this is what happened in Victoria.

Negotiations.

The engine-drivers linked themselves to the Trades Hall on January 16; they were officially required to withdraw three days afterwards. Negotiations followed with all the formality and leisureliness of diplomatic proceedings betwixt rival States. There was certainly no indecent haste on either side; but by May 2 the position was that all the railway societies had been notified that unless their representatives on the Trades Hall Council resigned they would be dismissed. A strike was plainly within easily measurable distance!

At this point, the Premier, Mr. Irvine, intervened personally. Mr. Bent, the Minister of Railways, is one of the best-abused men in Victorian politics. He has many fine qualities—shrewdness, courage, energy; but he plays the role of John Blunt, and exaggerates it while he plays it. His bark, it is usual to say, is worse than his bite; but the "bark," it cannot be denied, is sometimes too loudly audible, though behind the rough words there is not only the intention to be absolutely just, but also great personal kindness. Mr. Bent had been captured by a press interviewer, and announced that he "was playing for keeps this time," and if the men did not obey, they would be "all sacked." That announcement was gall poured into the whole business. Mr. Irvine, the Premier, is, both physically and mentally, the very antithesis of Mr. Bent. Mr. Bent is heavy in body, red of face, rough and unbuttoned in speech. Mr. Irvine, it is true, has not, like Cassius, a "lean and hungry look," but he would never have satisfied Cæsar's aspiration to

> have men about me that are fat.
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

He is attenuated in body, cool of mind, colourless of face, deliberate in speech. One man is an icicle; the other is—well, say a catherine-wheel in a state of ignition!

Ultimatums!

Mr. Irvine, on May 4, invited the representatives of the men to meet him, explained the position and views of the Government, undertook to consider all the men's grievances, but insisted, as a preliminary condition, that they should obey the order issued and separate themselves from the Trades Hall. The men, after a day's deliberation, refused to do this. Mr. Irvine then offered that if the executive would recommend their societies to withdraw, he would accept that as sufficient, and would hold a conference with them about their grievances. The men again refused. Notice was then served on the representatives individually that if they did not before May 12 resign as members of the Trades Hall Council they would be removed from the railway service; it was also notified that Parliament would be summoned to meet on May 13. On May 8, five days before Parliament met, the engine-drivers issued their ultimatum. The calling together of Parliament they regarded as "an unfair course": they notified the Government that unless the orders issued were withdrawn by 5 p.m. on that date, all engine-drivers and firemen would stop work at midnight.

Frozen Trains.

At midnight, accordingly, every train in Victoria was arrested! Whether they carried passengers or live-stock, or perishable food or mails, no distinction was shown. Many trains were stopped in midcourse and left stranded huge distances from their goals. In some cases the engines were left arrested across the points. Every fireman and driver, save four, went off work, and Victoria awoke the next morning to find its whole railway service practically non-existent. Now, the railways have for the State the office of the arteries in the body, and the sudden stoppage of the trains had much the same effect that the paralysis of the arteries would have on the physical system. The very currents of life ceased to flow! Every household in the State was affected. Country towns were as much cut off from the metropolis as if they had been suddenly dropped into the heart of the Great Desert. Mails were interrupted; the price of food rose; business men had to walk into the city. The mail train from Adelaide took three days in reaching Melbourne. The strike, in fact, took coins from every man's pocket, lessened the comforts of every home, increased the whole strain and burden of life; and on this the strikers counted for success. The sufferings inflicted on the public would, they argued, be intolerable, and the Government would at once make terms.

But the noteworthy feature of the strike was the manner in which the general public met it. Its hardships were endured with half-humorous patience, but behind that mood of jesting philosophy was a grim determination that the Government should not give way.

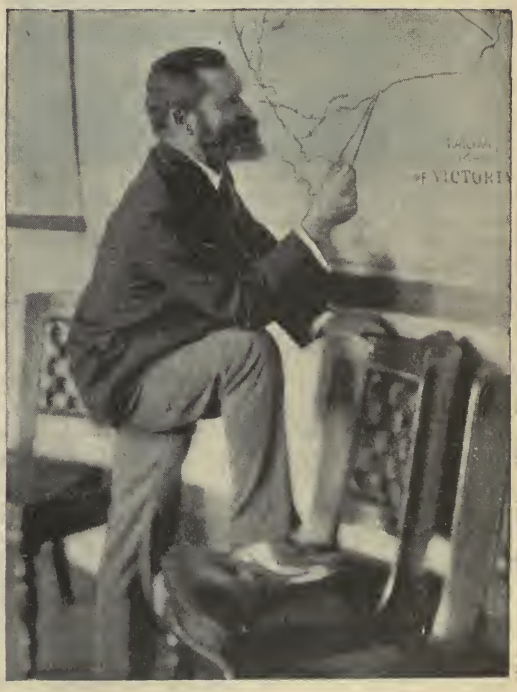
Public Opinion.

The truth is that the general public, as if by some unconscious instinct, grasped instantly the real issue at stake. The "public mind," as it is called, moves slowly, is often of a semi-inarticulate quality; it does not proceed by logic, nor express itself in terms of logic. But when any great question is raised—not in academic terms, but in concrete shape—then the general common-sense of the community may be trusted almost more absolutely than even the more loudly vocal intelligence of its newspapers or of its political leaders. The public made up its mind that the strike was really an attempt to "sail the ship from the steerage," and the rally for the Government was remarkable. Every driver or fireman who took his stand on the footplate of an engine was greeted as a hero. The sight of a moving train was cheered as a sign that the law was still effective.

Some of the country towns were cut off from railway communication for days, and when a train at last puffed slowly into the station it was welcomed with hurrahs, and generous gifts of money were forced on driver and fireman. In many places committees were organised to protect the trains on their arrival and departure, and money was raised to give a bonus for every trip run. The Professor of Engineering in Melbourne University offered to drive an engine, and the undergraduates in a body volunteered their services as firemen or patrols. The truth is that the strikers completely miscalculated the effect of their action on the public mind; and, it may be added, they were equally blind as to the real quality and significance of their own act.

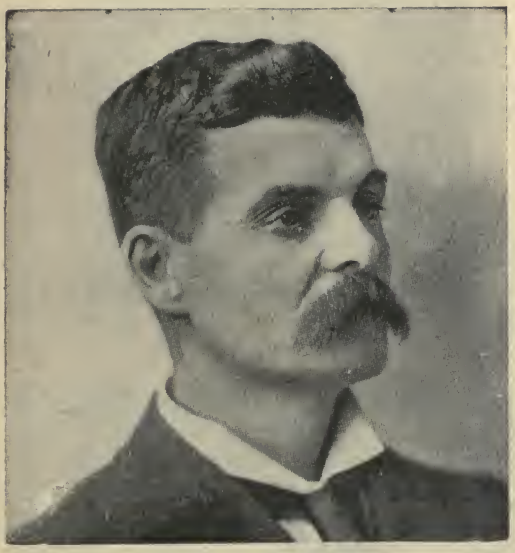
What the Strike Meant.

In a manifesto they issued, they claimed to be "law-abiding men," and that is true. But it is a proof of the imperfect political education both of the strikers, and of their sympathisers, that a policy so wild should have been adopted by one set of men and



Commissioner Fitzpatrick Mapping a Strike Service.

have been cheered by another set. The strike was really directed against Parliament. If successful, it would have repeated, in modern terms, the dismissal of the Rump Parliament; though, in this case, instead of a Cromwell, with his "Take away that bauble!" it would have been a tiny section of the servants of the State coercing a free Parliament in the interests of their own salaries and privileges. Mr. Irvine summed up the situation by saying that "the strike represented a deliberate attempt to wrench by violence government from the hands of those to whom it has been entrusted by the people." An oligarchy of State servants would have



Mr. N. Hart, President of Engine Drivers and Firemen's Association.

Mr. H. D. Scorer, General Secretary.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE LEADERS.

taken the place of Parliamentary institutions. This oligarchy might have had the most virtuous intentions, but its emergence would be nothing short of a revolution. It is clear that if the men could to-day compel Parliament, by the argument of suffering inflicted on the people, to yield to them on a question of their own salaries and privileges, they could use the same power to-morrow for any other purpose. Perhaps they would not abuse the power; perhaps they or their successors would; nobody knows. In any case, the situation created is unthinkable.

The Labour Party.

It is idle to deny that the strikers had, and have, many sympathisers. When a strike occurs anywhere, for any cause, and betwixt any parties, the Labour Unions take it for granted in advance that there must be good reason for it. But the truth is that the strike acted, in a sense, as a solvent. It brought out in a concrete form, and at a single point, the real controversy which underlies all Australian politics. That is a contest betwixt the Labour party and its ideals and the public at large. The general financial strain has told adversely on the fortunes of the Labour party. It has made economy the first of public virtues. It has made socialistic experiments quite too expensive luxuries. And in the State Parliaments elected under this new mood of public feeling the Labour parties are helpless. The tide is flowing against them. Naturally, they are in a mood of irritation, and are full of the suspicions bred of irritation. According to the president of the Melbourne Trades Hall Council, "the cause of the present trouble was that the people have not recognised the Labour party, but have listened to Kyabram." So this strike, which represented a revolt against a Parliament, had wide sympathy in Labour circles, and even amongst Labour members of Parliament.

But fortune was against the strikers. They were fighting not an employer but a community. They had begun a duel with the State. Public opinion set itself with iron sternness

against them; and in a democracy public opinion is omnipotent. The Cabinet was both cool and resolute, and the Railway Department showed unsuspected energy and administrative skill. Double wages and permanent work were offered to volunteers. Engine-drivers from mines or steamships were taught to drive locomotives. Train after train crept out, and every day the area of traffic widened. Towns left letterless for days were brought within reach of communication. The wheels, after all, had not stopped running! It is an impossible task to defeat a whole community.

Parliament.

And then Parliament met, and its voice proved decisive! No member ventured to defend the strike. Even the Labour members who declared the acts of Ministers had been "criminal" admitted that the strike was "inadvisable." The Cabinet introduced a Bill dealing solely with the struggle actually in progress. Every railway servant who left his duty without giving fourteen days' notice was to be regarded as having joined the strike, and became liable to a penalty not exceeding £100, or twelve months' imprisonment. Every employe dismissed in connection with the strike was declared to be ineligible for public employment. Severe penalties were levelled against all who attempted to intimidate or injure loyal servants; strike meetings were declared unlawful, etc.

The Bill is strong, but it is not retrospective, and its action is limited to the present strike. When the strike ceases, the Act is to vanish from the Statute-book. And before the Bill became law the strike collapsed; the men surrendered unconditionally! So great is the authority of public opinion; so overpowering is the majesty of law!

The defeat of the strike must be for Australia at large, as well as for the strikers themselves, a happy circumstance. The railways are the one solid asset which stands as security for the public debt. Let us only imagine what chance there would have been of floating an Australian loan in the London market if there was even a plausible ground for believing that a section of the railway employes had successfully revolted against Parliamentary control, and were about to exploit the railways in the interest of their own pockets! Perhaps the most weighty legacy of the strike, it may be added, is the argument it supplies against any further extension of State industries.

Australian Naval Defence.

Mr. H. Beck (Rockhampton) writes:

"Permit me to congratulate your contributor, 'Seaman,' on his vigorous article on 'Australian Naval Defence,' in the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia' for April, which, I believe, explains very correctly Australian sentiment. He has promised other articles on the same subject, and, in order that he may complete and perfect his argument, I wish to point out a matter which appears to have been overlooked. In the same issue is a paragraph, apparently written by a resident of Great Britain, as follows: 'At present we are spending sixty-one millions sterling upon our Imperial Naval and Military forces; every penny of this is paid by forty million taxpayers in these islands. Outside these islands, in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, there are ten million British subjects, who enjoy all the benefits of our expenditure equally with ourselves. . . . On the principle of community of sacrifice, every British subject, whether living in Great Britain, Ireland, or the self-governing colonies, should contribute equally to the cost of the Army and Navy.'

"Now, sir, many men who receive the profits of our pastoral properties, our mines, our banks, insurance, and other commercial institutions, the rents of our business sites, and interest on our loans, reside in those islands, and are amongst the largest contributors to the British revenue.

"In your March issue appears an estimate by Mr. Wilson, the celebrated pessimist, that interest upon four hundred millions of loan money is paid by the Australian States to residents of Great Britain. If this is true, then the income tax alone paid by them to the British revenue would amount to about one million sterling. Again, if the question of proportionate contributions be based on numbers of subjects, what should India contribute?

"You have already shown that it is not true that all the benefits of the expenditure are shared equally by British subjects wherever they may be, and you may elaborate this argument by showing that the matter of insuring or convoying supplies of food concerns Great Britain vitally, but the colonies not at all, or only some of them, as vendors."

Is Australian Humour Extinct?

"Don Quixote" (Hurstville, Sydney) writes:

"Perhaps your correspondent, 'A Tired Australian,' forgets Mark Twain's remark about Fenimore Cooper's Indians. Mark said they 'were an extinct tribe that never existed.' Doubtless your tired correspondent, had he remembered this, would have headed his article, 'Does Australian Humour Exist?' Considering the youngness of the country, a good deal of humour bubbles up around us, and if your tired journalist isn't too utterly fagged-out with his search, let him start first and consult his doctor about his liver and digestion, and then read the occasional writings of 'Steele Rudd' of the 'Bulletin,' 'Outis' of the Sydney 'Telegraph,' and Henry Lawson. These writers have considerably satisfied one who revels in Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Max Adeler, Wendell Holmes, J. M. Barrie, W. W. Jacobs and Mr. Dooley."

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

Science in Terms of Humour.

This is a scientific age, and even our jests must take a scientific complexion, and borrow their grins from the laboratory. This trend of the humour of the day is happily reflected by London "Punch" in "The Strenuous Life" and "The Bacillus of Love" given below:

The Strenuous Life.

["Dr. Stiles, of the United States Agricultural Department, claims to have discovered the germ of laziness."—Daily Paper.]

In an age of rush and hurry, when you've scarcely time to tub,
When you shave in twenty seconds and you bolt your morning grub,
When you hurry to the station with a crowd of the profane,
And you scurry through the paper in the early morning train—
In that vile suburban train,
With its freight of human pain,
Where you ruin your digestion and your temper and your brain!—

When you gallop through the morning and have scarcely time to crunch
Half an Abernethy biscuit as you snatch a lightning lunch,
When the after-lunch tobacco you religiously taboo
As you hurry back to business on the very stroke of two—
At that torpid hour of two,
If you've lunched as you should do,
Not a care and not a worry would obtrude itself on you—

In an age when all is whirling in a ceaseless strain and stress
It is good to hear they've lighted on the germ of laziness,
And I hope the worthy Doctor will elect to spend his days
In inoculating people and compelling them to laze—
Ah, if only they would laze,
And amend their horrid ways,
We should see a happy ending of this hurry-scurry craze.

The Bacillus of Love.

'Some eminent professors in Paris have discovered that love is a bacillus, and a well-known specialist declares 'that love is one of our most dangerous inheritances from the dark ages, one that has been kept alive and fostered by polite literature. It should be under control of a Board of Health that possessed full police authority, and should only be dispensed with the greatest care—after the manner of a drug.'"]

Scene.—The Love Department of the Board of Health. It is arranged after the manner of a chemist's shop, and is supervised by an elderly gentleman with a benevolent beard and a somewhat paternal manner.

Enter Mary Jenkins, a servant. She counts out six coppers and bangs them on the counter.

Official (beaming through his glasses like a railway lamp): "Yes, and what can we do for you?"

Mary (unabashed): "Sixpennorth o' them microbes like Missus 'as. My young man ses as 'ow 'e's sick of the friendly 'ow-d'ye-do, and wants to get on with the 'burnin' glow o' passion' like they do in the books."

Official (gravely): "I am afraid you must bring a certificate from the rector saying that you are fit to be trusted with the 'Passionate Glow.' You see, last week we sold half-a-crown's worth to an elderly statesman, and under its exciting influence he—well, he babbled, and there may be a complication. I can, however, let you have some of our 'Brotherly Love' or 'Sincere Friendship' put up in bottles. We are selling a lot just now."

Mary (replacing the coppers in her purse): "I don't think that'd do for Jim, Sir, so we'll 'ave to do the best we can without. [Exit.

[Official retires to the inner room and cuffs the Errand Boy, who is toying with the lid of a jar labelled "The Dawn of Love." The door-bell rings. Enter Percy. He is just "Percy" of the musical comedies. He raps on the counter; the Official hurries forward.

Percy: "I want a large box of 'Love at First Sight.' The strongest you've got—what? And how do you use the dashed things—eh?"

Official (rapidly repeating formula): "Open the box in room, or place where is the object of the affections, or administer a spoonful secretly, and the reciprocity will be instantaneous. Name and address, please, and state whether affections have been previously engaged. Only twice? (Hands paper.) Set forth the time, date, and address in Schedule A., and sign your name here, please. That will be seven-and-six."

Percy (after scrawling his signature): "Suppose you couldn't send the box round with my compliments—what? Save such a lot of trouble, you know—eh?"

Official: "We don't advise that course. We did send the office-boy on a similar errand once, and the result was disastrous. He incautiously opened the box in a 'bus, and for weeks the office was visited by an elderly lady who declared that she was 'haunted by his sweet face day and night, and she would never rest till he was hers!'"

Percy: "I say, that was deuced awkward—what?

Official: "Yes, it was really most awkward; and we had to call in our amatory expert. I must say he dealt with the case in a masterly manner. He advised a spoonful of an 'Inexplicable Aversion' mixture in a cup of tea, and in five minutes the aged one had boxed the errand boy's ears and quitted the shop. The husband came next day and said that things were very

wrong at home, and he would like a ten-shilling bottle of 'Wifely Love' for domestic purposes. (Musingly) After all, the Department did very well out of that case. I beg your pardon, Sir, your change. Thank you, good morning."

Percy (as he takes his parcel and exits): "Old boy can chatter. Suppose he's been through this sort of thing, and is weather-proof. Hope this'll come off all right. Jolly beastly if it doesn't."

[In the Department business is quiet during the luncheon hour. A small boy tries to purchase a box of "Sincerest Devotion," and is severely cross-examined by the Official. Upon being told that it is to be used in connection with a head-master's elder daughter the application is refused, and there is another broken heart in the world. The Official answers two or three letters, and addresses several hermetically sealed boxes to well-known actors and poets. He then puts on a broad-brimmed hat and flowing cape-coat, to live up to his office, and goes out to lunch. He unwisely—and against the regulations—leaves the Department in charge of the Errand Boy. Ten minutes later enter a Young Lady. She would look upon twenty-three as old age, and is sweet and delightful from hat to shoe.

The Errand Boy (in weak imitation of the Platonic Chief): "And what can we do for you, Miss?"

Young Lady (blushing and speaking in a pretty whisper): "I want a box—a small box of those things that you use when you want to let anyone feel that they are—that they may hope."

Errand Boy (cheerfully): "Oh, you want a box of the 'Come to my Arms' brand."

Young Lady (eagerly): "Oh, not quite so strong as that, please. Something more reserved, but something that will make Percy—will make people understand."

Errand Boy: "Right O!"

[Pleasantly wraps up a box of the strongest brand in the Department. To intimates and experts it is known as the "Keep off the Grass" brand. The Young Lady accepts it gratefully and exits.

[The Errand Boy whistles cheerfully, and, unconscious of having done mischief, plunges into the thrills of "Blood-Stained Bill; or, the Terror of Clapham Common." Enter Mr. Jacob Drysdale, a distinctly country solicitor. He is middle-aged and short-sighted, carries his coppers in a purse, and wears thick clumping boots.

The Solicitor: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the head of the Love Deprartment?"

Errand Boy (proudly): "That's me."

The Solicitor: "Really! Well, let me state my case briefly and succinctly. I am, alas! a widower. I think there is one who returns my passion, but I am doubtful."

The Errand Boy: "Ah, we 've 'ad them sort of cases 'ere before."

The Solicitor: "She is no longer young, nor would I approach her in the boisterous manner of youth. I would therefore purchase something that might enable me to convey my devotion in a straightforward and simple manner without the necessity of florid embellishments. Am I understood, my young friend?"

The Errand Boy (anxious to return to "Blood-stained Bill"): "Cert'nly, Guvnor, 'ere y' are."

[Hands him a box containing the "Romeo and Juliet" brand, which should only be sold on the strength of a certificate signed by three Bishops and a Master in Lunacy. The Solicitor exits, and the Errand Boy returns to see what the Bandit does with the 'bus.

Mary Jenkins (re-entering): "'Ere's my certificate, young man, and now I'll 'ave sixpenn'orth of that 'Passionate Glow.'"

The Errand Boy (without looking up): "Right!" [Hands her the nearest box and puts the coppers in the till.

[Exit Mary beamingly. Within a few seconds the door is opened hurriedly. Enter the Platonic-looking Official excitedly, with the benevolent beard ruffled, and in a terrible state of confusion.

Official: "Edward, have you served any customers since I've been away?"

The Errand Boy (startled): "Yes, Sir, two or three."

Official (wildly): "Was there an elderly gentleman amongst the lot?"

The Errand Boy: "Yes, Sir."

Official (collapsing into a chair): "I thought so. I *thought* so. I saw an elderly idiot outside being asked by the apple-woman to fly with her. What did you sell him? You don't know? Well, whatever it was he opened it before the time, and (rushing to the door) there he goes, the police have got both! Oh, my, there'll be trouble over this. Put up the shutters. I'm going home, and you'd better take your money and not come back. Oh, this is awful!"

[Retires to inner room and writes out his resignation, while the Errand Boy mournfully puts up the shutters, and wonders what "Blood-stained Bill" would have done under the circumstances. (Curtain.)]

Mr. Dooley Once More.

The inexhaustible Mr. Dooley distils a few drops of the keen acid of his humour on one of Mr. Carnegie's latest utterances:

Mr. Dooley on the Carnegie-Homer Controversy.

"It's turrble, th' way me frind Andhrew Carnaygie has been jumpin' on Homer," said Mr. Dooley.

"What Homer?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Homer the pote," said Mr. Dooley.

"Has Andrew been roastin' him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He has," said Mr. Dooley. "He's been givin' it to him good. It's all up with Homer. No wan will print his stuff anny more. He'll be goin' 'round with a pome undher his ar-rum fr'm newspaper to newspaper thryin' to sell it. 'They'se a man wants to see ye,' says th' office boy. 'What's he like?' says th' iditor. 'He's an ol' baldheaded man with long whiskers an' dhressed in a table cloth. I think he's blind, f'r he was led in be a dog on a sthring,' he says. 'Oh, it's on'y ol' Homer," says th' iditor. 'Tell him I'm busy,' he says. Carnaygie has busted him. People will talk about him fr'm now on as th' fellow that Carnaygie threw into th' fire.

"'Twill be a hard blow to Hogan. I niver r-read annything that Homer wrote, but Hogan an' th' ol'

fellow was gr-reat frinds. I got an idee that Homer ain't anny too well off. He niver knew annything about mannyfactherin' pig ir'n, an' bein' blind he couldn't tell good money fr'm bad. He niver sold canned air to th' Government f'r armour plate an' he didn't know th' Prince iv Wales at all. If ye wint to ol' Homer an' thried to tell him that be handin' a little coin to th' freight agent iv th' Pinnsylvania he cud ship his pothry fr'm Pittsburg to Phillydelphy cheaper thin Roodyard Kiplin', th' chances ar-re he'd tell ye to go to th' divvle an' raysume his pome. He had no business head an' he niver founded a libry buildin', though I've heerd tell he founded a few libries. Poor ol' la-ad! I feel bad about him. But it's hard on Hogan. He's always blowin' about Homer. Ye'd think this ol' fellow was all th' potes there iver was. It was Homer this an' Homer that. Homer says so-an'-so. D'ye raymimber what Homer said about that? He's as blind as a bat, but he can see more thin mortal man. He is poor, but his head is full iv kings an' princes, an' not fat little kings that are th' same height annyway ye take thim, but long. lean kings that ar-re always chargin' round soord in hand an' slayin' each other. Sivin cities claim Homer's birthplace, which is eight more thin claim Andhrew Carnaygie's—Ithaca, Utica, an' five other places in cinthral New York that I don't raymimber. 'I felt,' says Hogan, 'whin I first met Homer like th' pote that said he felt like somebody or other whin first he looked out upon th' Passyfic fr'm th' City of Mexico,' he says. Why, th' man's been crazy about the ol' blind fellow. Now, it's my turn. Whin he comes round ye'll hear me say: 'How's ye'er frind Homer now?' or 'Have ye heerd fr'm Homer lately?' or 'What's Homer doin' in th' pothry line?' I'll make life a burden to Hogan.

"Ye didn't see what Carnaygie said, did ye? I'll tell ye. 'Th' other night,' he says, 'I wint home, tired out with th' compliments I had rayceived fr'm mesilf, an' settled in me cozy libry, full iv th' choicest backgammon boords,' he says. 'I picked up wan book afther another fr'm th' libry table. Sthrange to say, they were all be th' wan author—me fav'rite author, th' kindliest sowl that is a constant inspiration to be—mesilf,' he says. 'I craved lighter readin' an' sint out to me butler, who s a grajate iv a Scotch college—which I have made into a first-class intelligence office—f'r anny readin' matter he had on hand. He sint me a copy iv a pote be th' name iv Homer—I don't recklet his full name. but I think 'twas James J. Homer. P'raps some iv ye will know. He's a Greek pote, an' this book was in th' original Greek thranslated into English,' he says. 'I read it very fluently,' he says. 'Well, I don't know that th' matther is worth talkin' about excipt to tell ye how I felt about it. but if this is th' way modhern lithrachoor is tindin', I'm goin' to put a blast chimbly into all me libries. Of all th' bum books! Here's a fellow settin' down to write an' gettin' th' good money iv th' public that hasn't anny style. anny polish, an' don't know th' first ilimints iv th' Greek language. An' his charackters! I tell ye, boys, I know a few things about kings. I don't go be hearsay about thim. I know thim. I've had thim right in me own house. They've slept undher me roof, an' even fr'm th' barn, where coort etiket prescribes I mus' lay me bed whin rielty is in th' house, I've heerd th' kingly snore iv that charmin' monarch Edward iv ollusthrees memory, who raymimbers me name. I can tell ye all about kings an' I will if somewan will lock th' dure.

"'An' I say to ye that this man Homer don't know a king fr'm a doose. He's got wan character in th' book, a king be th' name iv Achills. What kind iv a king does he make iv him? Is he a small, r-round, haughty king with a pinted beard who says: "Andy, f'r a foolish little man, ye have a very good house." Not at all; this Achills is no more an' no less than a dhrunken vagabone. He's roysterin' an' cuttin' up fr'm mornin' to night; he's choppin' people open; he's insultin' his frinds an' betrayin' his counthry an' finally he dies be bein' hit on th' heel. Did ye iver hear th' like? I know kings, I tell ye, an' that's not th' kind they ar-re at all. They don't carry soords, but canes. I wear a chip fr'm th' cane iv wan iv them who shall be nameless to all but ye, me frinds, but it was King Edward; I wear a sliver fr'm his walkin'-stick over me heart at this minyit. They don't get dhrunk at all. As a rule they ar-re very timp'rate in their habits, though not teetotal, mind ye. A little booze at lunch an' a little more at dinner an' a short, hot wan before goin' to bed. If a king gets a little pickled be anny chanst, I don't mind tellin' ye, he don't go an' fight like a cabman. He slaps me on th' back, offers to race me ar-round Skibo Castle f'r a dollar, weeps a little because he ain't well threated at home, an' goes to sleep on a lounge. Far fr'm dhressin' in little short ballet dancer's skirts with bare legs th' way this fellow Homer makes thim out, kings is very modestly attired in a black coat and pearl-coloured pants, although I don't mind tellin' ye that I did wanst have th' good fortune to see a monarch that I won't name, but p'haps ye can guess, in a pair iv pyjamas—but aven thin, ivry inch a king as he ordhered me away fr'm his dure. Homer don't know th' customs iv good s'ciety. He writes like a cook. I was so furyous I hurled th' book into th' fire, an' I'm goin' to direct that anny future wurruk iv his be excluded fr'm me libries,' he says.

"An' there's Homer in th' fire. Poor ol' la-ad. His day is done. He's been caught fakin' an' nobody will thrust him again. If ye go into th' Dope Lover's libry, an' ask f'r th' pomes iv Homer, they'll say: 'I want ye to undherstand this is a rayspictable shop. Take a copy iv Tresumphant Dimocracy by A. Carnaygie. Hol' on there! Don't ye throw that inkstand!"

"Poor ol' la-ad. Where'll he turn now? Mind ye, I think me frind Andhrew Carnaygie is r-right. Th' book iv Homer's pomes that Hogan brought in here wan day had pitchers iv th' kings, an' wud ye believe it, they was all thruckmen. Yes, sir, ivry king iv thim was dhrivin' a dhray an' fightin' fr'm it jus' like ye see thim on th' docks. I suppose th' poor ol' man niver see a king in his life. His idee iv a king is a big fellow on a deliv'ry waggon. But I'm sorry Carnaygie wint at him that r-rough. He ought to have considered that he was ol' an' blind an' hasn't got more thin a millyon years longer to live. If he'd sint him a phottygraft or a short description or something to wurruk on, an' thin if he didn't put a cutaway coat on Achills, it wud be time to hammer him. But th' harm is done. Homer's cooked. It's a gr-reat joke on Hogan."

"I wondher what he'll say," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Maybe," said Mr. Dooley, "he'll say that Homer don't care."

IS AUSTRALIAN HUMOUR EXTINCT?

A REPLY.

BY A. G. STEPHENS.

Notions of humour differ so widely that one should commence with a definition. Who is Humour? what is she? that all our folk commend her. Alas! definition is unattainable. Sage theories vary equally with common practice. Humour is a tribute to vanity, say some; incense on the altar of self-adoration. You laugh because you feel yourself superior to the cause of laughter. A mere perception of incongruity, say others: humour depends upon the sense of proportion, the non-sense of disproportion. James Sully, our latest critic of laughter, declares it essentially childish, a reaction towards joy, a complex reaction, springing from superabundant vitality.

The fact is, humour has an individual quality. One man's food is another man's poison. One man's joke sets another man wondering. Appreciation of the humorous depends partly upon the cultivation of the mind. The wider your range of ideas, the greater will be the number of your points of contact with the humorous. "Good in all," wrote Whitman. And humour in all, for those who can perceive it. There is no object, no concept, that is not humorous in some relation. Omniscience might simmer in eternal laughter.

But humour depends upon power as well as upon capacity. To perceive the humorous the mind must be lively, alert. In gaining range of comparisons, one may easily lose the faculty of comparing. Humour exacts preservation of the child's fresh outlook through manhood's vista of acquirement.

The Creative Humourist.

Plainly, it is one thing to acknowledge humour, and quite another thing to create it. Most of us are dominated by fixed ideas, stereotyped images. Some permanence of classification is indeed a necessity of thought. In order to think rightly, we must see men as men, not as trees walking. But most minds, having submitted to the convention and accepted the image, see always the same image in the same way, and slumber in the shadow of the type. The humourist individualises: his mind is at poise above the type, and ready for flight. Where others view the germs merely, he views the species, and the varieties of the species. Contrasts, correspondences leap to light, and lo! Humour.

This power of distinctive vision is the creative humourist's prerogative. It is essentially a result of mental detachment. Others see the same things, but see them differently, merging features in the type. Mental aloofness, mental activity, characterise every humourist. One Australian humourist of my acquaintance reminds me always of a cheerful bird—a cockatoo, for example. He has the bird's bright, scrutinising eye, the bird's inquiring cock of the head, the bird's air of being an observer perched alien and above.

"What is his name?" Well, he is beginning to write: you may hear of him presently. There are many humourists who can express themselves only in speech: there are some who can compel laughter with pen or pencil, yet who converse as monotonously as crows.

Australian Humour.

It is still far too soon to look for a specific racial humour in Australia. Everywhere, indeed, the modes of humour are almost as indefinable as the nature. One may assert, not too positively, that the Celtic races are more humorous than the Latin or Teutonic races, that the Irish are more humorous than the English; but, divested of dialect, one can scarcely say of any particular example of humour, "That is intrinsically Irish," or "This is essentially Scottish." The abstract sources and circumstances of humour remain the same wherever it is found. We can believe that different races display differing aptitudes for its development. But at present there is no specific Australian race, and there is no specific Australian humour.

That there is humour in Australia, among Australians, will not be disputed seriously. Australian natives are still typically British, conforming to one or other of the British racial classes. I do not think that any intelligent Englishman or Scotchman familiar with Australia will affirm that there is a lesser comic sense among Australians than among English or Scotch. And, though he may note Australian tendencies of difference in the conception or perception of humour, I do not think that he will note generic differences. The point is incapable of proof: one can rely only upon individual impressions. Sir Charles Dilke, in 1885, noted that "Australian society resembles English middle-class society."

J. A. Froude, in 1886, wrote that "The leaves that grow on one branch of an oak are not more like the leaves that grow upon another than the Australian swarm is like the hive it sprang from. All was the same—dress, manners, talk, appearance. The men were quite as sensible, the women as pretty, and both as intelligent and agreeable."

In 1894, "Max O'Rell" wrote that "The Australian is still much too young to have strongly-marked characteristic traits; but of all the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family, I think he is destined to become the most easy-going, the most sociable, and perhaps the most cheerful."

In 1897, "Mark Twain" found that "The Australians did not seem to me to differ noticeably from Americans, either in dress, carriage, ways, pronunciation, inflections, or general appearance. . . . About the best humorous speeches I have yet heard were a couple that were made in Australia at club suppers—one of them by an Englishman, the other by an Australian."

Michael Davitt, in 1898, declared that "The Australian is an American, plus sports, holidays, less work and worry. . . . ."

The conclusions of these observers and others give no warrant for affirming that there exists already a marked racial difference between Australians and their British parents. None of the writers quoted has thought of attributing to Australians any deficiency in humour.

Humour and the Humourist.

It would be natural enough if we found in Australia, at this stage of her development, a people as humorous as others, yet lacking a representative and accepted humourist. It is a case of "Creep afore ye gang." We have not yet heard of a Canadian humourist of the first rank. When the United States had fewer than four millions of population, there was no American humourist of the first rank. In fact, it is impossible to cite a modern State which, at the stage of development corresponding with the present Australian stage of development, was renowned for humour, or had produced one remarkable humourist. Why should the world expect from Australia a more effective display of humour than the world has given to Australia?

Look around the world to-day. There are many humorous writers, but how few humourists, in the sense in which we call Dickens and Clemens humourists! Personally, I find Jacobs and Pain more humorous than Dickens; but they have not Dickens' cachet of universal approval. In America, F. P. Dunne is the sole new writer with more than local vogue; and surely he is rather a topical satirist than a humourist: already his earlier work has lost value, is beginning to be forgotten. If you seek humourists (writers) in Europe, you must extend the definition of humour to include wit, and then, indeed, you can cite classics. But the wit or humour of Anatole France, for example, does not correspond with humour in the general English connotation. So that, as regards writers, we may reach and justify the conclusion that, if Australia be badly off for humourists, the rest of the world is in a plight at least as evil. As regards illustrators, Australian humour is waiting on the development of Australian graphic art. The more illustrators the more humorous illustrators. When will "The Review of Reviews for Australasia" encourage an original school of illustration, by printing and paying for original illustrations?

Some Australian Humourists.

But is Australia badly off for literary humourists? I cannot think so. I look at the weekly press of London and New York, and at the weekly press of Sydney and Melbourne, and I cannot find that, considering the relative population of Australia, Australian journals exhibit less humour than the chief journals of England and America. Australian humour is rougher, cruder than the humour of "Punch" or "Puck;" but it is racier, less attenuated, and, to my mind, far more exhilarating. Our writers are none the less humorous because their work is seldom brought together in the permanent form of a book.

The number of humorous Australian writers of occasional pieces is legion. In "The Bulletin Story-Book" the work of some sixty writers is collected, and half of these write humorous prose. Humorous verse is published in Australia almost daily; and some of it has been collected. There are a dozen men now, or recently, writing, who need only concentrate effort upon a single line for half-a-dozen years, and we would have twelve Australian humourists of whom the world would certainly take note. Consider the sketches, "My Horse," by "A. Chee," and "Selling Scripture Texts," by "Boiling Billy," in "The Bulletin Story-Book." In a couple of hundred words these writers fix their rank as humourists:

MY HORSE.

I own a tall, domesticated horse of the semi-angular type of beauty. He has an open countenance, a hollow back, and an expressive hazel eye. A former owner of the horse removed the other eye. This person was vexed and mortified because he could not catch the horse, and in the heat of the debate assaulted the animal with a gun. The horse has been sceptical about the trustworthiness of human nature ever since. I have owned him for a long time now, but I have not yet won his entire confidence. His name is Parkes.

He associates with a number of illiterate quadrupeds that roam the bush here, and they all regard Parkes as their chieftain. When any member of the mob finds a patch of couch-grass, Parkes depresses his ears and sidles alongside with a sour look. If the animal knows Parkes, he goes away. But if he stays there, Parkes bites his neck and kicks him until he does adjourn. Then my horse eats the grass in a thoughtful way, and afterwards gets another horse to reverse ends with him, and whisk the flies off with his tail. But Parkes does not whisk for the other horse. He is too languid.

Many people think it is easy to catch Parkes, but they are wrong. They are deceived by the statuesque attitude he assumes when another horse is being caught. But when you approach Parkes with a bridle, he smiles satirically and goes away quite rapidly. That is, if you have only a bridle. But if you have a tin dish of corn, he takes the corn with him. He gets it by degrees from your hand, and when you grab for his front hair he ducks and cross-counters with his front paws. He is very quick with his left.

Last winter I made a rug for Parkes with two flour-bags and a clothes-line. He was pleased with the effect, and at once struck up an intimacy with a neighbour's cow, although before that he was a very bashful horse in female society.

The neighbour's cow's name is Mike. Her owner was facetious and named her Mike Howe. But (he is dead now) I am told he was otherwise a most estimable man, and a model husband and father.

Mike and my horse became very affectionate, and my horse got quite vain and haughty, because of the distinguished look the rug gave him. But, one day, when he was trying to help Mike's calf into a lucerne paddock, the rug became disarranged. The ropes straddled his back, and the main body of the rug clung confidingly to his abdomen. When he next called on Mike, she received my horse coldly. He was hurt at this, and came home to me to have his garb refitted. But I took it off and made it into a meat-safe.

Mike never afterwards associated with my horse. She even pretended that she did not recognise him, and dropped his acquaintance altogether. Her cruelty broke my horse's heart, and he has never since recovered his old gaiety of spirit. He pushed Mike's calf down a shaft last week; but he is still gloomy and abstracted. I think his disposition is permanently soured.

SELLING SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

There are many different ways of making a living; but selling Scripture texts is not one of them. I discovered this in two days. A friend who frames pictures in Sydney gave me some nice little works of art with a

passage of Scripture in one corner, and I started out to supply a long-felt want. I always thought that when people are up to their eyes in debt and trouble would be the right time to drop in with some nice little texts, setting forth that "The Lord will provide," etc. It seems not. But I should have sold more if I had only known what part of the town the Christians live in. I'm satisfied of that. As soon as I find that out, I intend to make money. I met some queer people, though, for a person who doesn't know the town.

One of them is the woman who tells you, after a lot of talk, that she has a house-full of pictures—more than she has room to hang up; and just then one of the children opens the door wide and you discover that the walls are perfectly bare, excepting here and there a large, red spot where some robust bed-insect paused abruptly. And I like the woman who opens the door and smiles. When you put your pictures down on the doorstep and start to clear your throat, she slams the door and knocks your pictures right to the bottom of the steps. Your throat clears very suddenly just here, and you quote Scripture which isn't on the texts. This person always lives in a fine, big house, being a lady.

After a few of these confidential interviews, I ceased to wonder how anarchists were built. I have a recipe which would make an anarchist of Job. If this meets the eye of any anarchist who wishes to begin work in Sydney, I will be glad to point out some houses which I think could be blown to pieces conveniently, and at little cost. I hate to see any man out of work.

Then there is the Salvation woman, who reads your text over in a sacred voice, as though afraid of stepping on her creed, and tells you to "Remember what them says!" Every minute at that house is time heaved away. The Sunday-school teacher—ditto. I think a lot of the man who sits smoking his pipe on the back verandah, and, when you come to the side gate and ask if that dog will bite, says, "Sometimes." A second glance at the house convinces you that the people in there don't know a nice, neat picture when they see it. Consequently, they don't see it.

I also met the man who said "he got some of them Scripture things once, but the kids knocked"—well, a very tropical place—"out of them." Yes, I met some queer people. In fact, the only people I didn't meet were the people who wanted some nice little religious pictures. If the Apostle Paul were here now, he would soon knock off selling Scripture texts, and start out with "The Life of the Kelly Boys," or "Bushranging in Australia." Then he might make a living.

Similarly, a mere three or four of E. A. Murphy's sketches will convince one of his humorous talent. His drawing is faulty; but what can you expect? The struggle for bread-and-butter has held him in the backblocks, self-taught, unaided. Yet that does not affect his humour.

I will name four Australian writers who are natural humourists, bubbling spontaneously to laughter; four whose effort has been sufficiently persistent to entitle them to be accepted as humourists in Australia. Two are writers of verse, A. B. Paterson and W. T. Goodge; two of prose, Arthur Davis and James Edmond. Two of these are Australian-born, strictly Australian—Davis and Paterson—two are Australian in the sense that they have adopted Australia as their country, that they have assimilated Australian ideals, that their children have been born in Australia, that their chief work has been done in Australia, and is coloured by Australia—Edmond and Goodge. That the writings of these four hitherto have found only local acceptance does not affect their claim: they are humourists for Australia, Australian humourists. I affirm their possession of the quality of humour, not the degree of their quality; and I shall not consider at present their place—doubtless a minor one—in the class of the humourists of the world.

Arthur Davis.

To the question, Who among Australian writers is the representative humourist? the answer must be, Arthur Hoey Davis, better known as "Steele Rudd." His work stands not for wit, for satire, for irony, but for sheer fun; and the fun is the typical fun of the Bush—obvious, rough, and hearty. His reputation as laughter-maker has been fixed by one book: "On Our Selection," a series of sketches of up-country life in Queensland. The sequel, "Our New Selection," now in the press, will confirm his wide popularity.

Arthur Davis is thirty-four years of age, and resides at Brisbane, in the employ of the Queensland Government. His father was Welsh, his mother Irish. His youthful years were spent in the Bush in various avocations, and he knows thoroughly the life he describes. In neither his case nor that of others can I hope to exhibit humour in brief quotation. His aspect is always the humorous aspect, but the humour is extended over a scene or chapter. Extension, indeed, is usually a characteristic of humour, as opposed to the condensation of wit. We derive our impression of "Mark Twain," for example, from no single passage, not even from a succession of passages, but from his cast of mind as shown in the whole of his work, from his humorous outlook.

"On Our Selection" is a humorous book; but the humour, possibly, may not appeal to devotees of Charles Lamb, for example. On the other hand, the humour of Charles Lamb does not appeal to the denizens of Bush Australia. To each humourist his audience. Arthur Davis is no less humorous in his way than Charles Lamb in his way, and a catholic taste will accept both of them. But Davis is an Australian humourist, born of the soil, impregnated with the soil, befitting the soil. His excessive local virtue will hinder his cosmopolitan vogue. Yet how can an Australian humourist be too Australian?

James Edmond.

A Glasgow Scot, forty-three years of age, his name is probably still unfamiliar to many Australians. Yet no man has written more humorously in Australia than Edmond. Employed on the staff of "The Bulletin" for a dozen years and more, his contribution to humorous journalism has delighted thousands of readers. I do not purpose to dilate on the faults or the merits of "The Bulletin," or to follow it into other fields than the field of humour. But in the last decade I do not think a number has been issued that has not given me at least one honest laugh, and, maybe, a score of smiles. I consider that I owe one-fourth of that grateful mirth to "Hop," one-fourth to Edmond, and the rest to other contributors. As these have been numbered by the thousand, it can be seen how highly I estimate Edmond's contribution to the humour of "The Bulletin."

The tale of "A Row in Our Boarding-House," in "The Bulletin Story-Book," is a good example of his work; for the most part, it is preserved only in the files of "The Bulletin." I quote a short and characteristic example of his style—one of a thousand similar paragraphs turned out in the course of regular newspaper work:

Not a new show, nor the gleam or vestige of one, rose on Sydney's theatrical horizon last week. The

nearest approach to one consists of the addition to the Biograph show at the Palace of certain pictures revealing, or purporting to reveal, the daily life of Pope Leo XIII. Leo XIII. is an elderly unmarried gentleman residing in Rome. He is a grand old kindly vestige of a past era, and wears skirts. Also, he leads a patient, grey existence in a large building, with a lot of elderly unmarried men around him, and doesn't eat much, and never drinks, and never goes to the theatre, and reads mournful, pious books in Latin, and gets no joy out of his money whatsoever. But he does an awful amount of work, and occasionally has half a boiled egg and goes to bed early. To be a good, honest, respectable Pope is probably the most lonesome billet in Christendom. It is doubtful if any other elderly, unmarried gentleman eats half a boiled egg occasionally in a palace of 11,000 apartments, and never quits his tremendous residence, and never has any dissipation except when another single man of advanced years reads to him from the life of some saint, and leads so absolutely harmless an existence. The Pope of the day is the extreme end of a long peninsula of survival sticking out from the continent of the dead past into the ocean of the more or less live future. The views given of the daily life of this grand, but rather desolate, institution further convince the writer that it is a good and honourable and very dreary thing to be a Pope, and that the billet is a sacred one with a great lack of healthy exercise about it. Judging by what can be seen, the Vatican is a fine property, which would be somewhat improved if it possessed a water-frontage, so that the Sacred College could fish for bream over the front wall; and there is about it an atmosphere of silence—the accumulated silence of 750 years—that would get on this scribe's nerves if he lived there long. But as any respectable Pope would probably object to him living there at all, he isn't likely to be affected by it.

Take any of the accepted humourists, and it will not be easy to find one who can put more humour in the same space. The paragraph is a good example of Edmond's individual method. His forte is the grotesque development of a simple theme in original language: he does not invent humorous situations, but takes an ordinary situation, a commonplace idea, and develops fun with quaint side-lights, and an extravagance of unexpected epithets. At his best he is irresistible.

W. T. Goodge.

An Australian journalist in his third decade: born in London. He has the humourist's eye, the humourist's outlook. His volume of verse, "Hits, Skits, and Jingles," is a book of odd rhymes only; often the humour is cheap and weak; sometimes it is racy, genuine, and Australian. I quote

DALEY'S DORG WATTLE.

"You can talk about yer sheep dorgs," said the man from Allen's Creek,
"But I know a dorg that simply knocked 'em bandy!
Do whatever you would show him, and you'd hardly need to speak;
Owned by Daley, drover cove in Jackandandy.

"We was talkin' in the parlour, me an' Daley, quiet-like,
When a blowfly starts a-buzzin' roun' the ceilin',
Up gets Daley, and he says to me, 'You wait a minute, Mike,
An' I'll show you what a dorg he is at heelin'.'

"And an empty pickle-bottle was a-standin' on the shelf:
Daley takes it down an' puts it on the table,
And he bets me drinks that blinded dorg would do it by himself—
And I didn't think as how as he was able!

"Well, he shows the dorg the bottle, and he points up to the fly,
And he shuts the door, and says to him—'Now, Wattle,'
And in less than fifteen seconds, spare me days, it ain't a lie,
That there dorg had got that inseck in the bottle!"

I am sorry for any cityfied Australian who is too refined to appreciate the humour of that little gem.

A. B. Paterson.

Aged thirty-nine; a writer who has practised as solicitor; now given to journalism as editor of "The Evening News," Sydney. Born in New South Wales, of Scottish-Australian parentage, Paterson is, in many ways, a typically humorous Australian. His eye, like Davis', naturally selects the ludicrous features of things. In his two volumes of verse, "The Man from Snowy River," and "Rio Grande's Last Race," will be found many pieces touched with the rough-and-ready humour of the Bush. "Father Riley's Horse" is a characteristic example. Paterson's prose sketches, presently to be collected, are no less inspired by his natural gift of fun.

In Conclusion.

In this short notice I cannot hope to have convinced those who deny the existence of Australian humourists. Most of these, as I have shown, are journalists, or contributors to journals, whose work gleams once before it is forgotten. There is no Australian humourist with the universal appeal of "Mark Twain"—none, even, whose writings delight as many readers as those of Peter Dunne. Our writers deal usually with Australian topics; and for that reason, in strengthening their title to Australian acceptance, lose their claim upon the affection of the world. But of the genuine, intrinsic quality of their humour I have no doubt.

For myself, I find Australian humour everywhere—in a phrase or a flash from a thousand undistinguished pens. I have cited four leading names; but these by no means exhaust the list. We have surely a typical Australian humourist in "Steele Rudd," and if his field is neither very high nor very wide—well, it is early in our history to look for the highest or the widest achievement in any department of intellectual effort. My feeling is that, for a lately-settled country, with a comparatively small population, Australia is doing very well, and joking rather more than could fairly be expected.

She will surely justify herself. Give her time!

THE SORROWS OF SOME ILL-USED WORDS.

BY A TIRED AUSTRALIAN.

De Quincey somewhere contends, in the interests of literature, that when a joke, or an anecdote, has fallen into a state of mere fusty decay, it ought, by common agreement, to be regarded as dead, and to be buried without any hope of resurrection. It ought to be possible, he argued, to hold a sort of coroner's inquest over a too-ancient anecdote, and bring in a verdict of, say, death from senile decay, and bury the defunct story without benefit of clergy. Anybody exhuming it should be liable to prosecution.

We owe a debt, that is, to what may be called the decencies of literature; and that debt takes many shapes. There are certain venerable words in the current vernacular of our politics, for example, which are so persistently and so grossly ill-used, that in the interests of humanity somebody ought to lift up a voice on their behalf. Henry Ward Beecher—who was himself an artist in texts—says that divines usually treat their texts as a cook prepares a fowl for the oven. They first kill it; next they disembowel it; then they stuff it! And in the political oratory of Australia just now there are a number of phrases that have gone through a process of this sort. They are unoffending phrases; they have even a noble meaning. But they are turned to strange uses. They are disembowelled. Their natural sense is drained out of them. They are charged with non-natural meanings; they are turned to dishonest uses. And then these great and noble phrases, thus made to cover meanings abhorrent to their nature, become the catchword of political orators, and are used—or, rather, misused—with a diligence which reduces a tired Australian to the point of mere exhaustion. If only in the interests of honest English it is time to make a protest. Is it not, morally, almost as bad to rob a word of its meaning as it is to pick a man's pocket; to misuse a decent word as to slander a decent man?

Industrial Terms.

The whole of Australian politics, for example, is being resolved into one form or another of industrial legislation; and that legislation revolves round two terms: "sweating" and the "minimum wage." We have only to extirpate "sweating," and to establish universally the "minimum wage," to create an industrial paradise! And all the Australian Parliaments are toiling to attain these ideals.

Now, "sweating" is a word which beyond dispute represents a hateful thing, and may well kindle an honest anger in everybody's mind. Let us all fling at it the heaviest and the hardest epithets the English language can supply. But when we have done this with sufficient energy, and for a sufficient length of time, we recover ourselves to find that the emotions properly evoked by that dreadful word "sweating" are being utilised for curious purposes.

The Victorian Wages Boards might supply many illustrations. The Board which regulates the printing trade, for example, found that a compositor who set type by hand earned £2 12s. per week; if he used the linotype—a process much the more easily learned of the two—he received £3 10s. per week. Were these cases of "sweating"? Perhaps they were! And a virtuous Wages Board, after weeping the due amount of tears over the distressing spectacle, dried its eyes, and—reduced the working day of one of these sufferers—the linotype man—from eight hours to seven—thus, under a disguise, increasing the wages of not the worst-paid but the best-paid class by, say, 15 per cent.! Thus we are asked to believe that humanity is avenged, and a case of "sweating" is heroically redressed.

With one more pious appeal to the anti-sweating emotions which dwell in every properly constituted mind, it is further enacted that if an employer teaches an apprentice—who is earning, say, a wage of 8s. a week—the linotype, he shall pay him £3 3s. per week during the process!

A "living wage," again, is not merely a fine phrase; it represents a just ideal. Every man ought to have it. It is easy to be nobly eloquent over the virtues of a "living wage;" and a Wages Board is set up to secure that in every trade a decent minimum of wages, ensuring the means of existence to every worker, is paid. But what is it which is actually done? A minimum wage for a compositor, as we have seen, means £2 12s.; if he sets type by a machine, it becomes £3 10s. for one-eighth less time; if he is, say, an operator in process-engraving, it is £4 10s. Now, it is not credible that human wants vary in this eccentric fashion, so that what is a "living wage" for John is a mere starvation allowance for William. It turns out that under the Wages Boards a "living wage" means the highest possible sum which, with the help of the casting vote of a sympathetic chairman, can be extorted from the employer, and it varies indefinitely in amount. The scandal of the whole process is that, while one thing is talked, another thing is meant.

Of course it is as legitimate for a workman to want the highest wages he can get, as for an employer to desire the largest profits he can secure. And the Victorian law, under the form of a Wages Board, permits the worker to practically fix his own wages. No one can blame him for this. He does not display a more hungry appetite than the members of any other class, under the same circumstances, would show. He naturally pushes his wages up to the highest attainable point. But at least plain English should be used in the process. We should not be invited to shed tears of anguish over pictures of "sweating," when the business really in hand is the reduction of a well paid day of eight hours to one of seven hours, and the imposition of as big a fine as possible on all labour-saving machinery. Now, a tired Australian is anxious to keep his emotions in a properly virtuous condition. He wants to be able to explode in anger against "sweating," and to be piously enthusiastic for the "living wage." But as he compares the terms used in this debate with the ends really aimed at, he feels he has been cheated of his emotions under false pretences, and the sense of fatigue grows acute.

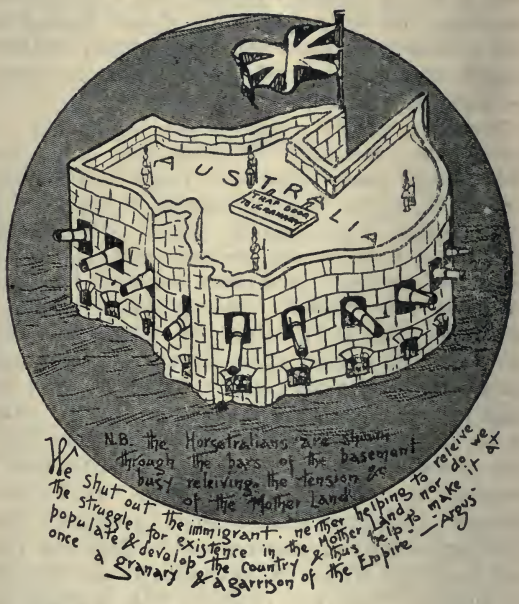
"Undesirable Immigrants."

The "undesirable immigrants" debate supplies another example of the ill-usage inflicted on deserving phrases, against which this article is a protest.

That the owners of a vacant continent should pass an "Immigration Restriction Act" seems in the abstract a sufficiently surprising performance; an act for the encouragement of immigration, it might be supposed, was of more urgent necessity. Nevertheless, almost every civilised community has passed laws to keep out undesirable immigration. We owe a duty of self-protection to ourselves. But in the discharge of this duty what amazing things are said and what amazing things are done! The unforgettable Six Hatters are a case in point. These, if any, were desirable immigrants; yet they were stopped by the police when they tried to land; and the spectacle set half the world grinning at us. Mr. Kingston told a Queensland audience, in defence of this policy, that it was undertaken in the interests of "freedom;" Australia, he said, was "not going to allow slaves" to put their feet on its sacred soil! Here are Mr. Kingston's words:

> As to the six hatters, no slavery was wanted, whether by coloured labour or by documents, for white labour. Iron chains might be bad enough, but written chains might be worse, and the Federal Parliament said to people coming here, "If you want to set foot on these shores, we will not let you go until you purge yourself. Do so, or stay away."

Now, these particular men, in the exercise of their freedom, had accepted the offer of work in Australia. They were skilled men; they were coming out to assured employment, at high wages. And when they reached an Australian port a scene occurred to which only the imagination of a humourist can do justice. The six bewildered hatters found Australia barred to them, while, through the bars, we must picture Mr. Kingston bawling at the top of his voice that it was all done in the interests of "freedom"! The constable's baton is stretched over the unhappy Six, to deliver them from "slavery"!


AUSTRALIA
KEEP GOING
IT'S AWFULLY
N.B. the Horse-traliens are shown through the bars of the basement busy relaxing the tension on the
We shut out the immigrant, neither helping to relieve the struggle for existence in the Mother Land & thus populate & develop the country & make it once a granary & a garrison of the Empire
—Argus

"Bulletin."]

"Freedom" and "slavery" are great words, with great and historic significance. But why should assault and battery be committed on such venerable terms in order to compel them to cover the case of the Six Hatters? As a tired Australian listens to Mr. Kingston's stentorian rhetoric on this subject, the sensation of mere bored fatigue becomes overwhelming!

Let anyone recall the history of the legislation intended to prevent undesirable immigrants entering Australia. It is riddled with cant and insincerity, it is mottled with the veriest foolishness; it bristles with examples of decent phrases turned to what may be called indecent uses.

First, it is proposed to exclude all Asiatics *en masse;* a bill of exclusion so spacious that it recalls the Duke of Alva's famous death warrant, which, within the four corners of one sheet of paper, took in the whole population of Holland! Under that delightful proposal the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and His twelve apostles, would have been prohibited, as "undesirable immigrants," from putting foot in Australia—a piece

of *ex post facto* blasphemy of quite miraculous scale! The proposal to warn all Asia from our ports was abandoned; and at present a spelling test of elastic and variable quality—stretched or contracted according to the mood of the Minister who happens to be in office, or the state of his digestion, or the quality of the last dinner he ate, is employed. It was intended, and is employed, to keep off every member of the human family guilty of having pigment cells in his skin of the wrong tint. At any cost we must have a "White Australia"!

A "White Australia."

Now, a "White Australia" is a delightful phrase, and expresses a delightful ideal. We must keep the continent of a proper tint. The blood of our race must suffer no taint. This must be a continent of white men, etc. All this is admirable, and we can all agree to be diffusely eloquent over such a conception. What nobler and more picturesque phrase can be imagined than that of a "White Australia"!

But let us consider how the whiteness of Australia is being secured. Are all persons guilty of an improperly tinted complexion to be turned out of Australia? This would be logical; but logic is by no means a constant element in politics. The Kanakas of Queensland, alone, are to be turned out, and dumped somewhere in the Pacific. Here is the operation, as described for English readers in English journals, under the head of "Cannibalism Made Easy":

In reference to the impending deportation of Kanakas, including 3,000 New Hebrideans, from Queensland, back to their own Pacific Islands, in accordance with the White Australia Act, Captain Rason, R.N., the British Resident in the New Hebrides, states that unless the Commonwealth purchases land in the islands and provides food for the deported Kanakas, the latter will drift into the native villages, with the result that those who are in anything like good condition will be promptly killed and eaten. Captain Rason, who is communicating direct with the Imperial Government, declares that it is an outrageous act for Australia to return these men to barbarism after civilising them, and he trusts for the honour of Australia that something adequate will be done.

From official sources we understand that while the wholesale deportation of these natives is not likely to take place immediately, there is in existence a sort of moral, as distinct from legal, pressure which has forced a number of the Kanakas to return to the Hebrides. So great has been the fear of being murdered and eaten on their arrival there that there are fully authenticated instances of mothers throwing their children overboard on the voyage in order to avoid what they believed to be a worse fate in store for them.

The process is, no doubt, described here in unsympathetic colours; but at best it is without parallel in British history. Never before has an English-speaking community turned out a whole race—irrespective of differences of character, conduct, and condition—from its shores. These unhappy Kanakas have been, partly, at least, civilised; many of them, let us hope, have been Christianised. Now they are to be shot down on various islands in the Pacific, with the cheerful prospect of being eaten by their cannibal kinsfolk.

But is it really in the interests of a "White Australia" that the Kanakas are to be jettisoned? Not in the least! The Pacific Islanders number only 9,327 out of 23,635 persons belonging to alien and coloured races in Queensland. There are 9,313 Chinese in that State, and 2,269 Japanese. No one proposes to turn these out, in spite of their complexion. Why are the Kanakas selected for exile? Is it from a pious anxiety to secure the absolute and stainless whiteness of Australia? It is a mere piece of cant to pretend this! The crime of the Kanaka is not the tint of his skin, but the lowness of his wages. The plea of a White Australia" is merely used as a pretext to cover the destruction of a cheap variety of labour. And a tired Australian can only listen to the many eloquent orations about "purity of blood," and the necessity of keeping "the white race untainted," in this connection, with a new sense of insufferable weariness.

Let anyone consider other forms which this zeal for a "White Australia" takes:

At Brisbane a deputation representing the Federated Seamen's Union and Waterside Union waited on Mr. Kingston, and pointed out that neither the Immigration Restriction nor Navigation Acts contained a provision preventing the unloading of ships by coloured crews, and asked that such a provision be made. Mr. Kingston promised to place the matter before his colleagues.

If a vessel, say, from America, has a couple of negroes in its crew, it is demanded that, to prevent a black spot staining the shining disc of a "White Australia," these guilty negroes should be forbidden to assist in unloading the cargo of their own ship while in an Australian port! And this delightful request Mr. Kingston has solemnly promised to "place before his colleagues." A "White Australia," it is clear, is being used to cover some performances of very mixed tints.

Infected Letters.

A still more remarkable application of the uses to which a "White Australia" can be turned may be quoted. The Postal Act of Australasia contains a clause which forbids Australian letters being carried, in seas no matter how remote, on board a ship in whose crew any person guilty of a dark skin can be found; and Sir Edmund Barton has solemnly warned the Imperial Government that this clause must be made effective in all future mail contracts. Now, a human being of the wrong tint actually wandering in person on the Australian landscape might be plausibly accused of

communicating a forbidden tint to the Australian map. But our race-sensitiveness, it seems, is such that if our letters are carried in a ship on which a person belonging to the coloured half of the race does any work, the very constitution of Australia is imperilled! The infection of a dark skin must be of a deadliness and penetration hitherto unsuspected by science. An Orient boat, for example, may have its curries prepared by the hands of a coloured cook; and in that case, it seems, a mysterious infection will penetrate through the mail bags, and attack the very letters; so that when these are distributed throughout Australia, its precious "whiteness" may shudder into mere brown! On the same principle the importation of rice ought to be forbidden, for coloured hands have planted it; or of cotton, for fingers of the wrong tint have plucked it; or of tea, for it grew on soil trodden by coloured feet; or of sugar, for the sweet juices of the cane have been extracted by brown hands!

Does anyone believe this, or even pretend to believe it? Does a "White Australia" cease to be white because there is a coloured cook on board the mailship which brings letters to its ports? When Mr. Deakin and Sir Edmund Barton meet each other, after delivering eloquent speeches in favour of protecting the whiteness of Australia by such devices as these, they must look at each other as two Roman augurs did after officiating at a sacrifice to Jupiter! Unless the very sense of humour is dead in them they must at least exchange winks!

Let us only imagine the policy of tabooing all the coloured varieties of mankind with all their work—the policy of forbidding them to land on our shores, or work in our ports, or cook a dinner on the ships which carry our letters—applied to the Empire! There are 400,000,000 British subjects in the Empire; and 350,000,000 of these are coloured people. If the Empire has to be expressed in chromatic terms, it is seven-eighths black, or brown, or straw-coloured, and only one-eighth white. Out of every eight subjects Edward VII. possesses, one is white and seven are coloured. Suppose the one-eighth undertook to banish the seven-eighths on the ground of their objectionable tint! This would bring the Empire to an instant and inglorious end! And we are undertaking to set up in Australia a policy which, when applied to the Empire, would destroy it; and if confined to Australia will certainly, in the long run, isolate and destroy it! As a tired Australian meditates on this, he recalls Sydney Smith's protest that "there really ought to be lunatic asylums for nations as well as for individuals"!

But what a fatigued Australian complains of most is the insincerity of the whole business. Bunyan gives a place in his immortal drama to a gentleman named Mr. Facing-both-ways, who, he says, "was a waterman, and got his living by looking one way and going another." Our Australian politicians say one thing and mean another. They use a particular set of words to cover ends utterly remote from them. A "White Australia" is a noble phrase; when translated into politics it only means regulations designed to protect certain classes from the competition of labour which is guilty of being cheap. This may be a legitimate end; it is possible to argue frankly and boldly for it. What afflicts a tired Australian is the insincerity with which phrases which have no relation to that policy are employed to cover it.

The present writer once listened to a fiery oration delivered by a stump orator at a meeting of the unemployed, in favour of a "White Australia;" and he could not help reflecting how much soap it would need to make the orator himself even decently white! That was, perhaps, a cynical and unjust reflection. But, after listening to the flow—or, rather, the trickle—of the jelly-like platitudes which make up one of Sir Edmund Barton's orations on a "White Australia," a tired Australian confesses he was so overcome by a sense of bored weariness that, by way of tonic, he had recourse to Carlyle's famous discourse on "Cant." It may be rude, but it is at least refreshing to quote a few sentences:

Carlyle on Cant.

My friends, will you permit me to say that all this, to one poor judgment among your number, is the mournfullest twaddle that human tongues could shake from them; that it has no solid foundation in the nature of things; and to a healthy human heart no credibility whatever? . . Think, and ask yourselves, in spite of all this preaching and perorating from the teeth outward! . . Cant moral, Cant religious, Cant political; an atmosphere which envelopes all things for us unfortunates, and has long done; which goes beyond the zenith and below the nadir for us, and has as good as choked the spiritual life out of all of us. Faith, Fact, Performance, in all high, and gradually in all low, departments, go about their business; Inanity well tailored and upholstered, mild-spoken Ambiguity, decorous Hypocrisy, which is astonished you should think it hypocritical, taking their room and drawing their wages: from zenith to nadir you have Cant, Cant—a Universe of Incredibilities which are not even credited, which each man at best only tries to persuade himself that he credits. . . . Consider it, good reader; and yet, alas, if thou be not one of a thousand, what is the use of bidding thee consider it! The deadliest essence of the curse we now labour under is that the light of our inner eyesight is gone out; that such things are not discernible by considering. "Cant, and even sincere Cant": O Heaven, when a man doing his sincerest is still but canting! For this is the sad condition of the insincere man: he is doomed all his days to deal with insincerities; to live, move, and have his being in traditions and conventionalities. . . . Not with austere divine realities which belong to the Universe and to Eternity, but with paltry ambiguous phantasms, comfortable and uncomfortable, which belong to his own parish, and to the current week or generation, shall he pass his days.

LITERARY GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

"The New Nation" is a book about the Australian Commonwealth, which Messrs. Smith, Elder will shortly publish. It is a sketch of the present conditions of life, and of the economic and political outlook in the island-continent. In a sense, therefore, it is an attempt to do for Federated Australia what Mr. Bryce did for the American Commonwealth. The author is Mr. Percy F. Rowland, late scholar of Hertford College, who bases the work on seven years of colonial urban life. It discusses Separation and Imperial Union as rival lines of national development in Australia.

The Rev. H. M. Myddleton Evans, whose resignation of his benefice at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, has attracted so much attention, has published by Messrs. Sands & Co. a pamphlet entitled "Why I Left St. Michael's." In this he gives all the correspondence with the Bishop of London—the case laid before counsel, and the written opinions of Mr. Cripps, K.C., M.P., and other counsel as to the legality of the Invocation of Saints and Adoration of the Reserved Sacrament in the Church of England.

The classics are becoming almost painfully cheap. A tasteful reprint of Fitzgerand's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" has been issued at sixpence, the publishers being Grant & Son, Edinburgh. It is announced that Messrs. Methuen are about to issue a popular edition of Cary's Dante at sixpence. The text of the translation will, of course, be given intact.

Mr. Walter Walsh, in the preface to his "Secret History of the Oxford Movement," mentions that he wrote the book "at the earnest request of an eminent dignitary of the Church of England." He now states in the "English Churchman" that the "eminent dignitary" was Dean Farrar. The Dean, Mr. Walsh explains, was in no way responsible for the contents of the book; in fact, on one point went against his expressed wishes.

Mr. Hall Caine has written to a branch of the "Dickens Fellowship" in the following generous terms: "The revival of interest in Dickens is perhaps the most remarkable literary event of my time." May one conjecture what lies behind the reservation in that saving word "perhaps"?—"Punch."

The universality of the genius of Shakespeare is newly proved by the translation of "Othello, the Moor of Venice," into Japanese for stage presentation. As all the characters will be assumed by natives, one factor in the plot, difference of colour, will be lacking, but it is only incidental. Jealousy is the same in brown hearts as in lighter or darker ones.

There is a "talk on criticism" with Mr. W. L. Courtney, the editor of the "Fortnightly Review," in the last number of "Great Thoughts." "A well-known London critic said to Mr. W. L. Courtney the other day: 'My dear fellow, why on earth do you let your people down so easily in your critiques of their writings?' To which Mr. Courtney replied: 'Well, partly, I suppose, because of natural temperament and partly because I hold it is not the sole duty of a critic to sit in judgment on his author. A man spends half a lifetime, it may be, in producing a certain work; how can I possibly be justified in condemning that work after having glanced over it in a few hours?' 'As we light our first cigarette after breakfast we demand positive and summary conclusions. We are in a hurry, and the critic in sympathy with us is in a hurry too. Can you imagine Addison sitting down and writing a critique for the halfpenny "Daily Blazer"? No! Summary criticisms are like summary conclusions—generally wrong.'"

Personally, Mr. Courtney dislikes the modern tendency of the critic to obtrude his own individuality into his work. "There is too much of that kind of thing nowadays. 'I don't like this style,' says a critic. But who cares whether he does or not? As a critic, he ought to like all styles. Why should I intrude my personal point of view on you? That is not interpreting the author, and this personal note in criticism is nowadays almost universal. If you take the work of some of our leading critics, men of high literary stamp, such as Frederic Harrison, the late Walter Pater, Edmund Gosse, Arthur Symons, Andrew Lang, and others, you will find that all of them, with the possible exception of Mr. Frederic Harrison, in my opinion one of the finest critics we now possess, adopt an exclusively personal note."

All these critics tend, in Mr. Courtney's opinion, to "a certain dilettantism; their style of dealing with their subject is, if I may be pardoned the equivoque, a sort of Andrew Lang-uage."

More "Favourite Texts of Famous People" are given in the April "Sunday Magazine." Mrs. L. B. Walford gives "In my Father's house are many mansions;" Mr. G. Manville Fenn quotes two, one of which is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan, the novelist) writes: "It is not easy to answer, but I think as beautiful as any is 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help'"(Psalm cxxi. 1). General Sir John French "regrets it is impossible to quote a favourite verse of Scripture. There are many he is fond of, and choice is difficult." President Roosevelt's favourite is, "Be ye doers of the Word, not hearers only." One of Sir Evelyn Wood's is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Sir Henry Irving's is, "And the greatest of these is charity." Mr. Rider Haggard, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Sir Edwin Arnold, "And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint." Mr. Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate), "Let there be light."

A papyrus which was brought to Berlin last October, and has just been edited by the German scholar Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Mollendorff for the German Oriental Society, is for two reasons of exceptional interest. In the first place it is the oldest Greek manuscript thus far discovered, for it dates from the fourth century B.C., from the time of Alexander the Great. It belonged to some Greek, perhaps a trader, perhaps a soldier, who lived in Busiris, a suburb of the great Egyptian city of Memphis, now represented by the village of Abusir. When he died his body was laid in a large wooden coffin shaped like a mummy, which his family had purchased from some native Egyptian, together with a pair of sandals and a small leather bag containing a sponge, a piece of wood, some iron, and a roll of papyrus, or rather part of a roll, the heir of the deceased having perhaps cut it off and kept the remainder for himself. As the oldest known specimen of Greek writing on papyrus, it is full of interest for palæographers. The second reason why the find is important is that the text itself represents part of a famous poem that has hitherto been reckoned amongst the lost treasures of Greek antiquity—"The Persians" of Timotheos of Miletus, who flourished about 400 B.C. About 250 lines and fragments of lines have been preserved. Much in the first seventy lines covering the first two columns is so badly injured as to be unintelligible, but the remainder, which fills three columns and seven lines of another column, is, with the exception of two lacunæ, in good condition. The Greek writer naturally enlarges on the rout of the Persians and the agony of their king. When the Persian fleet sailed away in hurried flight, the deep swarmed with lifeless bodies as the heaven with stars. The terrified Orientals threw away their javelins, scratched their faces with their nails, rent the well-woven Persian robes which covered their breasts, and uttered piercing cries. The king, who is not named, but cannot be any other than Xerxes, bewails the dire calamity which led him to Greece, and commands his men to get ready the four-horse chariot, to load the waggons with "uncounted wealth," and then to set fire to the tents in order that the foe "may have no enjoyment of our riches." A very curious passage mocks the clumsy efforts of Phrygian captives to speak the language of their Greek conquerors.

Pope Leo celebrated with a Latin poem his ninety-third birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election as Pope.

This Latin poem was included in the book presented by Leo XIII. on March 1 to each of the Cardinals of the Sacred College, many of whom had gathered in Rome to congratulate him on his jubilee and ninety-third birthday:

Suprema Leonis Vota.

"Extremum radiat, pallenti obvolvitur umbra
Iam iam sol moriens; nox subit atra Leo.

"Atra tibi; arescunt venæ, nec vividus humor
Perfluit, exhausto corpore vita fugit.

"Mors telum fatale iacit; velamine amicta
Funereo, gelidus contegit ossa lapis.

"Ast anima aufugiens, excussis libera vinclis,
Continuo ætherias ardet anhela plagas.

"Huc celerat cursum, longarum hæc meta viarum;
Expleat o clemens anxia vota Deus!

"Scilicet ut tandem superis de civibus unus,
Divino æternum lumine et ore fruar.

"Detur et ore tuo, cæli Regina, beari,
Quæ dubiæ errantem per salebrosa viæ

"Duxeris in patriam; materno munere sospes
Carmine te memori Virgo benigna canam."

The "Outlook" renders this into English thus:

Leo's Last Prayer.

"Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray;
Black night succeeds thy day.

"Black night for thee; wasted thy frame; life's flood sustains
No more thy shrunken veins.

"Death casts his fatal dart; robed for the grave thy bones
Lie under the cold stones.

"But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs in flight
To reach the realms of light.

"That is the goal she seeks; thither her journey fares;
Grant, Lord, my anxious prayers,

"That, with the citizens of Heaven, God's face and light
May ever thrill my sight;

"That I may see thy face, Heaven's Queen, whose Mother love
Has brought me home above.

"To thee, saved through the tangles of a perilous way
I lift my grateful lay."

"The Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son" is Benjamin Franklin translated into modern and commercial terms. It gives us the modern American mind with very amusing effect. Here are some of the gems of wit and wisdom contained in its pages:

On Education.

"Education's a good deal like eating—a fellow can't always tell which particular thing did him good, but he can usually tell which one did him harm. After a square meal of roast beef and vegetables, and mince pie and water-melon, you can't say just which ingredient is going into muscle, but you don't have to be very bright to figure out which one started the demand for painkiller in your inside, or to guess, next morning, which one made you believe in a personal devil the night before. And so, while a fellow can't figure out to an ounce whether it's Latin or algebra or history, or what among the solids that is building him up in this place or that, he can go right along feeding them in and betting that they're not the things that turn his tongue fuzzy. It's down among the sweets, among his amusements and recreations, that he's going to find his stomach-ache, and it's there that he wants to go slow and to pick and choose."

How to be a Salesman.

"A real salesman is one-part talk and nine-parts judgment, and he uses the nine-parts of judgment to tell when to use the one-part of talk. Goods ain't sold under Marquis of Queensberry rules any more, and you'll find that knowing how many rounds the Old 'Un can last against the Boiler-maker won't really help you to load up the junior partner with our Corn-fed brand hams.

"A good many salesmen have an idea that buyers are only interested in baseball, and funny stories, and Tom Lipton, and that business is a side-line with them; but as a matter of fact mighty few men work up to the position of buyer through giving up their office hours to listening to anecdotes. I never saw one that liked a drummer's jokes more than an eighth of a cent a pound on a tierce of lard. What the house really sends you out for is orders.

"Of course you want to be nice and mellow with the trade, but always remember that mellowness carried too far becomes rottenness. You can buy some fellows with a cheap cigar and some with a cheap compliment, and there's no objection to giving a man what he likes, though I never knew smoking to do anything good except a ham, or flattery to help anyone except to make a fool of himself.

"A business man's conversation should be regulated by fewer and simpler rules than any other function of the human animal. They are:

"Have something to say.

"Say it.

"Stop talking.

"Beginning before you know what you want to say and keeping on after you have said it, lands a merchant in a lawsuit or the poorhouse, and the first is a short cut to the second. I maintain a legal department here, and it costs a lot of money, but it's to keep me from going to law.'"

The Business Side of Marriage.

"Money ought never to be *the* consideration in marriage, but it always ought to be *a* consideration. When a boy and girl don't think enough about money before the ceremony, they're going to have to think altogether too much about it after; and when a man's doing sums at home evenings, it comes kind of awkward for him to try to hold his wife on his lap.

"There's nothing in this talk that two can live cheaper than one. A good wife doubles a man's expenses and doubles his happiness, and that's a pretty good investment if a fellow's got the money to invest. I have met women who had cut their husband's expenses in half, but they needed the money because they had doubled their own. I might add, too, that I've met a good many husbands who had cut their wive's expenses in half, and they fit naturally into any discussion of our business, because they are hogs. There's a point where economy becomes a vice, and that's when a man leaves its practice to his wife.

"Never marry a poor girl who's been raised like a rich one. She's simply traded the virtues of the poor for the vices of the rich without going long on their good points. To marry for money or to marry without money is a crime. There's no real objection to marrying a woman with a fortune, but there is to marrying a fortune with a woman. Money makes the mare go, and it makes her cut up too, unless she's used to it, and you drive her with a snaffle-bit."

Morley Roberts, the well-known novelist, owes, it seems, a part of his education to Australia. Says "M.A.P.":

"Educated at Bedford Grammar School and Owen's College, Manchester, his early days were humdrum enough, but even as a boy he loathed the smug, muggy atmosphere of the towns, and '74, when he had just turned seventeen, found him on board a ship of 1,600 tons register, bound for Australia. The lad had no very definite idea in his mind beyond a longing to see the great world, and a passionate desire to get away as far as possible from towns, top-hats, and teachers. Now, so he says, began his real education. The long four months' voyage and the motley crew, taught the ex-Owen's Collegian many things not written in his text-books, and when he landed in Australia he had learned the first great lesson of life—to depend on himself. Australia completed his education by teaching him the dignity and necessity of labour. And work he did—as a navvy on the growing railways, as a 'bull-whacker,' as a shepherd, and in the shearing-sheds. As he once wrote, 'The Australian bush university, with the sun, moon, and stars in the high places, and labour, hunger, and thirst holding prominent lectureships, helped to educate me.' Then the deep, compelling voice of the sea called to him, and he sailed the ocean as an A.B., and is next heard of in Pall Mall."

The Rev. William Archibald Spooner, the newly-elected Warden of New College, Oxford, is famous for his shortsightedness, for a droll habit of transposing syllables in the words he uses, and producing what are now known as "Spoonerisms." Many "Spoonerisms" are assigned to him that are fictitious or the blunders of others—such as "There came up grasspillars and caterhoppers innumerable"—but it is a fact that in one of his first sermons he spoke of "shoving leopard" instead of "loving Shepherd," and that very early in his clerical career he preached from the text, "And now I see through a dark glassly."

One of the last "Spoonerisms" assigned to him is told by Mr. Spooner himself. "I was returning the other evening along the Witney Road, when, as I neared the station, owing to my indifferent sight I ran into a man who was stupidly crouching down at the edge of the footpath; we rolled over together, and were both somewhat bruised. 'It was my fault,' said the stranger to me on recovering his breath, 'but I was only stooping to boil my icicle.' Oil my bicycle, I ought to have said," continued Mr. Spooner.

Mr. H. G. Archer writes in the "World's Work" on "The Railway Struggle for Ireland," the rivals being the London and North Western, the Midland, and the Great Western Railway. Already a great deal has been done to improve communications between England and Ireland. The London and North Western Company has accelerated its Holyhead mails up to Scotch express speeds; and the City of Dublin Steampacket Company has the fastest Channel steamers in the world. The R.M.S. "Connaught" four years ago actually crossed St. George's Channel in the face of a strong ebb-tide at a speed of 27 knots an hour. The Midland Railway is now building a great harbour at Heysham, near Morecambe, for a fast service to Belfast, spending half a million on the works. The Great Western Company is building a port at Goodwick, near Fishguard, which will play a similar part in regard to Southern Ireland. There is a bold scheme for running turbine boats between Berehaven and Naragansett Bay, Massachusetts, in three and a half days. It is a pity the English railways do not carry their enterprise further and buy up the Irish lines altogether.

SOME POETRY OF THE MONTH.

The Lapidary.

Great Lapidary, fix upon Thy mill
This sordid earth! Wipe off the mould of green,
The writhing life, vermicular, obscene,
The slime of sea, the scurf of town and hill.
Then grind, O Lapidary! Labour still;
Polish the lifeless, primal granite clean,
Till, mirrored true, shines from its heart serene
The undistorted image of Thy will.

And then?—Wouldst Thou Thyself be still the same?
Would God be God if lacking even me?—
Nay! Here I shout my challenge into space:
Thou dar'st not lose, fronting Time's lonely face,
One monad cell that thrills its life to Thee,
One gem of love that sparkles back Thy flame!

—William Samuel Johnson, in "Atlantic Monthly."

Molluscs.

Down where the bed of ocean sinks profound,
Lodged in the clefts and caverns of the deep,
Where silence and eternal darkness keep,
These dumb primordial living forms abound.
What know they of this life in the vast round
Of earth and air—how wild the pulses leap
At love's sweet dream; what storms of sorrow sweep;

What hopes allure us, and what terrors hound?
And, scattered on these slopes and plains below
This atmospheric sea, one with the worm
And beetle for a momentary term,
What know we more of those ethereal spheres—
What rapture may be there, what poignant woe,
What towering passions, and what high careers?

—"Harper's Magazine."

The Child with Earnest Eyes.

Ere the dawn grew red, beside my bed
Came a child with earnest eyes.
"What light have you shed through the world," she said,
"Now you are old and wise?"

"'Tis a weary while," quoth I, with a smile,
"Since I dreamed it had need of me.
I found but guile in its fairest wile."
"Then its need was greater," said she.

"So the hungry you fed, and wanderers led,
And smiled on the weary and sad?"
"Scarce I earn," I said, "my own bitter bread,
And I have no time to be glad."

She spoke not blame, nor again of fame:
"But the love that I dreamed about?"
"Bright burned the flame till gaunt Care came
And blew the rushlight out."

"But still true friends kind Heaven sends
To cheer and comfort you?"
"Nay; friendship bends to selfish ends,
And loyal hearts are few."

She raised her head. "Woman," she said,
And her voice came sobbingly,
"If joy is dead, and your high hopes fled,
You have broken faith with me."

In the dawn, still grey, she stole away,
With a grieving look at me.
"I cannot stay," I heard her say,
"I'm the Child You Used to Be!"

—Katherine Pelton, in the "Century."

How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—How did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's—How did you fight?—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—How did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cook, in "Windsor Magazine."

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

THE ROSEBERY SWORD-DANCE.

Mr. Punch: "I know he can dance,—no one better. But I'm afraid that's the only use he'll ever make of the sword."

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

THE ENGLISH RECRUIT; OR, "LITTLE BRODRICK" QUESTION.

(It is stated that nearly all the recruits in this Country are barely up to the "5 feet 3 inches standard," while on the Indian Frontier the "average man" is 6 feet.)

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

NO RACE.

John Bull: "H'm! Pretty state of things this! One crew going to pieces, and the other not in sight!"

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

FOREIGN COMPETITION.

British Habitual Criminal: "Well, if these 'ere furrin aliens is a-goin' ter take the bread out of a honest man's mouth—blimey if I don't turn copper!"

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

"Westminster Gazette."] ANOTHER POOR ELEPHANT.

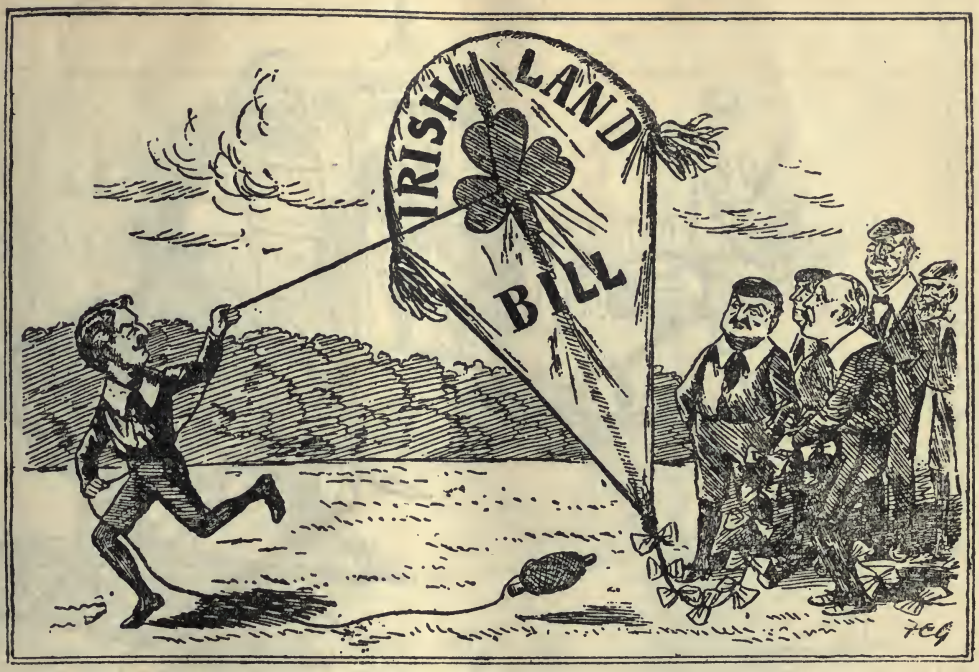
Lord Halsbury: "Can't you see that it's Beer the poor Elephant Sahib wants? If you don't give him some he'll drop."

"Westminster Gazette."] WHEN HE COMES BACK.

The Cockatoo (which has just come back): "Hullo! how are you all? You don't look very cheerful."

The Other Birds (who have stayed at home): "We've had an awful time of it since you've been away!"

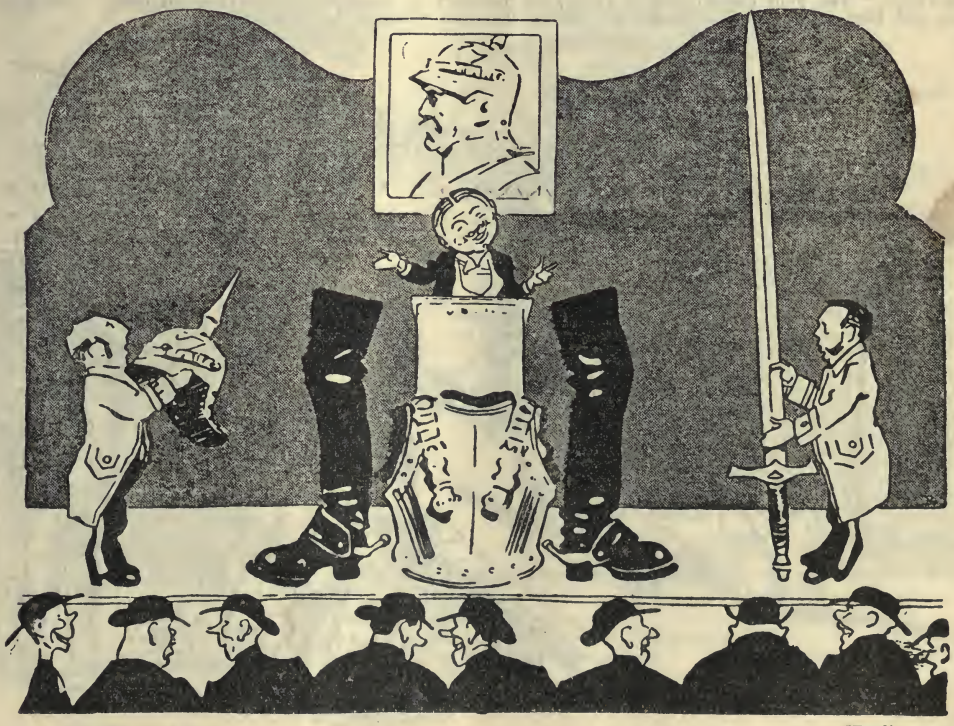
The Cockatoo: "Sorry for you, but I'm jolly glad I was out of it. You seem to be in a pretty mess all round."



" Westminster Gazette."]

STARTING THE BILL.

Arthur: " It's all right, George; I think it'll go."



" Kladderadatsch."] [Berlin.

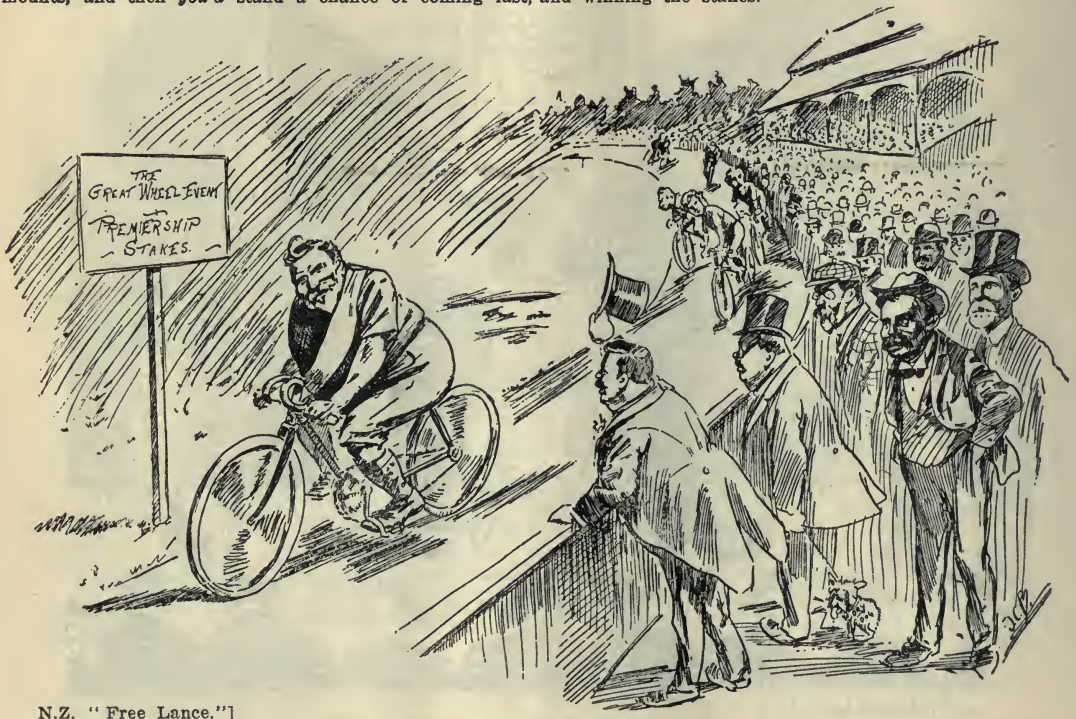
Von Bulow (to the Clericals): " Do not enrage me. I would be loth to have to put on the old armour."

N.Z. "Free Lance."]

HE LAUGHS LONG WHO RIDES LAST.

(A deputation from the Newtown Patriotic League waited on the Premier in reference to the situation arising out of the Newtown local option poll having been declared void. The Premier was asked if he would assist in an endeavour to get a new poll taken on the question, and to have an Order-in-Council passed for the purpose.—Daily Paper.)

The Judge: "Yes, your horse comes in ahead, my man, but he don't win in this kind of race. You might swap mounts, and then *you'd* stand a chance of coming last, and winning the stakes."



N.Z. "Free Lance."]

TEN YEARS PREMIER.

Sir Joe: "Take it easy, Dick, take it easy; none of them is within miles of you."

" N.Z. Graphic."]

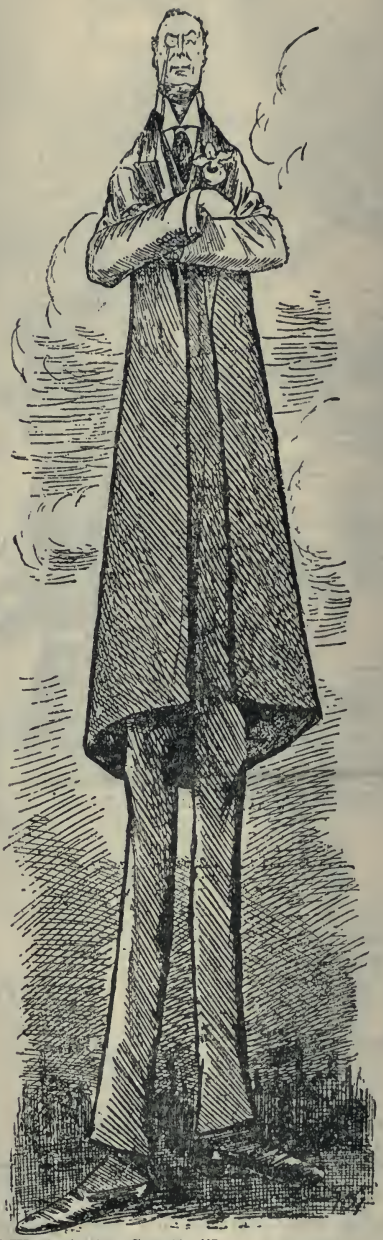
A RECORD ROUND.

Father Time: "It's no use, Dick, playing against such men as Barton, Balfour, Laurier & Co. They're not in the running with you. Come, take me on and see if you can't pass me out." ("The Premier has concluded his tenth year of office."—Daily paper.)

THE LATE MR. GLADSTONE.

We give above a special sketch of the national monument to Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey, of which a description appeared in our columns yesterday. Fitly enough, it rises among a group of monuments to other statesmen whose names are written large on the records of the past reign, political friends and political foes of the great Liberal leader, who was to outlive and outshine them all.

On one side stands the statue of Sir Robert Peel, the Minister who first appointed Gladstone to office in 1834, when he was still, in Macaulay's words, the "rising hope" of the "stern, unbending Tories." On the other side, in striking contrast, is the statue of Disraeli, against whose Budget, in 1852, Gladstone made the first of his great historic speeches, which marked him out as a great financial reformer, and against whose foreign policy in the Near East he was later to wage unceasing war. And a little further off, the statue of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the "Great Eltchi" recalls again the powerful part which the Near Eastern question has played in the making and unmaking of English Ministries. For it was the outbreak of the Crimean War which overturned Lord Aberdeen's famous but short-lived Coalition Ministry, in which Gladstone first held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then he had for his colleague in the Home Office Palmerston, whose monument rises just across the aisle, and who was afterwards to be his leader when he formally gave in his adhesion to the Liberal Party in 1859. —"Daily Chronicle," April 1, 1903.

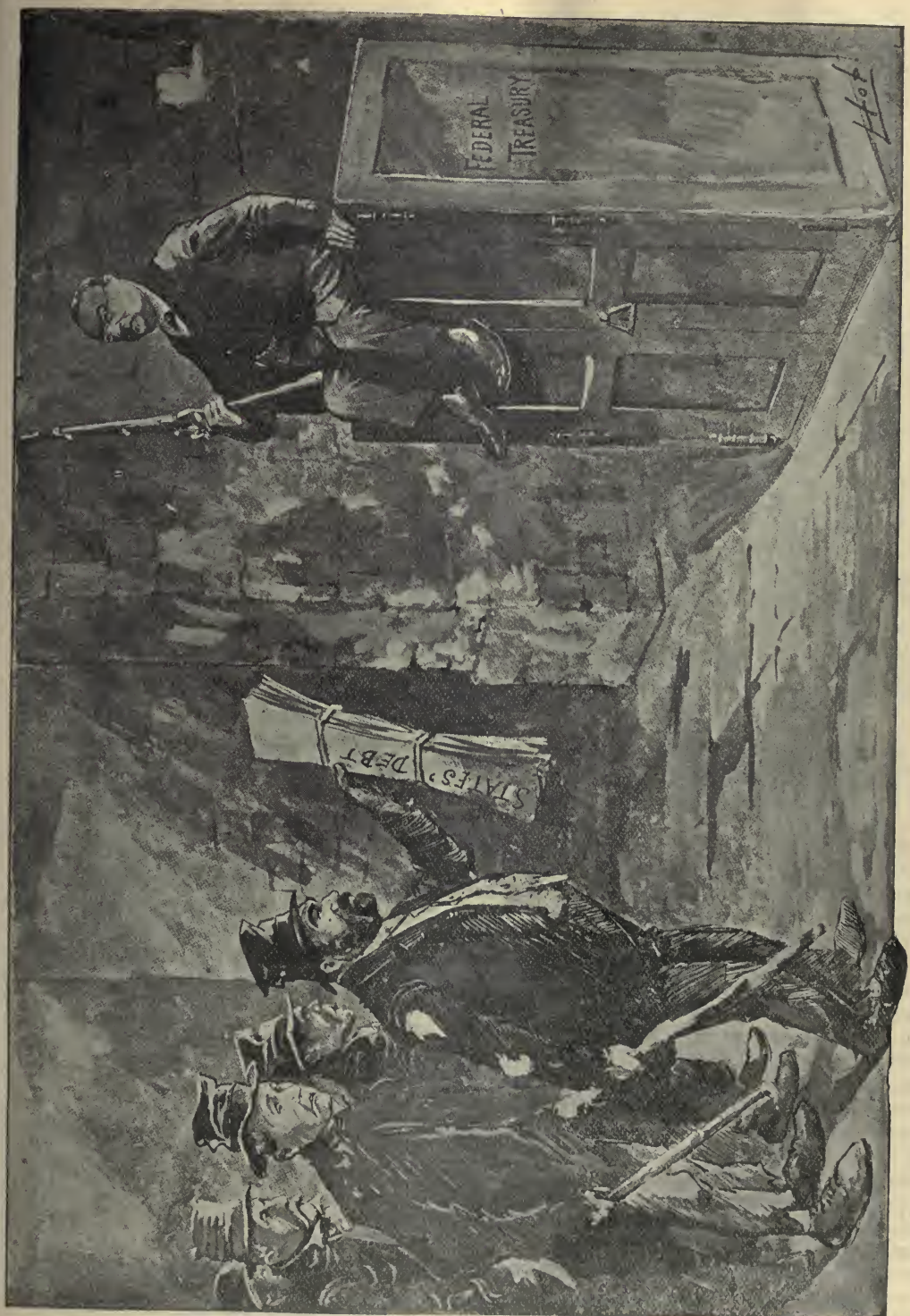


"Westminster Gazette."]

THE TOP NOTE.

"England might have reached her highest point, but the British Empire must reach to the sky."
—Mr. Chamberlain, at Madeira, March 10, 1903.

A QUESTION OF PERSPECTIVE.



AN ATTEMPT UPON THE AUSTRALIAN TREASURY.

"Bulletin."]

The State Premiers propose that the Australian Government shall float a loan to pay for State properties taken over (properties built with loan money) so that a post office worth £1,000 shall have £2,000 of mortgages on it—the £1,000 which the State borrowed to build it, and the £1,000 which the Commonwealth borrowed to buy it. Treasurer Turner refuses to entertain the idea.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY W. T. STEAD.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

"It may be a dream, but I hope it is not, that Ireland, now the evening star of the Empire, shedding a sad light in the West, will rise towards the zenith, and shine out from amid the brightest constellations in the Imperial empyrean."—From an election speech of G. Wyndham, 1900.

When England was a nest of singing birds, in the spatious days of great Elizabeth, George Wyndham would have been more at home than in the mechanical age of Victoria and of Edward. In the dull, prosaic lobbies of the House of Commons his picturesque and graceful figure seems out of place. He is a palpable anachronism. His proper place is rather among the Faerie knights "ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde," who were ever "pricking on the plaine," bound on some great adventure, the release of some imperilled damozel, the slaying of loathly dragons, or the deliverance of some forlorn captive. In truth, he is a "very perfect gentil knight," whose presence savours of the days of chivalry, now, alas, concealed from our gaze by the purple mist, "the dusk of centuries and of song." But those who—

> . . . love the twilight that surrounds
> The borderland of old romance;
> Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
> And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
> And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,

find in George Wyndham a constant spring of glad content.

Of all the Elizabethan poets, after Shakespeare—who was not of any age, but for all time—there is none greater, none indeed so great as Edmund Spenser. Nothing in literature recalls so vividly the radiant dawning of poetry and romance as "The Faerie Queene." No wonder that it became "the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier." The "poem, indeed, expressed the very life of the time." How often have I sighed for some new Spenser who would paint in similar immortal colour the life of our day which, in its way, is instinct with quite as much heroism and chivalry as that of the sixteenth century, and whose verse would reflect with equal fidelity the "medley of warring ideals and irreconcilable impulses" which make up our life to-day as it made up the life of Spenser's contemporaries. But as the new Spenser does not appear I have often found a pleasure passing strange in reading into the old cantos the incidents and characters of contemporary history.

I.—A Twentieth Century Sir Calidore.

I remember, when Mr. Balfour became Irish Secretary, discovering a strange and subtle resemblance between him, as he appeared to his own party, and Spenser's Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice whose adventures form the theme of the fifth canto. One day, when laughingly talking this over with Mr. Balfour, I said I could not place Astræa's groom:

> His name was Talus, made of yron mould
> Immovable, resistlesse, without end;
> Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
> With which he thresh'd out falshood and did truth unfould.

"Why," said Mr. Balfour, "obviously Talus is the Royal Irish Constabulary." If Sir Artegall be the prototype of Arthur Balfour, then still more obviously George Wyndham was foreshadowed in the person of Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, whose adventures in the sixth canto immediately follow those of Sir Artegall in the fifth. The analogy is by no means so fanciful as might appear at first sight. As Mr. Balfour surrendered to Mr. Wyndham the task of expelling the demon of discontent and misery from Ireland, so Sir Calidore takes over from Sir Artegall the pursuit of the Blatant Beast. Spenser's description of Sir Calidore fits Mr. Wyndham perfectly:

> But 'mongst them all, none was more courteous knight
> Than Calidore, beloved over all;
> In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
> And manners mylde were planted naturall;
> To which he adding comely guize withall
> And gracious speech, did steal men's hearts away.

And now, like his prototype, George Wyndham is "in travell on his way, Uppon an hard adventure love bestad."

Without following the hero through the whole twelve cantos, I cannot refrain from pointing out the extraordinary foreshadowing of the present position of affairs in Ireland that is to be found in the love of Calidore and Pastorella. It needs

hardly any alteration to be read as a poetic parable of the charming idyll of contemporary history.

II.—The Days of His Squirehood.

Before the accolade conferred knighthood upon the warrior of the ages of chivalry, he spent six or seven years of his early manhood in the duties of squire. So before our Sir Wyndham Calidore took his seat on the front Bench, he passed through a long and arduous apprenticeship. His father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, the son of the first Lord Leconfield and his wife, Pamela Fitzgerald, entered young George for the Army. He passed from Eton to Sandhurst, and from Sandhurst he entered the Guards before he was twenty-one. He received his baptism of fire in the African desert round Suakin in 1885, where he is said to have served with sufficient distinction to justify confidence in his future career had he decided to remain in the Army. He elected, however, to forsake the tented field and to betake himself to politics.

He became squire to Mr. Arthur Balfour, then Chief Secretary of Ireland. The men were well matched. They were, if anything, rather too much alike. Both were slender, spare, and tall. Both were genial and debonnaire. Both were enthusiastically devoted to the work of Irish Administration, but neither ever showed any trace of the strenuous life which in reality they were leading. Mr. Wyndham had to read the newspapers for his Chief, and write most of his letters. They worked together like hand and glove. They enjoyed their task, and never turned a hair all through the perilous times when the Plan of Campaign held the field, and it was common form to describe the gentle and philosophic Chief Secretary as the "base, bloody, and brutal Balfour." Both knight and squire had a saving sense of humour, through which now and then a grim glimpse of sterner stuff made itself visible. The famous telegram, "Do not hesitate to shoot," dates from the Balfour-Wyndham period. Whoever drafted it, there was probably as much Wyndham in it as there was Balfour. Of his multifarious labours at the Castle there remains a small but suggestive literary memorial in the shape of a volume of letters, in which the private secretary fleshed his maiden sword, or lance, or his pen in replying to the innumerable attacks made upon Dublin Castle by its Nationalist assailants. There was vivacity, good humour, and not little dialectical ingenuity, not to say sophistry, in these letters. The squire did his devoir gallantly, and no hostile knight came within hail of Dublin Castle without having to break a lance with the young and doughty squire of Sir Artegal.

In 1889, when twenty-six years old, Mr. Wyndham entered Parliament, being elected as Conservative member for Dover, a seat which he has held ever since, and which he seems likely to hold for the rest of his natural life. His first notable speech was a reply to Sir W. Harcourt's criticisms of Mr. Balfour's Land Bill of 1890. It is a curious coincidence that after the lapse of thirteen years Mr. Wyndham's great opportunity has come in the production of an Irish Land Bill, and that now, as then, his most formidable antagonist is the burly and aged Knight of Malwood.

He spoke with a certain distinction, but he did not at first catch the ear of the House. His gestures were a trifle too much for the nerves of his hearers. He had to learn restraint, to discipline himself, and to acquire the mastery of the House of Commons manner. He was too much of a fine young gentleman. His enemies sneered at him as a lightweight, a mere dilettante, who had better stick to his books and leave politics alone. But those who had worked with him did not think so. He was appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office, and so began his connection with the department which in the dark year of 1900 he was destined to represent in the House of Commons. He had an instinct for figures—which made him sometimes dream of being one day Chancellor of the Exchequer—and habits of industrious application which enabled him to master with comparative ease the intricate details of our Military administration.

In 1892, the Unionist administration having gone stale, it was turned out, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Wyndham and his chief, who were weary of office, and longed for the invigorating leisure of Opposition. It was in the next three years that Mr. Wyndham came under the spell of Mr. Rhodes. He went to South Africa, and in his long rides with Mr. Rhodes over the veldt he learned something of the secret of the great African genius. He loved him as a man and he revered him as a leader, and when he returned to England, while some said that he was under the Rhodesian spell, Mr. Wyndham knew that he had found his soul.

The return of the Unionists to power did not lead at once to his appointment to office. He devoted his attention to journalism and to letters. He was one of Mr. Henley's young men, he edited North's "Plutarch," he edited a volume of Shakespeare's poems, he wrote articles which were printed, and poems which have not yet been exposed to the ordeal of publicity. He took an active part in organising the campaign in the Press in favour of the Outlanders of Johannesburg, which in a few years was destined to culminate in a campaign of another sort. He had married the Countess Grosvenor, widow of the heir to the Dukedom of

Westminster, and he took a delight in superintending the early studies of her only son.

He remained a private member till October, 1898, when on the promotion of Mr. Brodrick from the War Office to the Foreign Office, Mr. Wyndham became Under-Secretary for War, and took his seat on the Front Bench. His chief, Lord Lansdowne, was in the Lords, and Mr. Wyndham was the spokesman and official representative of the Army in the House of Commons. Thus ended his period of probation. The Squire became a belted Knight, and Mr. Wyndham's Ministerial career may be said to have begun.

III.—At the War Office.

Mr. Wyndham entered the War Office when the reputation of the British Army stood higher than it had done for many years. Lord Kitchener had just completed the reconquest of the Soudan. A campaign against innumerable difficulties had just been carried to a triumphant close. Khartoum had been captured, and as a natural sequel the attempt of the French to bar the Cape to Cairo road by the occupation of Fachoda had been summarily and imperiously foiled. That within two short years the British arms would be covered with unspeakable humiliation, and that it would be necessary to array 400,000 British troops in South Africa in order to crush the resistance of 70,000 Boers, was happily hidden from the eyes of the young Minister when with a blithe heart he first took his seat on the Front Ministerial Bench in the House of Commons. The most censorious critic cannot lay upon his shoulders any of the responsibility for the series of misfortunes that culminated in the catastrophe of the Black Week of December, 1899.

LADY GROSVENOR.

(From a photograph specially taken for the "Review of Reviews" by E. H. Mills.)

Mr. Wyndham began his experience of war before he attained manhood, before smokeless powder and long-ranging rifles transformed the art of war. He quitted the War Office when the lessons of a score of stricken fields in South Africa taught the world that the old-time war, which had lasted from the discovery of gunpowder until our day, was a thing of the past. But although the fashion of war changes, war itself, he has told us, will go on for ever. "The conditions of the age-long contention have changed, and will change, but it certainly is coeval with progress; so long as there are things

worth fighting for, fighting will last." But war as Mr. Wyndham saw it in 1885 has vanished like the Wars of the Roses.

Mr. Wyndham was quick to realise the change even before it had been made manifest to all the world by the campaigns in South Africa. Almost immediately after his accession to office he made a speech on the subject, in which he said:

In my opinion, and that of some of our most expert soldiers, these developments in the weapons of war tend rather to a diminution of the sacrifice of life in war. They make the occasion of pitched battles much rarer. If you can force a pitched battle at a distance of eight miles it leads to more manœuvring, and war becomes more scientific, more like a game of chess, than formerly, and with adequate arrangements and perfect mobility of transport I feel sure that we shall see the time when a great general will be able to compel his opponents to surrender without a blow being struck rather than accept terms of battle which even a lunatic would not take.

Mr. Wyndham's work as Under-Secretary was marked by no special display of genius before the war broke out in South Africa. He answered questions pleasantly, he explained the Estimates lucidly, and defended the War Office gallantly. He acquired more of the style and manner of an official. He kept his gestures under control, he no longer got upon the nerves of the House. It was evident he knew the business of his department, he made no bad mistakes, he was courteous to all men, and grew daily in the favour and the respect of the House of Commons.

It was not, however, till after the war broke out, and the prestige of the Army had been shaken by an almost uninterrupted series of defeats in South Africa, that Mr. Wyndham's first great opportunity came. When he rose in February, 1900, in the debate on the Address, he had to confront a House smarting with bitter humiliation, angry with five months' almost uninterrupted reverses, and eager to find a scapegoat in the War Office. He had indeed a formidable task. The nation was beginning to fathom the depths of official ineptitude, and to appreciate the magnitude of the perils which encompassed the Empire. The air was thick with cries of anger, with clamorous alarms, and with confused counsels. The situation was such that it might well have daunted an experienced veteran. Mr. Wyndham met it with such lofty courage, such calm composure, such resolution and perspicacity as to amaze his friends and confound his enemies. Never had he appeared to such advantage. His speech saved the Parliamentary situation.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, when summing up the Reputations of the Session of 1900, said:

The reputation of Mr. Wyndham must be put as the very first and best of the present session. Sobered and steadied by the responsibilities and realities of office, he became a speaker at once practical and graceful—a combination not often found in the House of Commons. It was almost lucky for him that when he came before the House at the beginning of the session he had to speak for a department which was discredited and unpopular, against which the popular tide was running at its full height. The first night he got up to speak, Mr. Wyndham had to face as strong a feeling against his department as ever confronted a Minister. The disasters in the field, the mistakes of the generals, the triumph of the foreign world criticising and jeering all these things, which made the country stagger for a moment, had helped to raise the feeling of universal distrust in the War Office. It is seldom it can be said of a single Minister and a single speech that they retrieve and revolutionise a situation; but that could be said of Mr. Wyndham and of Mr. Wyndham's first speech in the House in his new office. When he got up, the War Office was so poor that none would do it reverence; when he sat down, everybody felt that the War Office had something to say for itself.

Mr. Arthur Mee, writing of this same speech, says:

We may be sure that, in the time that is coming, when Mr. Wyndham is a greater man in England than he is to-day, his defence of the Government and the South African war will be recalled as the beginning of his fame.

His health broke down, and he returned from a sick-bed in March to move the Army estimates. The work which the war threw upon the Under-Secretary was enormous. But there is great resilience in his constitution, and he stuck to his post like a man until after the fall of Pretoria. Then when the war was believed to be approaching its end, Mr. Wyndham was rewarded by being transferred from the Under-Secretaryship of War to the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, with a seat in the Cabinet.

IV.—Chief Secretary for Ireland.

When Mr. Wyndham found himself once again at Dublin Castle he felt that he was returning to his first love. Mr. Wyndham possesses one excellent qualification for the task of conciliating the Irish. He is descended, on the female side, in direct line of descent from one of the most famous of the martyrs who sacrificed their lives in the cause of Irish independence. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died in prison from wounds received in resisting capture, was the great-grandfather of the present Chief Secretary. Pamela, Lord Edward's daughter, was a kind of glorified Maud Gonne of her day, who made her house at Hamburg the rallying place of exiled patriots. She married the first Lord Leconfield, whose daughter is Mr. Wyndham's mother. Besides this Irish blood there is a French strain in his blood, which still further sets him apart from the "snub-nosed Saxons" in whose name he is governing Ireland.

On his appointment as Chief Secretary he found the country stirring with the throes of a great

national revival. Government and people alike, although in very widely different channels, were awaking to a sense of the immense possibilities of the salvation which they had hitherto neglected. Mr. Horace Plunkett and the Agricultural Department had begun to discover that the genius of the Celtic race disposed the Irish to take kindly to that co-operative organisation of agriculture which is alien to the stubborn individualism of the English farmer. And side by side with this, outdoing the official world in its zeal, was the great Celtic revival among the people—one of the most remarkable, unexpected, and promising of all the national movements of our time. Forty years ago a great revival among the Protestants of Ulster had as its motive a passionate personal aspiration for the salvation of the individual soul. It produced salutary and lasting results in lives redeemed from vice and crime and negligence. Drunkenness was diminished, and a new motive power was set to work in the hearts of the people. The same kind of revival is going on in Ireland to-day. The difference is that the new revival is concerned with the salvation of a nationality, and not with the redemption of individual souls. The result in the national life is much the same. The lives of thousands have been transfigured. Study has taken the place of idleness; grammars have replaced playing cards. On St. Patrick's Day the Irish celebrate the restoration of their ancient language to its ancient dignity. The public-houses are shut up instead of being crowded. A new hope, a new motive, a new incentive—all these are visible in Ireland. They find practical expression in the enthusiasm with which the Irish language is being studied everywhere. . Hence the first test of Mr. Wyndham's administration is his attitude in relation to the national revival. As might be expected, he passed the test triumphantly. Early in his career as Chief Secretary, when the language question came up for discussion in the House, Mr. Wyndham eagerly availed himself of the opportunity to declare his hearty sympathy with the revival. He asked:

Photo by] [E. H. Mills.
RT. HON. GEO. WYNDHAM, M.P.

Was it necessary to dread any dire political consequences from the spread of the Celtic Renaissance? He thought the object, the brightening of the intellect of the Irish child was a good one, and he did not think the political consequences would be very harmful. If as a result of such instruction Irish lads in fifty years gave up the practice of singing on certain anniversaries inspiring ditties which enjoin the propriety of kicking the Crown or the Pope into this or that river, and preferred to sing the Irish song—

"Oh! where, Kincora, is Brian the great,
Where is the beauty that once was thine,
Where are the princes and nobles that sate
To feast in thine halls and drink the red wine?"

he could not see that the change would be politically deleterious. They would not make a Scotsman into a better engineer by confiscating his heirlooms; and their language was an heirloom of the Irish. Its usefulness was not immediately obvious; but that was true of most household gods, and yet a tutelary reverence for household gods had often nerved heart and hand for utilitarian contests. There was no heresy to the Union in

permitting to Ireland that which they promoted in Scotland and in Wales; on the contrary, it was an article of the Unionist creed that within the ambit of the Empire there should be room for the co-operation of races, maintaining each its memory of its own past as a point of departure for converging assaults on the problems of the future.

The Celtic Renaissance in Ireland has a greater hold upon the people even than the United Irish League. What developments it may have who can say? But for weal or for woe it has come to stay, and Mr. Wyndham gives it his benison.

Mr. Wyndham has frequently defined the principles of his Irish policy. They begin by a sonorous affirmation of the Unionist shibboleth in terms which, while seemingly uncompromising, might be accepted by every Home Ruler in the land:

These two islands, by the inflexible ordinances of geography, of history, of finance, are bound, and must ever be bound, together by ties even closer than those which bind our colonies to the Mother-country.

"Even closer" is an elastic phrase, but if they are to be of the same kind of ties, then Mr. Wyndham's definition is equivalent to the formula of Colonial Home Rule, with a difference to which no Gladstonian would take exception.

Mr. Wyndham has thus defined the two great objects of Unionist Government in Ireland in terms to which Mr. Gladstone would have taken little exception, save in the order in which they are stated. Mr. Wyndham said:

The first of these objects is the suppression of agrarian crime, of intimidation, and the protection of liberty. That is a matter of immediate, of urgent, of constant obligation.

Mr. Gladstone would have put the protection and development of liberty first. But that is a detail, for in no way can agrarian crime be so effectively suppressed as by the removal of its causes, as Mr. Wyndham has at last discovered. There is no difference between the Gladstonian and Mr. Wyndham as to his second avowed object, the enlarging of the opportunities for the Irish people. The improvement of means of communication, of industrial processes, of fisheries; the opening up of the west coast, with its sea fisheries, now crippled by the lack of safe harbours and transit facilities; the encouragement of thrift, enonomic organisation, and self-help by the establishment of agricultural banks and co-operative societies. All these are as much the objects of the Nationalists as of Mr. Wyndham's Unionists.

The essential point is that Mr. Wyndham is now baptised with the spirit of the Irish Revival. He believes in Ireland. He loves the Irish people. Mr. Arthur Balfour has never cared, and does not now care, for anything so much as for Ireland and the Irish. And as it was with the master so it is with his secretary. The new Land Bill, the leading contents of which will be found elsewhere, is but the first of the great measures of reconstruction and reconciliation by which the great-grandson of Sir E. Fitzgerald hopes to realise, and more than realise, the generous aspirations of his ancestor. After the Land Question comes Education, and after that again the vital question of the industrial revolution, which will succeeded Tyre, in the leadership of the worlds' commerce. Mr. Bourke Cochrane sees in the splendid harbours of the West Coast, and the ever-increasing size of Atlantic ferry boats, a combination pointing irresistibly to the conclusion that Ireland will succeed England, as Carthage succeeded Tyre, in the eadership of the world's markets. Mr. Wyndham largely shares Mr. Cochrane's belief, and is already scheming to prepare for the advent of the new day when Ireland will be the landing stage and central clearing house of the commerce of the Old World and the New, the prosperous and flourishing middleman between Uncle Sam and John Bull.

V.—The Ring of Polycrates.

Mr. Wyndham is not yet forty years of age. With the exception of Lord Rosebery, no young man has risen so rapidly in our time to the front rank, or has such a good chance of becoming Prime Minister. Between the two men there are many points of contact and many points of contrast. Both are aristocrats by birth and democrats by temperament; both have had extraordinary good luck; both are Rhodesians; both are men of letters; both are persons of singular charm. But there the resemblance ends. Mr. Wyndham had the good fortune of having to bear the yoke in his youth; Lord Rosebery was "lord of himself —that heritage of woe." Mr. Wyndham is in the House of Commons; Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords. Mr. Wyndham has never had any municipal training; Lord Rosebery's chairmanship of the County Council was one of the most brilliant episodes in his distinguished career. Mr. Wyndham is passionately devoted to Ireland and the Irish; Lord Rosebery is singularly antipathetic to the Irish genius. Mr. Wyndham—but why continue the parallel? The greatest point of contrast is in their temperament. Mr. Wyndham is of a happy disposition, absorbed in his subject, forgetful of himself, genial, expansive, sympathetic, and quick to share his ideas, his aspirations, and his fears with his intimates. Lord Rosebery is morbidly self-conscious, reserved almost to the verge of secretiveness, incapable of frank and generous confidence, and, although he has many followers, how many are there who could by any stretch of language be described as his intimates? You always know where you have Mr. Wyndham; you never know where you have Lord Rosebery.

Of Mr. Wyndham as a man of letters I have said but little. The style, it is said, is the man. Mr. Wyndham's style is a very good style.

Mr. Wyndham has written verse—which has not yet been printed—and prose, of which his best known work is his introduction to North's "Plutarch," published in the Tudor translations. His essay on Plutarch is a very finished and scholarly performance, lucidly written, with a great charm of style and a thorough mastery of his subject. In the course of his critical estimate of Plutarch there occurs a passage which is not only an admirable example of his admirable style, but is also valuable as a clue to his point of view in regarding the theory and practice of politics:

How comes it to pass that Plutarch's heroes, being thus prone to compromise, yet fight and die, often at their own hands, for the ideals they uphold? The question is a fair one, and the answer reveals a profound difference between the theory and the practice of politics approved by the ancient world and the theory and practice of politics approved in the England of to-day. "The good and ill," says Plutarch, "do nothing differ but in mean and mediocrity." We might, therefore, expect in his heroes a reluctance to sacrifice all for a difference of degree; and especially might we suppose that after deciding an equipoise so nice as that between "authority and lenity," his governors would stake little on their decision. But in a world of adjustment and doubt they are all for compromise in theory, while in action they are extreme. His statesmen, inasmuch as they do respect the "use and manners" of their time, endure all things while they live, and at last die quietly, not for an abstract idea or a sublime emotion, but for the compromise of their day: though they know it for a compromise, and foresee its inevitable destruction. They have no enthusiasm and no ecstasy. Uninspired from without and self-gathered within, they live their lives, or lay them down, for the use and wont of their country. In reading their history an Englishman cannot but be struck by the double contrast between these tendencies of theories and action and the tendencies of theory and action finding favour in England now. Ever extreme in theory, we are all for compromise in fact: proud on the one score of our sincerity, on the other of our common-sense. We are fanatics who yet decline to persecute, still less to suffer for our faith. And this temperance of behaviour, following hard on the violent utterance of belief, is apt to show something irrational and tame. The actor stands charged, often unjustly, with a lack of both logic and courage. The Greeks, on the other hand, who found "truth in a union of opposites and the aim of life in its struggle," and the Romans who aped their philosophy and outdid their deeds, are not in Plutarch's pages open to this disparagement. They live or die for their faiths as they found them, and so appear less extravagant and more brave. The temper is illustrated again and again by the manner in which they observe his doctrine, that rulers must maintain their authority, and at the same time "bear the follies of their people and companions that are in charge of government with them." To read the "Pericles" or the "Pompeius," the "Julius Cæsar" or the "Cato," is to feel that a soldier may as well complain of bullets in a battle as a statesman of stupidity in his colleagues. These are the constants of the problem. Only on such terms are fighting and ruling to be had. So, too, with "the people": with the many, that is who have least chance of understanding the game, least voice in its conduct, least stake in its success. If these forget all but yesterday's service, if they look only for to-morrow's reward, the hero is not therefore to complain. This short-lived memory and this short-sighted imagination are constants also. They are regular fences in the course he has set himself to achieve. He must clear them if he can, and fall if he cannot; but he must never complain. They are conditions of success, not excuses for failure; and to name them is to be ridiculous. The Plutarchian hero never does name them.—North's "Plutarch," Introd. xxix-xxxv.

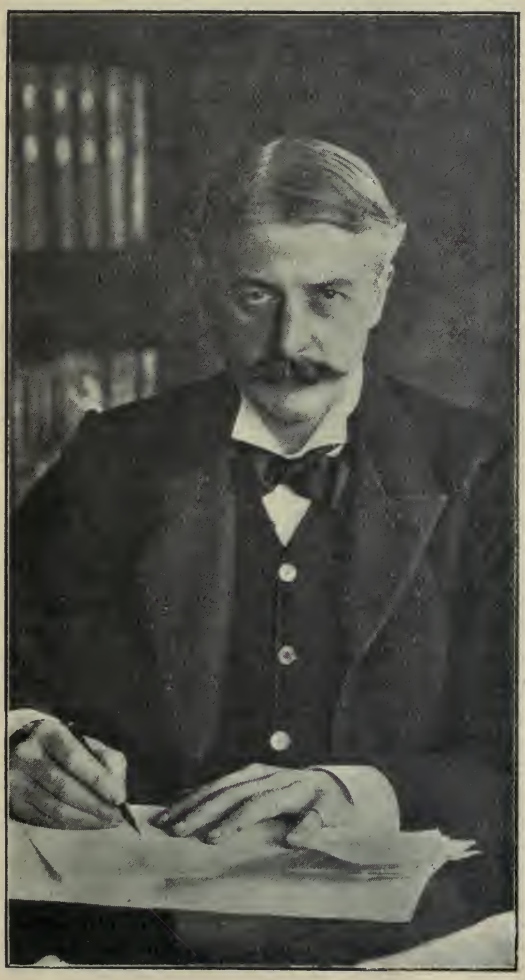


Photo by] [E. H. Mills.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

As a speaker Mr. Wyndham is felicitous in his phrases. His description of the Liberal Opposition as a "piebald party with a patchwork programme" was as happy a taunt as any coined in recent years. He is not afraid of letting himself go. He does not forswear purple pages in his oratory, and he conveys to his hearers that

pleasant sense of enjoying his own speeches; whereas the Duke of Devonshire always gives the impression that no one is so much bored in the audience as is the speaker on the platform. Mr. Wyndham, judging by his speech at the Rodin banquet, can be as eloquent in French as in English.

He is a human creature, who is true to his friends, adored by his wife, and incapable of playing foul in politics or in anything else. When the obligations of friendship imposed upon him the duty of bearing witness for a Liberal friend, to the detriment of the pocket of a Conservative M.P., he never hesitated. Friendship with him is superior to party. He is not without the ordinary failings of humanity. The Adonis of the Cabinet is sometimes said to fancy himself a little too much, which is not surprising in one who has never lacked the delicate homage of a bevy of fair ladies. But his men friends repudiate this as a calumny. He is a healthy, vigorous, delightful companion, joyous as a boy, and full of a boy's *abandon* and good spirits. He eats too rapidly and smokes too much for the doctors, but his health is good; and, after all, if Mr. Chamberlain can take no exercise, and smoke cigars without end, Mr. Wyndham, who rides an hour every morning before breakfast, ought to be proof against the ill-effects of his cigarettes.

If Mr. Wyndham were wise he would take warning by the fate of Polycrates. Let him throw away his ring, or whatever most cherished possession corresponds thereto. For all things have gone too well with him for mortal man. And the warning preserved by Herodotus still holds true.

Do Australians Appreciate Humour?

The Editor of "The New Idea" apparently considers Australasian women quite capable of appreciating good humour, as will be seen from the following clever "Day from a Dog's Diary," given in a book reviewed. The dog begins in the morning in this fashion:

8.30.—Ate breakfast with difficulty. Have no appetite.
8.35.—Ate kittens' breakfast.
8.36.—An affair with the cat (the kittens' mother). But I soon leave her, as the coward does not fight fair, using claws.
9.—Washed by Mary. A hateful business. Put into a tub and rubbed all over—mouth, and tail, and everywhere—with filthy, soapy water, that loathsome cat looking on all the while, and sneering in her dashed superior way. I don't know, I am sure, why the hussy should be so conceited. She has to clean herself. I keep a servant to clean me.
9.30.—Showed myself in my washed state to the family. All very nice to me. Miss Brown (whom I rather like) particularly enthusiastic. Kissed me again and again, and called me "a dear, clean, brave, sweet-smelling little doggie."
9.40.—Most glorious roll in the mud. Feel more like my old self again.
9.45.—Visited the family again. Shrieks of horror on seeing me caked in mud. Aunt Brown, whose hand, for some reason or other, is always against me, stigmatised me, quite gratuitously, as "a horrid fellow."
9.50.—Glorious thought. Rushed upstairs and rolled over and over again on the old maid's bed. Thank Heaven, the mud was still wet.
10 to 10.15.—Wagged tail.
10.20 to 1.—Dozed.
1.15.—Ate kittens' dinner.
1.25.—Upstairs into dining-room. Family not finished lunch yet. Young Mr. Brown throws a bread pellet at me, hitting me on the nozzle. An insult. I swallow the insult.
1.30.—A windfall. A whole dish of mayonnaise fish on the slab in the hall. Before you can say Jack Robinson I have bolted it.
1.32.—Curious pains in my underneath.
1.33.—Pains in my underneath get worse.
1.34.—Horrid feeling of sickness.
1.35.—Rush up to Aunt Brown's room, and am sick there.
1.37.—Better. Think I shall pull through if I am careful.
1.40.—Almost well again.
1.41.—Quite well again. Thank Heavens. It was a narrow shave that time. People ought not to leave such stuff about.
1.42.—Up to the dining-room. And, to show how well I am, I gallumph round and round the room, at full pelt, about twenty times, steering myself by my tail. Then, as a grand finale, I jump twice on the waist-coat part of old Mr. Brown, who is sleeping peacefully in the arm-chair.
1.43.—Old Mr. Brown is dead to all decent feeling. So Miss Brown beats me. Very nice. Just like being patted. But, of course, I yelp, and pretend it hurts me frightfully, and do the sad-eye business, and she soon leaves off and takes me into the next room and gives me six pieces of sugar. Good business.
4 to 5.15.—Slept.
5.15.—Awakened by bad attack of eczema. Caught one.
6.—Visited kitchen-folk. Boned some bones.
6.30.—Upstairs, past the drawing-room. Door of old Mrs. Brown's bedroom open invitingly. I entered. Ate a few flowers out of a bonnet. Beastly.
7.—Down to supper. Ate it, but without much relish. I am off my feed to-day.
7.15.—Ate kittens' supper. But I do wish they would not give them that eternal fish. I am getting sick of it.
7.16.—Sick of it in the garden.
8.—Hurrah! appetite returning.
8.2.—Have one of the nicest pieces of coal I ever came across.
8.30.—If one had to rely upon other people one might starve. Fortunately, in the hall I happen on the treacle pudding and I get first look in. Lap up the treacle and leave the suet for the family.
8.40.—Down into the kitchen again. Dash that cat. What right has she got to give herself such airs? Merely bite her. Then she rounds on me and scratches my paw viciously, drawing blood, and making me howl with pain. This brings Miss Brown down in a hurry. She kisses me and wraps the paw up in a bread poultice. Law, how that girl loves me.
9.—Ate the bread poultice.
9.15 to 10.—Dozed.
10.—Led to kennel.
10.15.—Lights out. Thus ends another derned dull day!

That "The New Idea" is excellent value for 3d.—for which it is published each month—cannot be doubted, and there is still less doubt that it has come to stay, and is highly appreciated by Australasian women. The annual subscription (3s.) places it within the reach of every woman in Australasia. Publisher, T. Shaw Fitchett, 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne.

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

FROM THE ENGLISH "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MACEDONIA.*

"You come too late, brother," said the one-eyed Ivan, embracing Petko Petkovitch as he alighted from the train at Sofia railway station.

"How so?" said Petko. "You said 'when the snow melts,' and the snow still lies thick in the Balkan passes."

For answer, Ivan drew his friend to the notice-board in the station, on which was pasted a proclamation headed in bold capitals: "Dissolution of the Macedonian Committees."

Petko laughed contemptuously. "Put not your trust in princes, Ivan. Then we are to be left to our fate?"

"It would seem so," said the other gloomily. "Russia is not ready."

"Was she ever ready?" said Petko. "Was she ready when Servia declared war in 1876? Nay, when she herself declared war in 1877? Russia never will be ready. But come, I have no time to lose."

As they tramped through the snow to Ivan's lodging Petko gripped his companion's arm, and said in a hoarse whisper: "Nedelca?"

"We know nothing. But one of ours arrived yesterday from the district. He may have news."

"Take me to him," said Petko.

"But, brother, you will eat first. You have——"

"Take me to him," repeated Petko in a tone that left no choice but to obey.

They turned westward. "He is in hiding," said Ivan, "outside the town."

For a mile they walked over the frozen snow, leaving the lights of Sofia far behind. The stars glittered in the clear sky. Now and again they heard the barking of a dog. All else was still, save the sound of the heavy tread of their feet on the snow.

At last they left the main road, and, striking south by a footpath through a wood, they came to the edge of a ravine. Ivan gripped his comrade's arm and pointed without a word to a light that twinkled like a distant star far down the valley.

"I must leave you," said he. "I shall be missed if——"

"The password!" demanded Petko.

"It is changed each day," said Ivan; "till midnight 'tis Stambuloff. You know my home. I will wait for you there."

Without another word Petko plunged forward alone. In half an hour he was before the door of a miserable hovel, little better than a cattle-shed, but the faint gleam of a candle showed that someone was within.

Pausing for a moment he knocked gently at the door. There was a hurried sound of movement within. The candle was extinguished, and all was still. He waited, then growing impatient, he knocked again.

This time footsteps came to the door, and a woman's voice asked, querulously: "Who knocks?"

"A comrade," said Petko.

The door opened an inch or more. He heard the clash of steel, and then a gruff voice cried, "Comrade? If so, the word."

"Stambuloff," said Petko. Instantly the door opened, and without another word he stepped forward. All was dark inside, but someone was lighting the candle, and in the doorway he saw the glitter of a drawn sword.

Petko smiled. "Have no fear," he said, "I am one of ours."

The man drew back, and Petko stepped inside. The candle was lighted now, and in its dim light he saw a man lying on the floor. He uttered a cry.

"Peter," he exclaimed.

The man started, looked up and exclaimed, "Petko Petkovitch! Alas! you have come too late."

He spoke with difficulty. Petko knelt down by his side.

"Too late," he muttered again, "too late." But to the man he said but one word, "Nedelca?"

The sufferer, whose hair was clotted with blood, and whose left arm, a mere stump, was swathed in a foul bandage, groaned and was silent.

Petko drew from his pocket a flask of brandy.

"Drink," he said, "and tell me all."

The wounded man gulped down a huge mouthful and then lay still. Around him sat and stood several Macedonian refugees like himself, hungry and haggard, looking with wistful eyes at the brandy flask. In the corner crouched an old crone with a baby on her lap.

* The Chapter of which this is a continuation appeared in the March "Review of Reviews."

Then Peter began to speak.

"It was on Sunday week that it happened. When we were in church the Turks came to Godlevo. There were fifty Bashi-Bazouks under Osman Agha. When we came out they seized us and demanded our rifles. We had none. Then they begun to beat us. You know their way."

Petko nodded.

Peter went on: "They tied heavy stones round our necks, flung us on the ground, and began the bastonnade. The old priest was the first to perish. As he was about to die his daughter Nedelca—your Nedelca—burst through the Turks, and raised his head in her arms, crying bitterly as she kissed his closing eyes. 'Seize her,' cried the Agha. But at that moment there was the crack of a rifle on the hill-side, and a band of ours began the attack. The Bashi-Bazouks left us bound and bleeding, left Nedelca with her father's head in her lap, and taking shelter where they could, returned the fire. For a long time it lasted; but in the end ours were driven off. Wild with victory, the Turks took vengeance. They had captured the leader of the brave band, whom they had wounded. They brought him into the church, and skinned him alive before the altar. Most of us were killed and cut to pieces. I escaped only because they thought I was already dead. Then the houses were plundered, and the old women and babies killed. For the young women and children——"

"But Nedelca!" groaned Petko; "what of her?"

"She remained with her father's head still upon her lap, now weeping, then laughing wildly like a mad thing. So mad she seemed the Turks feared to touch her. Besides, there were others. The houses were burned—they tried to fire the church. Then, laden with spoil, and dragging after them the girls who still survived outrage, they went off to the south."

"And Nedelca—what of Nedelca?" asked Petko.

"They dragged her away from her father. I heard her scream as they tore his head from her arms. I heard her cries grow fainter and fainter in the distance, and then all was still. I fainted from loss of blood. When I awoke it was dark. I heard the cry of wolves. With great pain I dragged myself into the half-burnt church, and with the yet glowing embers made a fire in the doorway. As I lay behind the flame I heard the wolf pack all night long feeding on the dead. In the morning all that was left of the priest was his skull and his cross. I found some biscuits in the pockets of one of the dead, and set off for the frontier. The way was long, but my legs had no wound, and here I am."

"You are better now?" said Petko.

"Not well enough to fight—not yet. My arm is crippled."

"But you can walk. We need a guide," said Petko.

"To Nedelca?" asked Peter.

Petko nodded. There was a pause.

"There is no time to lose," said Peter. "Already it may be too late."

"To-morrow, at sundown," said Petko, "I will be here."

And without another word the stolid giant rose to his feet, opened the door, and was gone.

All that night Petko, together with Ivan of the One Eye, was busy in Sofia. Stealthily they went from the house of one Macedonian refugee to another. Silently they helped themselves, with the connivance of the Macedonian officer in the Bulgarian army, to service rifles and ample store of cartridges. Before sunrise Petko had secured a company of fifty stalwart men, each smarting from loss of home or family, all eager for vengeance. They were to meet at the hotel in the ravine after sunset, and from thence strike southward, with Peter as guide. After completing all his arrangements, Petko stretched himself on a sheepskin before the stove in Ivan's house, and soon was sound asleep.

It was broad noon before he woke. As he rubbed his eyes he was conscious that he was not alone. He sprang to his feet with his hand on his revolver, but before he could draw it he recognised to his amazement his travelling companion on the Roumanian railway, Edwin O'Neill.

"You here?" he cried.

"Yes," said O'Neill. "I was inquiring for you on the station where I arrived an hour ago. I met a one-eyed chap who said he was a friend of yours, and he brought me here. But," he continued, briskly, "it's all off, and I've come on a fool's errand. The Sultan has accepted the Joint Note and there will be no war. It's just like my luck."

Petko smiled grimly, thinking of his tryst that night, but said nothing.

"I'm awfully sorry for you," the war correspondent went on glibly. "It it's hard on me it's much harder on you. Who could have guessed that old Abdul the Damned would climb down on the first summons?"

Petko shook his huge head and kept his peace. At last he said, "What nonsense is this? What does the Joint Note matter?"

"Matter!" said O'Neill. "It matters just this. There will be no war. Macedonia will remain under the Turk, and all your fine hopes are blighted."

"And you think everything is changed by a few hollow words spoken by a Pasha to an Ambassador at Stamboul? I thought you had more sense."

and so saying he turned his back upon his visitor, and began oiling his rifle.

O'Neill was a little disconcerted. Then he remembered the massacre at Godlevo, and the fate of Petko's betrothed, and was silent. After a time Petko faced round and grasped the hand of O'Neill.

"To the Westerns," he said, "the Macedonian question is one of Notes and Protocols, of parchments and promises. To us it is a matter of life and death. Ink will not settle it; blood must flow. There is no other way."

"Perhaps," said O'Neill. "But for the present the way is barred. What do you propose to do now?"

Petko hesitated a moment; then he said, "You are a brave man. We faced the wolves together. Come and see."

O'Neill's journalistic instinct was roused. He did not know what fear was. Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "When and where?"

"To-night," said Petko, "at sunset, Ivan will await you here, and give you directions. Till then, farewell!"

And so it came about that Edwin O'Neill was committed to take part in the expedition of Petko Petkovitch, an expedition which, although he but dimly guessed it, had three objects. First, the rescue of Nedelca; secondly, the taking of a bloody revenge for the massacre of Godlevo; and thirdly —and this was perhaps the most important of all —to make in blood and flame the inarticulate but eloquent answer of despair from Macedonia to the make-believe of European diplomacy.

The Mowbray House "At Homes."

The popularity of our "At Homes," writes Mr. W. T. Stead, in the English "Review of Reviews," continues unabated. The range of subjects covered last month was very wide and interesting. It is a matter of great satisfaction to know that the "At Home" at Mowbray House has led to the establishment of similar gatherings elsewhere. Dr. Barnardo has started an "At Home" every Monday, which is attended by an average of 200 persons. They afford an opportunity which ought not to be neglected by those who wish to become personally acquainted with the "Father of Nobody's Children" and the great institution which he has founded.

Mr. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker, has signalised his accession to the City Temple by beginning an "At Home" every Thursday at 4 in his spacious lecture-room. He paid me the compliment of asking me to open the first City Temple "At Home" on April 2, and I venture to hope that this will be the forerunner of similar social gatherings in all the great religious centres in our cities. The Salvation Army, ever to the front in all that ministers to the wants of humanity, is feeling its way in the same direction. They have started an "At Home" at Regent Hall on Saturday afternoons, and were so kind as to ask me to address their congregation on Sunday afternoon, March 8. I spoke to "The Lonely in London," and after the address two or three hundred remained behind to take tea and talk about the best means of promoting social intercourse.

The subjects dealt with last month in the Mowbray House "At Homes" included the Congo State and the missionaries; Psychometry; the Irish Land Question; Physiognomy as a guide to character; and the new American invention, the Aurophone. The representative of the American Aurophone Company, who hold the Hutchison patents of the invention which literally makes the deaf to hear, attended on March 27, and gave a most interesting exposition and demonstration of the power of an instrument which promises to do for the ear what spectacles do for the eyes, and artificial teeth for mastication.

The need for these centres of social intercourse is admitted both in the Old World and the New. In the March number of the "Chautauquan" Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson says:

"The present stage of the mental and moral development of our people demands associations, especially in our towns and smaller cities, where men of all creeds and classes may meet in close fellowship, feel their common humanity, talk freely and intelligently on matters of general interest, and, as opportunity presents, co-operate for local improvements and welfare.

"Such associations are no longer in the experimental stage, but several of these have existed for a number of years, and have proved themselves to be of great value. They are among the most interesting and serviceable organisations in the places where they have been founded. Instituted for self-culture, the discussion of current topics, and the advancement of the interests of the community, their memberships comprise leading professional and business people, the smaller tradesmen, students in the professions, young men, and those who carry the years of experience, and working-men. The subjects considered take a wide range. There are no class distinctions, no religious, political, or social discrimination, but a large and intelligent company, with the objects of impartially considering subjects of general interest, of social fellowship, and of local improvements."

There is no reason why such "At Homes" or social centres should not spring up in every town and city in the land.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Naval Strength of the Empire.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd gives in "Cassier's Magazine" a very interesting study of the British fleet of to-day, its development and distribution; and the study may well give pleasure to all British readers.

Strategic Points.

"What the railways are to the great Powers of Europe the seas are to Great Britain and her colonies. As there are some railways and canals in Germany more vital than others, so to Great Britain there are some seas which must be held more securely than others.

"It is the 'Narrow Seas' that Great Britain must command, at all costs, since it is these which are the highways of rivals. The whole structure of the British Empire, the flow to the British Isles of the raw material for industries, the very bread of the inhabitants depends not on the forces which can be massed in the Far East or in the Pacific, but on the strength of the squadrons that fly the Union Jack and the White Ensign in the 'Narrow Seas,' in the Mediterranean, in the Channel, and, in an increasing degree, in, or adjacent to, the North Sea. These waters are the junctions of the all-world powers of Europe, and so long as Great Britain is secure at these points any temporary check elsewhere can be righted. Nothing can retrieve the position in the 'Narrow Seas' once it is lost. For the Triple, as for the Dual, Alliance, it is the gateway of empire and of commerce. These waters are, above all, the pathway to the great Indian Empire and to the Australian colonies, and it is on them that the Empire will be lost or consolidated in blood when the clash of war comes. The essential links in the far-flung chain of defence must be in these waters, to be stretched out or contracted as the changing situation may demand and the national purse can afford.

"The ocean track from the ports of the British Isles, past Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Alexandria, and Aden, is the Empire's trunk line, on which its existence depends. While Britain holds this in overwhelming force, no possible enemy can permanently injure by war the Empire or its commercial life. It is the main artery of the British body politic. Germany, France, Russia (at present), Italy, Austria, are shut in and impotent so long as this trunk line is guarded in sufficient force by the British fleet.

How the Fleet has Grown.

"No more impressive spectacle was presented than was witnessed when the British Home Squadron, comprising the coast and port guardships, joined the great review in 1897. In long lines the Channel and cruiser squadrons and other home-service vessels were drawn up—seventy-five fighting ships, large and small—stretching from No Man's Fort far beyond Stokes Bay towards the entrance to Southampton Water. Then there swung past the eastern end of the Isle of Wight the ten battleships and accompanying cruisers of the Home Squadron.

"In 1897 it was a loosely composed, heterogeneous collection of ships which spent eleven out of every twelve months swinging round moorings in the harbours on the coast. What a change Admiral Sir Gerald Noel had effected! He brought to Spithead not, as before, a ragged mob of ships, but a well-manœuvred, self-respecting squadron, accustomed to manœuvring in company several months in the year and fully manned. In stately fashion this newest sea-going fighting squadron of the Empire passed down the line of Channel ships on their southern side, and then, wheeling round, came up in one long column on the other side in perfect formation, and at a signal from the flagship the whole squadron, as one ship, plunged its anchors into the water and stood still on the face of the waters, each vessel in the exact position assigned to it. The scene was an eloquent reminder of the transformation which has been effected in this naval force since the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, and the spectacle of the six modern cruisers in an adjoining line—the Cruiser Squadron—revived memories of the four picturesque, but useless, training ships which they have replaced since 1897. Nor were these the only two reminders of the progress which has been made in late years, for nearer the Hampshire coast lay the twenty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers, which are now always in commission at the home ports and most of the year actually at sea.

"In the Mediterranean there has been a notable increase in the fighting strength of the British fleet, as though to indicate to lukewarm friends and possible foes that, in spite of all the sacrifices of the South African war, in spite of the far calls of the Empire, Great Britain is still able to maintain, with greater show of power than before, her historic role of supreme mistress in the tideless waters. Some years ago French journalists used to refer to the Mediterranean as 'the English lake.' It never merited that sobriquet more than to-day, when fifteen armoured ships—two armoured cruisers and the remainder battleships—are there flying the Union Jack and the White Ensign, ten of them the most powerful and modern afloat.

What Has Been Done.

"1. In home waters a practically new fighting squadron (the Home) has been created, which makes Portland its rendezvous.

"2. Another new squadron, a flying squadron (the Cruiser), with two of the latest and most powerful armoured cruisers and six protected cruisers for use where required has been constituted.

"3. The Channel squadron has moved its headquarters from Portland to Berehaven. This place has been strongly defended, and is the best strategic point of rendezvous for the two probable scenes of action, namely, the Mediterranean, giving a clear and secret run down to Gibraltar; and the northern exit from the North Sea by way of the north of Scotland.

"4. The Mediterranean squadron has been strengthened, in view of any change in the naval attiude of other Powers. The cruisers in the Mediterranean have been placed under a flag officer for definite training in their own particular duties in war. The torpedo flotilla in the Mediterranean has been quadrupled, and has beeen placed for specific training under a captain, an expert student of torpedo warfare. The torpedo flo-

tillas round the south and east coasts of England have been strengthened, and also placed in charge of a captain.

Comparisons with Other Fleets.

"In the latest edition of Jane's 'All the World's Fighting Ships," an attempt has been made to assess the fighting value of the squadrons of the several Powers. All the vessels have been reduced to the common denomination of 1, and the conclusion as to the relative value of the squadrons in the Mediterranean, the Channel, the Baltic, and the Black Sea, of Great Britain, France, Russia and Germany—no account being taken of Italy—is:

Great Britain.	France.	Russia.	Germany.
30.8	15.2	4.7	7.8

Probably these figures in the actual rough-and-tumble of a battle would prove far from reliable as an index of strength; but regarded as the result of a theoretical analysis of the figure of merit possessed by the fleets in actual commission of the various Powers they are of interest, and, if somewhat discounted, serve a purpose in supporting the conviction that in the 'Narrow Seas' Great Britain is, for the present, outside the zone of extreme danger."

A Triumph of Labour Organisation.

"One of the most conspicuous examples of successful non-unionism in the engineering trades," says Mr. J. W. Converse, in "Cassier's Magazine," "is furnished by the famous Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, the largest establishment of its kind in the world, one in which, with its 13,000 men on the pay-roll, there never yet has been a strike or lockout, and where opportunity for the development and recognition of worth of the individual worker is afforded to a noteworthy degree. Labour organisations have never been able to gain a hold there. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that every one of the present members of the firm was at one time in some subordinate position in the shop or offices of the establishment. It has long been recognised in these works that it is to the advantage of the employer to pay high wages for good work quickly and accurately done, rather than to pay low wages for slow and slovenly work, and that the largest output from a plant and the best all-round results are secured where the interests of the working-man and of the employer are in perfect harmony. This is not sentiment, but business."

As "labour troubles" afflict the world so much at the present moment, it is worth while studying such an object lesson in the happy relations betwixt labour and capital which these famous works supply. The secret seems to be in perfect organisation, an almost military strain of discipline, absolute and passionless justice in dealing with the men, and the development amongst them of the sense of personal responsibility for the work done. Says Mr. Converse:

The Men.

"About 13,000 men are on the pay-roll of the Baldwin Locomotive Works at the present time. The majority of these are Americans, although representatives of nearly every nationality on the face of the globe are found among them. The only requirements of an employe are a good record, a fair amount of intelligence, and willingness and ability to do the work. About 10 per cent. of the total number employed are boys under the age of twenty-one years. The number of skilled and unskilled workmen is divided in the ratio of about two-thirds skilled to one-third unskilled.

The System.

"Wages are reckoned by the hour, and not by the day. Unskilled labourers have a per-hour rating. Piece-work wages, for convenience in accounting, are equated to a per-hour rate. A piece-worker can earn the equivalent of from eighteen to fifty cents an hour, according to the character of the work and the ability of the man. The average wage of skilled labour is thirty cents per hour. The average wage of unskilled labour is about sixteen cents per hour. The men are paid in Friday for their time in the preceding week. Each man has a number which is assigned to him on entering the employ of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. When the whistle blows to stop work at 6 o'clock on Friday, the men in the different shops file by certain booths, each giving his number and receiving his pay envelope, which contains in coin the amount due him, and on which is written the name, number and amount. Payment is made in coin to ensure accuracy and a saving of time in making up the amounts.

"The shops are run continuously twenty-three hours a day, and the force is divided into day and night shifts. The day shift is on at 7 and off at 6, with an hour, from 12 to 1, for lunch; the night shift goes on at 6 and off at 7 in the morning, having twenty minutes for lunch at midnight, which are not deducted from their time. A monitor whistle blows at three minutes before the hour at 7 and 1; at the hour each workman is required to be at his place and commence work when the signal is given. When late, a workman must secure a 'late pass' at the office, which must be presented to the watchman at the gate before he is allowed to report for work. A time-worker is fined for being unpunctual, an hour's time for the first hour or fraction thereof he is late. Except in rare cases, men are not allowed to report after 8 a.m. Piece-workers are fined one hour's rate no matter how late they are. Workmen quitting or preparing to quit before the stop signal is given are fined one hour's time. As time is money when so many men are employed, the rules regulating attendance are strictly enforced.

"Each workman must know before commencing a piece of work that it will finish to the sizes marked on the sketch or card given him, and whether the work is to be completed by himself or others. A rigid system of inspection is enforced in the shops to insure the work being done properly and accurately. Damage for spoiled work is charged to the workman, unless occuring from a reasonable cause, and must be reported at once to the foreman. A workman accepting a piece of work from another to finish is held responsible for any errors in the work of his predecessor. Work must be kept neatly filed and properly marked with the class designation and number of the locomotive for which the piece is destined, and each succeeding workman must see that the mark is continued on work finished by him.

"Each employe is responsible for the tools placed in his charge on commencing work, and upon leaving the employ of the establishment he must deliver the key of his box or drawer to the foreman and satisfy him that the stock of tools is complete and in proper order. Each workman is required to keep his bench, vise, lathe, forge, machine, or whatever tool or place at which he is employed, cleaned and free from rubbish. Careless damage to a tool is charged to the workman.

"Workmen are required to report to the timekeepers as follows:—Number of hours per day; name of machine; designation of engine or job; for which the part is made; when commenced and when finished. Piece-workmen are required to return and charge all their completed work in the week in which it is finished. They do not receive pay for their work unless they comply with this regulation.

Piece-Work.

"In the Baldwin Locomotive Works two forms of piece-work are represented, namely, piece-work proper, in which the workman is paid according to the quantity produced; and a contract system, where sub-foremen, called contractors, are entrusted with the execution of a portion of the work on a locomotive; for example, the entire construction of the cylinders, or the erection of a certain number of tanks. The contractor has entire charge of the job, seeing that the raw material is delivered in time, that the men are prompt and diligent, that tools are in repair and machines do not break down. The contractor is paid for the job, the firm paying directly to each workman for the labour on the job. The contractor cannot, therefore, get more than the amount due him on any one job by curtailing the wages of his labour. The contractor is a piece-worker on a larger scale. As he is paid by the job, he has an incentive to turn out his work as quickly as possible and to get as much work as possible out of the men under him.

"The contract and piece-work systems insure quantity of product; a rigid system of inspection insures quality of product. In order to insure good workmanship an extremely rigid system of inspection is maintained, and contractors and piece-workers are held to strict account if the quality of their work falls below the standard.

General Policy.

"The policy of the firm is to make the interest of the men identical with its own. Hard work is required, but high wages are paid, ingenuity is encouraged, and intelligent and faithful work is liberally rewarded.

"Strikes are practically unknown. If a man has any grievance he can submit it to the superintendent, and he knows that his complaint will receive careful consideration and that he will be dealt with fairly. A noteworthy feature of the attitude of the men is the esprit de corps which prevails. Every man is proud of the establishment he works for, the oldest of its kind in the United States, and every man is proud to be known as a Baldwin man."

Man's Place in the Universe.

Professor Maunder replies in "Knowledge" for April to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's article on this subject in the "Fortnightly." He holds Dr. Wallace's arguments to be based on fatally incorrect data.

Is Space Finite?

"The entire argument falls to the ground if the first point, the demonstration that our universe is finite, is not complete. As Dr. Wallace himself remarks: 'Infinite space has been well defined as a circle, or rather a sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere,' and unless the material universe can be proved to be finite, we certainly cannot prove than any particular body occupies its centre. . . .

"Dr. Wallace quotes Professor Newcomb in his support, that were the stars infinite in number, then we should receive an infinite amount of light from them. . . Professor Newcomb's demonstration rests on the two conditions that light must come through space to us without any loss, and that the stellar universe must, on the whole, be uniform in constitution; it must not be structured. We know that neither of these conditions holds good. As there are bright bodies in space, so are there dark bodies. If the first be infinite in number, so must also be the second; we may almost say that the infinity of the second must be of a higher order. As Sir Robert Ball recently put it, 'the dark stars are incomparably more numerous than those that we can see . . . and to attempt to number the stars of the universe by those whose transitory brightness we can perceive would be like estimating the number of horseshoes in England by those which are red hot.'

"On the second point, that of structure, we need only the evidence of our eyes. The existence of the Milky Way is proof that our stellar system has a strongly marked form. There is no approach to uniformity of the stars as to direction, why should we assume that there is in distance? But Dr. Wallace does not see that these two conditions are vital. He writes: 'Even if we make an ample allowance for the stoppage of light by intervening dark bodies, or by cosmic dust, or by imperfect transparency of the ether, we should at least receive quite as much light from them as the sun gives us at noonday,' forgetful that the entire argument depends upon the exclusion of these three causes of absorption.

Are We the Centre of the Universe?

"The points upon which Dr. Wallace lays stress as to the Galaxy, namely, that the sun is situated in its central plane, and nearly centrally with regard to it, are indeed matters of fact. But, on the one hand, so far from his having led the way in pointing out these facts, they have been fully considered by every astronomer who has treated of the Galaxy at all; and, on the other hand, he gives to the two facts a greater precision than he is warranted in doing. The Galaxy marks out roughly a great circle in the sky; it is far too irregular an object for anyone to be able to declare that its axis lies precisely along a great circle. But it is exceedingly convenient to treat it as if it did, and no error can arise from such a convention except when an argument like Dr. Wallace's is seriously based upon it. But with regard to our sun being placed in its centre, the estimate of the distance from us of the mean mass of the Milky Way is roughly three hundred light-years; a 'light-year' being the distance which it takes light a year to traverse, nearly six millions of millions of miles. Our distance from Alpha Centauri is a little over four light-years, so that we have no right to say that we are nearer the centre than this twin sun of ours; nor indeed would it be safe to assert it of any of the stars whose parallax can be considered really well-determined. From the nature of the case, a distance of over thirty light-years involves a parallax too small for really satisfactory handling, and yet makes but an inconsiderable fraction of the diameter of the ring of the Milky Way.

"More than that, our sun is itself travelling at a pace sufficient to bridge the distance to Alpha Centuari in sixty-five thousand years, a mere moment in our world's

complete life-history. If this pace has been maintained in a straight line, five million years ago we were deep in the actual stream of the Milky Way; five million years hence we shall have completely crossed the gulf which it encircles, and again be a member of one of its constituent groups, but on the opposite side. And ten million years are regarded by geologists and biologists as but 'a trifle on account' to meet their demands upon the bank of Time.

"To sum up, the little in Dr. Wallace's paper which can fairly be said to be demonstrated fact is anything but new, and that which is new, whether true or not, is as yet but speculation. His conclusions are, at the best, premature, and lie in a region which, from its very nature, must probably always be outside the bounds of our knowledge."

Fun in Work.

"The happiest men I know are those who get their chief pleasure in life out of the exercise of their own skill. They are 'artists' in a broad sense, and artists in the narrow sense of the word like to admit the guild relationship of all mastercraftsmen." This is the way in which Adrian Kirk begins his article in the April "McClure's."

The Artist Gripman.

Mr. Kirk illustrates this contention by examples he has found among gripmen, in the composing-room of a newspaper, on the top of a Fifth avenue 'bus, and in the cab of the Empire state express. "Yes," Mr. Kirk's motorman told him, "I've passed up their promotions. I don't know why, exactly, except that I'd rather run a cable-car than eat. It's fun, yes; yet that isn't all. There's a knack to it. When you once get the feel of your car, and can lift her weight with a twist of the wrist, it's a pleasure to do just that. It's a pleasure to go full speed; it's a pleasure to stop her easy; it's a pleasure to start her easy. I like a clear track, but I like a crowded street, too. It's a pleasure to steal ground on the waggons. When a fellow's on the track ahead, it's fun to get him off; and a trick, too. I tell you, I've found out that the best fun in life is to do a neat job up neat. I'd rather run a car than eat; rain or shine."

"This is the spirit," Mr. Kirk adds. "And I have found it in all trades alike." Another of Mr. Kirk's "artists" was found driving a 'bus down Fifth avenue on a certain crowded morning. "Secure in his skill, he had set himself a complicated problem: To keep behind him an automobile 'bus of his own company; to 'head' a cabman who had 'sassed' him the day before; to pick up all the 'fares' that hailed him, and keep up with the procession on his side of the street." This artist had handled horses ever since he was big enough. "I've drove 'em always," he told Mr. Kirk, "better or worse, an' always will. They've offered me the stable in my day. 'Nope,' I says. I could 'a' had that steam thing back there. Not for your Uncle Willie—I'm a driver. I'd ruther drive 'n eat. If I was younger, I might like to drive somethin' else, but nowadays this is good enough for me—just t' tool 'em up an' tool 'em down again, makin' the most of th' road and th' conditions o' th' way. I'd ruther drive 'n eat any day."

Other Artists.

In the newspaper composing-room Mr. Kirk found other artists, one at No. 1 machine and several more at "make-up." "No. 1 machine in my day was a redheaded young man who was overworked because he could overwork, and he liked it. Late news went to him, late corrections went to him, and when I stole past the foreman and the copy-cutter to get in 'a line' too late to have the consent of the managing editor, No. 1 would grin. 'Give it here,' he would say, and he'd pile his late news 'line o' type' on one knee, his corrections on the other, put my copy in his lips, and finish the job. Then my copy was set without apparent haste, with a word about the news itself and a shout for 'boy' to carry the type to the form. No. 1 and the make-up men who never got rattled," the author asserts, "are artists as truly as Puvis de Chavannes or my 'bus-driver."

As a final test, Mr. Kirk applied to the New York Central for permission to ride with the best engineer they had, and in this way became acquainted with the engineers of the Empire state express. For one thing, the popular notion of a locomotive engineer as a nerve-racked man who spends half his time under a fearful strain, cool, but aware of great danger with one hand pulling open the throttle to the last notch, the other on the reverse lever, ready to back her, and, with a word to his fireman to jump, himself to stick to his post—this idea was exploded. Going at eighty miles an hour the engineer "leaned on the window-ledge, his throttle hand resting idly on the lever; and, though he was looking ahead, he seemed hardly interested. His whole attitude suggested a man at ease." It was the same at night: "The engineer was lying back, with his arm resting idly on the lever—his eyes not 'glued to the track,' but simply keeping him informed. For a while during the trip I stood up beside him, and we chatted quietly about lights and locomotives and runs, all in an easy, conversational tone, and I noticed that his eyes, ready enough to turn into the cab to pull out a gauge or a screw, habitually turned back every other moment to the track. His vigilance was as subconscious as the movements of a man dressing in the morning. His mind could be on what he was saying to me, while his eyes were attending to their own business."

"The Fun of the Job."

The engineer's own explanation of the art, the trick of running an engine, was given in these words: "You got so many miles to go in so many minutes. There are so many slow-downs, sure—so many clear streaks of track. You know your engine and your track; you know just what you can do—where, when, and how. Now, then, the trick is to keep your train up to a certain point. If you use too much speed here, she'll run down on you later, so you keep her balanced on a fine edge till you're near home; then you can draw her down all you want. That's the fun of the job. It's easy when you do it by feeling, and a pleasure."

"Running the locomotive is their pleasure as well as their work. When they are busy they are happiest. They do not always know it, and that goes to prove the point: their joy is in their work, not a thing apart. Though they may stop for rest and recreation, their chiefest pleasure is in the doing of their job, whatever it may be, and, whether the reward for labour in their craft be wages or wealth, the compensation that keeps them at work is the delight of the craftsman in the exercise of his skill. If this is not the spirit of a man's labour he is not an artist—he is a painter or a merchant or a working-man. Artists don't work for money."

Sir Antony MacDonnell and the King.

Are Ministers Going in for Home Rule?

The "National Review," quoting from Mr. Walt Wellman's admirable series of letters on the Irish question in the Chicago "Record Herald," calls attention, with evident alarm, to the American's assertion that the Unionist Government is preparing to carry Home Rule. Mr. Wellman says:

"Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Under-Secretary at the Castle, is just as anxious to have the land question settled, and to have Home Rule follow in the wake of that settlement, as Mr. Redmond or Mr. O'Brien or Mr. O'Connor. . . . He makes no secret of the fact that he is here with a purpose, with a plan, and that he is loyally backed up therein at the London end of the wire—i.e., by the Chief Secretary. 'Ireland is just as much entitled'—so Mr. Wellman interprets Sir A. MacDonnell's ideas—'to local self-government as Canada, or Australia, or Cape Colony, or New Zealand. It is best for Ireland to have Home Rule and best for England to give it to Ireland. But Home Rule cannot come until the land question is settled, and Sir Antony hopes and expects to solve the land question.' Mr. Wellman, whose account of the situation professes to be based on personal interviews with the Under-Secretary and others, says: 'Between him (Sir A. MacDonnell) and his chief there is, of course, a thorough understanding. Mr. Wyndham knew what he was about when he prevailed on this really great Irishman to undertake the task.'

"'Before Sir Antony MacDonnell accepted the Under-Secretaryship he had an interview with the King (he was introduced, the writer says elsewhere, by Lord Lansdowne). He demanded and received a pledge that he should have a free hand. "I am an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, a Nationalist, and a Home Ruler," he said to King Edward. "If, now, you want me to go to Ireland, knowing what I am and what I want to do, I am willing to go." The King urged him to take up the work, and promised his hearty support in all the efforts which should be made to find a solution of the Irish problem.'

"'That Home Rule for Ireland will speedily follow the settlement of the land question is the belief of nearly all the public men I have talked with both here (in Dublin) and in London.' In his closing letter, the twenty-eighth of the series, Mr. Wellman quotes 'the significant words spoken to me by a member of the Cabinet, one who is having not a little to do with shaping the legislation now under consideration for the reconstruction of Ireland.' In this personage's opinion, 'It is impossible to make Englishmen out of Irishmen, and it is foolish to try to do so. Ireland must remain a member of the British Empire, but should have, and is to have, a national entity under some form of Home Rule.' The meaning of this declaration, Mr. Wellman infers, is that 'the Balfour Ministry is determined to put an end, once for all, to what is known as the Irish Question,' following up the land settlement by a Home Rule scheme. Ireland, he calculates, is 'ready and fit for Home Rule. Once the land question is settled it would be the height of folly for England to go on trying to rule Ireland at Westminster when the Irish are prepared to do it so much better for themselves.'"

The "Magazine of Commerce" for April is notable as containing a reproduction of the only extant photographic portrait of Mr. Whitaker Wright.

The Real Monroe Doctrine.

A Free Destiny for South America.

The "North American Review" for March contains a very important contribution signed "A Jeffersonian Democrat on the Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Affair." The article is very significant, and ought to be carefully read by English and German politicians who imagine that the non-acquisition of American territory represents the extreme development of the Doctrine. So far from this being the case, the Jeffersonian Democrat makes out a very good case for the proposition that the Monroe Doctrine not only prohibits territorial acquisition altogether, but imperatively forbids the acquiring of any kind of influence over the destinies of the South American Republics. The seizure of customs or permanent financial control, argues the writer, from the Egyptian precedent, does mean domination over the republics, and might conceivably give European Governments more power over a defaulting State than even its nominal inclusion in their dominions.

No Violence in Debt Collecting.

The writer, however, does not maintain that no seizure of customs should be allowed at all. Damages for injuries inflicted might properly be taken if payment is refused. But England, Germany, and Italy in the present venture are attempting to gain the payment of ordinary debts never pronounced upon by the Venezuelan Courts. The writer is therefore much annoyed with President Roosevelt's Government for not standing out against the claim to collect ordinary debts by violent methods. Mr. Roosevelt said: "We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

But he "has not yet seen fit to explain that he did not include ordinary debts in the 'just obligations' which, as he said in his second Annual Message, were collectable by any acts of war that should stop short of the permanent occupation of the debtor's territory. We hope that such an explanation will yet be forthcoming from him, and we are pretty sure that the American people will demand it when they are thoroughly awakened to the danger of allowing European Powers to exact from Latin-American republics the payment of ordinary debts by a 'temporary' or 'provisional' occupation of seaports, or by the confiscation of customs duties for an indefinite period."

Dependence Without Annexation.

Egypt has never been annexed to the British Empire, but since her national revenues are administered by non-Egyptian hands, she has lost the substance of her independence. Yet the Monroe Doctrine specifically prohibits not only "acquisition," but also any form of control. Monroe, in his seventh Annual Message to Congress, set forth that as the Latin Republics were independent "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." But confiscation of customs duties on which these States most rely would make them tributaries, and "control their destiny" absolutely. If the Monroe Doctrine is to be henceforth interpreted as sanctioning the confiscation of customs revenue, the republics could keep only their nominal autonomy:

"Thus far, not a word of protest has been heard from our State Department against the inclusion of ordinary debts in the claims which are to be guaranteed by the confiscation of a percentage of Venezuela's customs revenue. Apparently, the Roosevelt Administration imagines that it has performed its whole duty to our sister republics and to the United States when it is able to chronicle the assurance received from the Foreign Offices of London, Berlin and Rome, that the allied Powers had no intention of occupying Venezuelan territory. If the American people believe that thereby our State Department has exhausted its duty in the premises, we have written this article in vain. There should be no attempt, however, henceforward to disguise the truth. Mr. Roosevelt should frankly acknowledge what he means by 'just obligations,' and face the consequences of the new definition which he has given to the Monroe Doctrine. If he deliberately intends to sanction the confiscation of a part of Venezuela's customs revenue for the payment of ordinary debts, he cannot hereafter refuse to authorise the confiscation of the whole of Argentina's for a similar purpose. Let him, then, confide the whole scope of his intentions to his countrymen without delay."

"The Macedonian Claimants."

Mr. William Miller, writing in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Macedonian Claimants," deals in particular with the Greeks and Albanians, who have been rather left out of account by most writers. The Greeks, at present, actually sympathise with the Turks:

"It is curious, if somewhat disheartening, to find that at Athens at this moment the Bulgarians, not the Turks, are regarded as the worst enemies of the national aspirations in Macedonia. No student of the Eastern question will be surprised at this sudden and kaleidoscopic change since the war of 1897. But well-meaning philanthropists, who hope against hope and believe against history that all the Christian races of the East will join hands in a common crusade against the Turks, will scarcely credit what is an undoubted fact. For some months past—in fact, ever since the Macedonian question became acute—the Greek Press has been administering strong stimulants to the Sultan to send more troops to Macedonia along that self-same railway which, barely six years ago, the Bulgarians were loudly implored to cut, so that the advance of Edhem Pasha into Thessaly might be checked! Only a few days ago I read a leading article in one of the chief Athenian journals, in which Turkish outrages in Macedonia were denied, the recent atrocities, narrated by the special correspondent of the 'Daily News,' were declared to be inventions, and the behaviour of the Turkish troops was declared to have been better than that of many other nations would have been 'under similar provocation'!"

Albania.

The Albanians, according to Professor Virchow, have the most intellectual skulls in Europe. According to Dr. Dillon, who deals with them in the later part of the review, they also have the toughest:

"In their love of bloodshed and horror of humdrum and laborious lives they resemble the Kurds, and feel like them that they have a better right to exist and thrive than the inferior races who are on earth merely for their sakes. Vendetta and hospitality are the two tribal customs, the strict observance of which makes the most profound impression on the foreigner. Not only do sanguinary feuds rage for generations between two tribes, but also between two families of the same tribe, and hundreds of persons are sacrificed at sight to propitiate the blood-thirsty shades of parents or forbears. It has been calculated that about 25 per cent. of the entire population die violent deaths. But the prospect has no terror for the Albanian, whose proverb expresses his feelings on the subject: 'Dying is a plague; but it is half a plague to live.' At times large tracts of land are given over to these sanguinary encounters, and oddly enough, while any man passing there may be shot down by his enemy or the enemy of his tribe, a woman is allowed to go her way unmolested. Hospitality, too, is carried to extraordinary lengths, and the murderer of a man can trust his victim's family to spare his life once he has gained the shelter of their home."

The Resurrection of Hell.

A Tale of How Satan Regained His Power.

There is an amazing outbreak by Count Tolstoy in the second number of "La Revue" for March. The Count has often given us his views on modern civilisation; but he has never before actually identified it with the devil. This time he goes so far, and plainly tells us that all we value as proofs of our progress and even of our humanity are nothing but snares invented in Satan's invisible world for the regaining of his dominion over the once primitive, virtuous and happy savages of the early Christian world. The story, or dialogue, apparently is a new production of the Count's, and it has never been published before. It is dated December 18, 1902, and may therefore be taken as the latest development of the Tolstoyan philosophy.

Briefly the story is this: The Devil—or Beelzebub as Tolstoy calls him—sits sadly in his infernal domain. He has lost his dominion over earth. After he had inspired the Scribes and Pharisees to destroy the Saviour, he saw himself defeated by that greatest renunciation. The very gates of hell had fallen about his ears; chained like Prometheus to the spot, he was impotent even to attempt to regain his vanished power. On earth with peace and goodwill; even from hell the lost sinners from Adam to Judas had been released by the Redeemer.

How Hell was Re-established.

Some hundred years rolled by. Beelzebub had lost all hope of regaining his power. But his ministers had not been idle, and suddenly they returned in a group to announce the re-conquest of the world. What each one did to re-establish the power of hell is told in their own words. Demon No. 1 had invented the Church. He had found the people on earth entirely happy; and left them "believing no more in His doctrine, but in mine which they called by His name." He had found that men differed upon doctrinal questions. He inspired both parties with the belief that this divergence was all-important, and set them to war with one another. And, in the demon's words, "All was going well, but I feared that they might perceive the lie; so I invented the Church. And when they began to believe in the Church I was tranquil; I knew that we were saved." "What do you mean by the Church," asked Beelzebub, annoyed to find one of his servants more intelligent than himself. "The Church," answers the demon, "is when men who lie and see that they are not believed, call God in witness."

By Means of the Scriptures.

The Church, concludes the demon, has brought the infamy of persecution. But the devil is puzzled. "What," he asks, "has become of the precept—Do unto others as you would they would do unto you"? The demon replies by retailing the wisdom of men. "On the earth they tell the story of a good wizard, who in order to save a man from the designs of a wicked wizard transformed him into a grain of millet. But the wicked wizard transformed himself into a cock, and would have pecked up the little grain if the good wizard had not thrown over it a whole measure of millet, so that the wicked wizard could neither eat all the grains nor find that which he sought. On my advice, they did the same with the precept 'do unto others.' They recognised sacred as the law of God forty-nine books, and in each of them every word was the work of God, of the Holy Spirit. They covered the plain truth with such a heap of fictitiously holy truths that they could neither accept all nor find that which man needed." "You have done admirably," said Beelzebub. He smiled, and all the devils burst into a loud laugh.

By Government and by Patriotism.

"Then nothing is changed; there are the same *débauchés*, robbers and assassins?" asked Beelzebub gaily. A big devil, with his forehead armed with great twisted horns, and enormous deformed feet, rises and explains why there are still thieves and robbers. "We arranged it in the same way as did our father and master at the election of Saul as king. We inspired in men the belief that instead of ceasing to be robbed by one another it would be an advantage to allow a single man to rob them by giving him absolute power. And then they established laws and institutions by which the idle minority can always despoil the laborious majority." And so on in regard to murder. But Beelzebub is much puzzled as to how warfare was re-established in a world which had been taught to love its enemies. "We proceeded as follows," explains the demon who was in charge of this department. "We suggested to each people that they are the best in the world; 'Deutschland uber alles, Frankreich, England, Russland uber alles.' (The editor adds a malicious footnote—"On remarquera que l'auteur met, evidemment a dessein, les paroles en allemand dans la bouche du diable.") And as we suggested to all the peoples the same thing, they, seeing themselves always in danger from their neighbours, took to hating one another . . . so that all men have accepted the doctrine of those whom we call assassins." "Yes, it's ingenious," remarked Beelzebub, after a long silence.

By Progress in Civilisation.

The demons duly present their reports one after the other. One has brought misery by inventing a science called Sociology, "which consists in studying the different ways of living badly practised by the ancients." The devil is delighted and promises rewards. "But you have forgotten us!" ring out the voices of other demons of different colours. "What have you done?" asked Beelzebub.

"'I am the devil of Progress.'
"'I of the Division of Labour.'
"'I of Roads and Communications.'
"'I of Printing.'
"'I of Art.'
"'I of Culture.'
"'I of Medicine.'
"'I of Education.'
"'I of Regulation of Morals.'
"'I of Brutalisation.'
"'I of Charity.'
"'I of Socialism,'
"'And I of Feminism!' shouted all at the same time, tumbling over one another in their efforts to get near Beelzebub."

The Demons' Reports.

"One at a time and briefly," commands Satan. Whereupon the demons successively deliver their reports. The demon of technical progress has taught men than the more things they make and the quicker they make them, the better they are. And men consume their lives in making things useless to those who buy them and inaccessible to those who make them.

The demon of the division of labour claims that he has turned men into machines.

The demon of roads and communications claims that he has taught men that it is a good thing for them to change place as often and as rapidly as possible. "And men, instead of bettering their lives where they are, pass the greater part in travelling from place to place, and are very proud of the fact that they cover fifty kilometers an hour, or more.

"Beelzebub continued to express his approbation. After this, there stood out of the ranks the demon of printing. His business, he explained, is to communicate to the greatest possible number of men the ignominies and idiocies which are done and written in the world."

The demon of art claimed that under the pretext of consoling and exciting sublime sentiments, he incites men to vice by depicting vice in an attractive form.

The demon of medicine explains that he taught men that the most important thing they can do is to take care of their bodies . . . "with the result that they forget not only the lives of others but even their own."

"The demon of culture explained that he suggested to men that the enjoyment of all the work of the demons of technical progress, the division of labour, and communications, printing, and medicine, is a species of virtue, and that the man who possesses culture ought to be content with himself, and not to seek to be better."

The demon of education has taught men who live evil lives, and do not even know the meaning of a good life, to believe that they can teach children to live good lives.

The demon of regulation of morals has made men, themselves vicious, believe that they can correct the vices of others.

The demon of brutalisation has made men believe that instead of getting rid of the sufferings caused by evil living by means of living better, they can gain oblivion from wine, opium, tobacco, and morphia.

The demon of charity suggested to men that, if they steal pounds and return to the victims ounces, they are virtuous and have no need for further improving themselves.

The demon of socialism boasted that, in the name of improved life, he excited hostility between classes.

The demon of feminism said that, with the same pretext, he excited not only hostility between classes, but also between the sexes.

"I thank you all," said Beelzebub, and beating his wings he rose up. The demons surrounded Beelzebub, forming a chain; at one end stood the demon who

invented the Church, at the other end the demon who invented Science. They took one another's paws, and the circle closed; and all the demons, with bursts of laughter, roaring, hissing, agitating their tails, began to dance round Beelzebub; and the chief of the demons, beating his wings, danced in the middle.

And on earth, on the top of hell, were heard crying and tears and groaning and gnashing of teeth.

Saint William II.

Or, the Kaiser as a Religious Force.

The Rev. W. C. Chisholm contributes to the new threepenny magazine, the "Christian Realm," a six-page double-column paper, in which he represents the Kaiser as a man of such piety and fervour as almost to justify his canonisation.

Salvation His Highest Good.

He says he is a great religious force in the world:

"Himself a man of most varied attainments and great force of character, he is intensely religious; and, realising in religion one of the greatest forces in the world, is seeking to lead his people, not only in the path of material greatness, but also of moral goodness, and thus to secure for them the highest and most enduring greatness of all. 'Not lustre, not power, nor glory, not honour, not any earthly good,' he said, in his address at the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer in Jerusalem, 'is what we are seeking here. We long for, we implore, we wrestle to obtain, this one thing, the highest good of all, the salvation of our souls.'"

The key to the character of the Kaiser is to be found in his religion, which is due partly to inheritance and training, but also to his own spiritual experiences and struggles.

Living Up to His Motto.

"It is not to be wondered at," says Mr. Chisholm, "that he who is the countryman of Luther and has British blood in his veins should hold a simple, manly, practical faith. Humbly he has ranged himself under the Banner of the Cross, and in his own life endeavours to be true to the motto of the Hohenzollerns. 'I and my house will serve the Lord.'" Frederick the Great, despite the motto, Mr. Chisholm admits, was frankly pagan, but William II., he asserts, is a Puritan to the backbone, although he rests his political claim, the divine right of kings, on the recognition in a religious spirit of a fundamental truth. It is in a truly Puritan spirit that he accepts his kingship as of God's appointment, and acknowledges that to Him he is responsible for its use. Therein Mr. Chisholm says he shows himself a pattern to all Sovereigns. Mr. Chisholm finds some difficulty in reconciling the Kaiser's Puritanism with his frank assertion that he has to give an account to his ancestors as well as to his God for the way in which he governs Germany.

Purity of His Private Life.

In respect of his family and Court life, Mr. Chisholm has nothing to say but praise. He is a model husband and father, he has trained his children in the fear and love of God, the splendour of his Court is untarnished by any moral laxity. Both he and his wife are deeply interested in furthering Evangelical religion throughout their dominions and establishing and helping on the Church extension in Berlin:

"Sunday, with His Majesty, is a day of worship and rest. In the Imperial household it is observed with a strictness and propriety unknown in many families. Regular in his attendance at church, and an example to all by his reverent attitude and the heartiness with which he participates in the service, it is a cherished object of the Kaiser to attract the very best men into the ministry of the Lutheran Church. In its pulpits he is fain to have men of the most pronounced piety and extensive learning, so that the word of God may be expounded and the Gospel preached in such wise that in his dominions the Bible shall be restored to its old supremacy and Christian truth be amongst his subjects the regulative force of life. 'He who does not build his life on the basis of religion,' he said at Aachen in June of last year, 'is lost;' and being anxious to make the Church a supreme instrument for good in the land, and to see Sunday observed more strictly and becomingly, he sets his face resolutely against all unnecessary work and entertainment; he holds the clergy in honour for their work's sake; and seeks by his consistent example and enthusiastic support of all that is good to adorn the faith which he professes."

His Zeal Against Gambling.

His zeal for good works early made itself manifest in the sternness with which he banished gambling in the Army. When he was colonel in the First Guard Regiment he closed the gambling club, and banished the officers who disregarded his edict against gambling:

"The matter was taken to the old Emperor, who was inclined to think that Prince William had been too strict, and should not have interfered in the matter, and expressed himself in that sense to his grandson. 'Do you hold me responsible for the good conduct of my regiment?' the young Prince asked. 'Certainly,' was the Emperor's reply. 'Then,' said the Prince, 'if the colonel cannot interfere with a gambling club in his regiment he must tender his resignation.' 'I was willing to oblige you,' the Emperor said afterwards to one of the officers of the regiment, 'but the colonel wasn't; and I must support my colonel.'"

Not only does he practise religion but he preaches it; in his oratory of late years he frequently and emphatically refers to religious themes. Religion is real and basal to him, and he would make it real and basal to his subjects.

His Sermons.

His speeches are those of an earnest and liberal-minded Christian who lets slip no opportunity of bearing witness to his faith. Mr. Chisholm conveniently ignores the fact that this exemplary and consistent Christian found no difficulty whatever in showering compliments upon Abdul the Assassin when his hands were still dripping with Christian blood. Nevertheless, we must not scrutinise too narrowly the shortcomings of our saints. We will close this notice of Mr. Chisholm's article by quoting an extract which he takes from a sermon which the Kaiser preached to the crew of the "Hohenzollern" when the allied troops were on their way to emulate the deeds of the Huns in the capital of China:

"'Yonder,' he said, 'are the companies of fighters. Here should be the companies of prayers.' 'Prayer is the key which opens the treasure chamber of God;' and in reminding his officers and crew how trouble and danger drive men to prayer, made use of this striking illustration: 'Yonder in the towers on the mountain top hang strange bells. By the hands of no human being are they rung. Still and silent they hang in

the sunshine. But when the storm-wind comes they swing, they begin to ring, and one hears their sound in the valley below. God has hung a prayer-bell in every human being's heart. In the sunny and fortunate days of life how often it hangs there still and silent, but when the stormy wind of trouble blows then it begins to sound.' "

He has recently told us that William I. was inspired. It will not be surprising if a William III. were to discover that the second must be canonised as St. William of Hohenzollern.

Victor Emanuel the Second.

There is a very good article in the "World's Work" on the King of Italy, "A King who has Won Success by Work." It is written by Mr. Salvatore Cortesi, and contains several good anecdotes which throw a charming light upon the King's character. Mr. Cortesi has a high opinion of the King, who, he says, won in a few months, against physical drawbacks and many prejudices, a popularity which his father had not enjoyed for years. He declared for liberty from the first; and even resisted his mother, Queen Margherita, who regarded his moderation as weakness, and reproached him with playing with his throne. But the King had his way, and events justified him.

A King's Education.

"The force, determination and physical strength and endurance of King Victor are a constant source of wonder to those who saw him as a child. As a little boy he was too weak to walk upstairs and was always carried, while no one supposed he would reach manhood. A remedy was urgently required, and after much consultation it was decided to try what they called the 'English system,' which has been more aptly named the 'kill or cure method.' In this case it was the latter, but it came dangerously near the former on many occasions. The little prince was put under a military tutor, Colonel Osio, slept in a cold room, took a cold plunge bath every morning whether ill or well (and it was usually the former); had his breakfast by gas-light at seven, if there was time, but if he was late he went without; began lessons at half-past seven, being made to devote himself to those he particularly disliked, and was afterwards sent for a ride, rain or shine. Often and often he returned to the palace soaked through, but no matter how violent the subsequent cold might be, the daily programme was not relaxed. Besides this, everything was done to destroy pride in his own rank."

"More Fit to be King than Sportsman."

Victor Emanuel is domesticated, and is devoted to his wife and little girl Yolanda, whose antics never fail to put him in a good humour. When she can't get what she wants she howls, a method, in the female sex, not restricted to little Yolandas. The King is an expert numismatist and motor driver, but an indifferent fisherman, as the following anecdote shows:

"One day he was out for several hours, and was returning to the castle with a keeper, on foot, with three poor fish on a string, when they met a poor man with a magnificent catch of trout. The peasant planted himself before the King and asked a light for his pipe, and when he had received it, said with scorn: 'You seem to be no great things with regard to fishing. To look at your catch I should say you were the King.' His Majesty, rather red in the face, asked why. 'Oh,' returned the other, 'he thinks very much of himself, but he is a poor body, more fit to be a king than a sportsman!' "

Monarchs in Motor Disguise.

Motoring incognito brings strange adventures. Englishmen and Americans seem to figure in them frequently:

"One day the King and Queen went for a day's excursion in their motor-car, and late in the afternoon had a break-down. The people of the village in which they happened to be were attracted to the spot, and among them were two other automobilists, who were Englishmen. Secure in being foreigners, they carried on the following conversation: 'Pretty motor-car!' 'Yes, and the lady is pretty, too.' 'More than can be said of the man. Did you ever see such a little man in such a big car!' 'I am out of brandy, I wonder if he can supply me. Shall I ask? Perhaps he speaks French?' 'I shall be most happy to oblige you,' said the King in perfect English, turning and holding out his flask. Then, as he prepared to leave, he said: 'Can I be of any further use to you? My kingdom is at your disposal, and it is not as small as its monarch?' 'The d—l!' exclaimed one, while the other merely gasped, 'The King!'

"A still better story comes from Naples about an American. The Italian monarch was flying along at considerably beyond the regulation speed in his automobile, when, in turning a corner, he would have run down a motor-car coming from the opposite direction had it not been for the ability of the driver of the latter; in fact, the cars touched as they passed. Both pulled up, and the first thing the King heard was an imprecation in English, and his opponent saying: 'Well, I'll be dashed if I would allow a scorcher like you about! You ought to be hanged and quartered!' 'In front of my own palace,' added His Majesty. 'I don't care where it is,' said the other, 'so long as it is done; you are a public nuisance.' And before any answer could be made he mounted and drove off. Some time later a certain Mr. M. P. C., of Massachusetts, was due for an audience. The doors were thrown open, and the two automobilists confronted each other. The American felt 'as cheap as dirt,' as he expressed it afterwards, but the King relieved the tension by laughing and saying: 'Are all Americans as peppery as you?' "

The Marsyas of the Motor-Car.

Everyone will be glad to know that Mr. Henley, who has long been an invalid, has at last been restored to the delights of motion by the help of Mr. Harmsworth's motor-car. But why, oh, why make the happy poet unhappy by compelling him to face the fate of the luckless Marsyas, who dared to rival the strains of the divine Apollo?

Mr. Henley contributes to the "World's Work" "A Song of Speed," and the occasion, we are informed, is the first time a "great poet" has sung the joys and significances of motoring. With Mr. Henley as "great poet," the motor-car as inspiration, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth—it is dedicated to him—as Mæcenas, what should we not expect? But in order still further to emphasise the "greatness" of the poem, Mr. William Archer is got to usher it in with a page and a half of laudation. He calls it "an imperishable utterance"—rather a bigger mortgage than eternity will bear, while the editor, to make it quite sure, repeats that it

is imperishable in a footnote. As a matter of fact the poem is a worthless utterance. It has got all Mr. Henley's precocity and affectation, a little of Mr. Kipling's philosophy, and a good deal of Walt Whitmanism, cut into shorter lines, as the following specimen will show:

"Look at her. Shapeless?
Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
Yes; but the strength
Of some seventy-five horses:
Seventy-five puissant,
Superb fellow-creatures:
Is summed and contained
In her pipes and her cylinders."

This is imperishable, and Mr. Archer gushingly tells us that Mr. Henley, owing to the "swiftness," etc., of his style is just the man to sing the motor-car. Swiftness is a relative term, and Mr. Archer may be right, but Mr. Henley's lines remind us of two cripples racing one another for a copper. They have none of the motor-car swiftness; only its rattle.

King Alexander of Servia.

Mr. Herbert Vivian's Latest Find.

Mr. Herbert Vivian contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine" for April a characteristic paper upon the King of Servia and his Court. Hitherto no one has discovered the pre-eminent virtues of the youthful husband of Queen Draga. This increases the interest of Mr. Vivian's find. He is enthusiastic in praise of his youthful hero. He says:

"The King is full of life and vigour. He rises early, and late takes rest. He accomplishes an enormous amount of work, giving personal supervision to all the affairs of state. He finds time to see everyone who is worth seeing. He swims, he fences, he plays games. He might be summed up as the King who never tires. I prefer to sum him up as the King who never makes mistakes."

Not only is he enthusiastic about the King, but he is delighted both with his wife and his mother. Queen Nathalie he describes as the saintly mother whose influence has largely contributed to his triumph and rectitude. Queen Draga is a fine handsome woman, neither very tall nor very stout, with piercing eyes and a chin full of character. She is descended from one of the best families in the country; she has a strong character, a clear brain and a keen eye for political prudence; she exercises considerable influence over the King, who is devoted to her. The marriage is popular in Servia because it was feared that a foreign princess would have introduced much ruinous pomp. Mr. Vivian is certain that the King has a great career before him. He says:

"After the Sultan of Turkey, there is no more assiduous monarch. He studies out every question for himself, knows everybody worth knowing, hears all sides impartially, makes up his own mind and insists upon having his own way. He does not, in the first instance, convey an impression of strength, for he is very highly strung; he is never still for an instant, he is thinking of six things at once, and a superficial observer might almost set him down as shy. But a closer acquaintance soon corrects all that, and after less than ten minutes' conversation you cannot fail to recognise his wisdom and his power."

He is shrewd without being cynical, bold without being rash, generous, yet never extravagant, and at the same time a good friend. The King asked Mr. Vivian whether he could not induce British capital to come to Servia, where public security was secured, and also industrial security. The King told Mr. Vivian that he had nothing to do with the Macedonian Committees who had approached him. "They might have done some good at the time," said Alexander, "but not in the long run; it never pays to have anything to do with people of that kind—it is not right." Mr. Vivian urged upon him the importance of good relations between Servia and Turkey as the easiest solution of the Balkan Question. "He listened to all my arguments, and appeared to give tacit approval."

A Duchess in Whitechapel.

The Dowager-Duchess of Newcastle contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine" for April an article entitled "My Home in Whitechapel." It seems that when General Booth's "Darkest England" roused the Catholic Church in this country to a sense of its duties to its submerged tenth, Cardinal Vaughan started a "Social Union" which has now amalgamated with "The Ladies of the Charity of St. Vincent de Paul." Cardinal Vaughan summoned a meeting at the Archbishop's house for the purpose of ascertaining how many ladies there were who would undertake to commence Social Union Clubs in the south-east of London. The Dowager-Duchess of Newcastle having no home ties to hinder her, volunteered to go and live in Whitechapel, where a girls' club had already been started by two Catholic ladies. She settled down in a small place in St. Mark's Street not far from the church. Each of the ladies was allotted a small district, which they visited under the supervision of one of the Fathers of the Mission. This was in 1893. In 1896 the house became too small, and she took a larger one in Great Prescott Street, where she is living to this day. In her brief paper she describes what she has learned by her sojourn in Whitechapel. Experience, reinforced by vigorous scolding by the priests, taught her the folly of indiscriminate charity. She has a house at Woodford, where she frequently takes the mothers and girls for a day in the country. Whitechapel, she thinks, has been quite as much an education to her as she has been to the people among whom she works. She is truly of opinion that there is less immorality on the Whitechapel side of London than there is on the Mayfair side. She thinks that we have allowed our poverty to grow old, so old that it is very difficult to uproot it. Drink is at the root of most of the misery, for the home can be kept together on bread and butter and tea, if the parents do not drink. If they drink, school is the only chance left for the children. She much admires the untiring devotion of the Irish Catholics to their Church; to them the Church is their highest interest in life; their home may be squalid, but to the Church they will give their last penny. She knew a poor widow who used to go without her breakfast in order to be able to give her weekly penny to the collection. She thinks the Settlement has done some good if only in teaching those who go and live among the poor the heroic patience of those who go through life like martyrs, working without ceasing, with hardly any recreation, ever ready to help each other and to give without ever expecting anything again. The West of London, she declares, can learn from the East a daily lesson of courage and confidence in God.

What Women Most Admire in Men:

The Women Themselves Being Witnesses.

The "Young Man" contains a very striking symposium by women consisting of their own witness as to what they admire in men. It is a series of confessions fit to make thorough-going advocates of equality between the sexes weep. For of the fifteen noted women who take part, almost all declare that what woman needs most and likes best is a master. When educated and enlightened women confess that the chief ambition of their sex is to be in a state of adoring slavery under the dominance of man, the prospect of frank equality between man and woman seems very far removed.

The Charm of Blackcoat and Redcoat.

Mrs. Sarah Tooley observes that the men most popular with women are the black coats and the red coats —the minister of religion and the soldier. The distinction of clerical and military uniform has its value. Woman has always a quick eye for genius, and "women have a tendency to adore sensual and seductive men and to despise the prosaically virtuous. . . . Every woman *likes* a rake":

"Women admire courage, forcefulness and individuality in a man. In their heart of hearts they like a master. This has been so from the earliest epochs of humanity, and if the equality between the sexes, which the onward march of civilisation has brought about, makes it less apparent to-day than in primitive times, the worship of strength in a man is still the cult of woman. And to return to my opening premise, she admires the soldier because he stands for physical force, and the minister of religion as typical of moral strength and spiritual authority."

Woman's Idolatry of Strength.

Lillias Campbell Davidson repeats the same conviction. The premier quality in man is, to her, manliness. She says:

"To weak women it is man's strength that forms his greatest bid for admiration. She admires strength of body, strength of character, strength of will. She desires her master, all the world over, and down all the ages, and when she finds him she is ready to bow down to him. It is her instinct to make heroes to adore, to raise upon a pedestal higher than herself. All the qualities she feels herself destitue of, she endows man with to worship him. And her greatest lack is strength."

Looks Don't Count.

It is somewhat surprising to have the further confession that neither handsomeness nor ugliness count much with women:

"The fact is that women, for the most part, are not endowed with any special taste for personal beauty, and its opposite does not repel them. Nature made men keely sensitive to physical attractions, and endowed women with them that they might attract. What attracts woman, speaking generally, is man's attraction to herself. He does not need the physical beauty to draw her, and she is not affected by it, nor repelled by its lack. Looks, in men, do not much affect woman one way or the other after she has passed the stage of school-girl romance."

It is not true, she says, that women like wickedness in a man. "What they admire is his daring to be wicked when they themselves have not the courage to dabble in any but inferior sins":

"Pluck and courage and strength, those are the virtues with which woman endows her ideal man. She will forgive the absence of much else in him, but the lack of those she cannot tolerate."

A Chorus of Assent.

Adeline Sergeant says the same of women:

"Physical strength attracts them: mental strength fascinates them; and there is a certain kind of spiritual strength that dominates them altogether. And the reason why seems to me quite apparent. Women are weaker than men. . . . Nothing really subjugates a woman's heart so thoroughly as a belief in her husband's strength of will or strength of arm."

Sarah Doudney says, "In spite of Mr. Ruskin, I believe that what a woman really admires in a man is strength":

"The desire that never dies out of true womanhood is the longing for someone stronger than ourselves. One glimpse of real strength in a man will make us forget a hundred handsome faces and fine speeches, unless indeed we are among the number of those who have eyes, but cannot see. . . . Stated briefly, what a woman most admires may be said to be dignity and strength, with the potentiality of tenderness."

Marie Connor Leighton arrives at the same conclusion:

"What women admire most in men are good style and a certain subtle suggestion in their manner that they would act heroically if an occasion for heroism should present itself. It may safely be said that a coward is a man whom no woman on earth admires. Good looks in a man do not count for very much."

Miss Elizabeth Banks puts bravery and kindness first, but adds, "Every normal woman likes a man who is in some sense her superior, and, in the very best sense of the term, her master."

L. B. Walford agrees with what the rest have said, but remarks that there is one little trait in the feminine character which may explain their preference for the ineligible over the eligible—perversity!

L. T. Meade repeats that "Woman likes a master. Let a man be strong and manly, and she will follow him; let him be also a gentleman, and she will adore him."

A Startling Confession.

Miss Hulda Friederichs introduces a shock of surprise by the unexpected confession:

"I have always had a great leaning towards the Shakesperian lines—

"'Let me have men around me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.'"

A less startling variation is supplied by Miss Ethel F. Heddle, who finds courtesy the most attractive characteristic.

Jean Middlemass thoroughly agrees that what a woman admires in a man is strength. "To have some one to lean on is a woman's invariable craving, though she rarely acknowledges it—even to herself."

Mrs. Campbell Praed prefers in a man, along with his typical courage, strength and robust common-sense, a certain blending of the gentleness, unselfishness, and intuitive sympathy of the good woman.

Mrs. Max Pemberton most admires in a man strength, courage and courtesy.

Winifred Graham exclaims, "Courage, because it supplies woman's principal defect."

In face of the self-stripping recorded above, courage is hardly the quality most conspicuously absent—in the writers, at any rate.

A Hero of the Police Courts,

And His Dream of the Future.

The fifth article in the series of Master Workers which Mr. Harold Begbie has contributed to the "Pall Mall Magazine" is devoted to Mr. Thomas Holmes, police court missionary in North London. Mr. Holmes is a passionate evangelical, and came up from the Midlands to preach the Gospel to the derelicts of London, but after a little experience he had to admit that preaching was in vain. Although he holds religion as the dearest and most precious thing in life, he had to refrain his lips from speaking and set to work first to save the body. Mr. Begbie's account of this heroic servant of the people is very touching, and from what he reports of Mr. Holmes' conversation it would seem he is a man of great good sense; he believes that the majority of criminals are merely imbecile—curable imbeciles if they are treated properly; but if all methods of treating them that of punishment in prison is the worst. The great problem of civilisation, he thinks, is not the relations between capital and labour, but the condition of the home-worker, of the very poor. In the midst of his darkness almost of despair a light has arisen to gladden his worn and wearied eyes:

"I have seen enough sorrow, depravity and ruin to make me think of throwing up the sponge; but this ray of light which has come to me helps me wonderfully to go on pegging away. I cannot tell you the whole scheme, because I am working with one who desires neither publicity nor sound of trumpets till the dream is something of a fact. But I can tell you a little. And first of all, let me tell you the genesis of the dream; for it is very interesting, and shows how God may work by the tiniest means to a great end.

"'A little girl appeared before the magistrate charged with stealing food. She had stolen—she was a thief in the eyes of the law—in order that her brothers might not die of starvation. The case led me to seek out the child's mother. I found her in a pitiful dog-hole of a place—a widow, keeping body and soul together by making cheap blouses. As I talked to her, and my eyes ranged over the miserable home, I espied a scrap of dirty paper on the table. It was an account of how she had spent her last shilling: "Tea, ½d.; sugar, ½d.; bread, 1½d.; margarine, 1d.; oil, 1d.; firewood, ½d.; and a bit of bacon." The case appeared in the papers, and attracted a great deal of attention. It made me acquainted with a hard-headed philanthropist—the man of whom I have spoken to you. "Do you know," he said to me, "what strikes me most about that widow's housekeeping account?" "The poverty?" "Not at all," he answered: "it's the horrible and senseless waste of it! Do you suppose she gets a full halfpenny-worth of tea or sugar, or a full pennyworth of margarine? No. She loses on every purchase; she is bound to. The shopkeeper can't lose, so she must. Multiply the loss on that shilling by the number of shillings spent in the year. Why, it is frightful!" You appreciate the point of view? The more abject the poverty of the poor, the greater the price they pay for the meanest necessaries of daily existence! From that little scrap of paper came my dream. I saw the possibility of combining the home-workers into one corporate body: buying their food not by the hoarded half-pennies and farthings of their wages, but by the pounds of their aggregated earnings. Do you see what I mean? One woman earning ten shillings a week lives below the poverty line, and her children sink with her either to death or to moral chaos. But a thousand women earning the same wages produce five hundred pounds a week; and five hundred pounds a week will provide a thousand families at least with healthy fare, the means of sanitation, and the chances of health. All the necessaries of life, you see, could be bought wholesale. And so my dream is to organise the home-workers; not for strikes and lock-outs, but for health, virtue, and happiness. I want to transplant them from their dog-holes and garrets—clean out of London—to some place in the country. Why not villages of home-workers, with an organisation of their labour—rooms lighted by electricity, machines driven by it, the fetching and carrying done by one common motor-car? Why not make a giant club for them? One thousand adult members to each club, and the weekly income five hundred pounds. Is that utopian or unpractical?

"'Well, that is my dream—at least, that is how I must hint it to you. I give you the shell of the idea, and from that only you must judge whether the kernel really solves the problem. Perhaps the announcement of the scheme will not long be delayed.'"

How Mr. Frith Rose to Fame.

Mr. A. F. White, in the "Young Man," reproduces a very interesting conversation with the venerable painter, now in his eighty-fourth year. His story of how he became an artist is refreshing in its unexpected tameness. When he was but a boy, and his bed-time close at hand, he wanted to sit up a little longer, and therefore begged for a pencil and paper to copy a drawing of a dog by Morland among a collection of his father's. He was allowed to sit up. He drew what he now says hardly looked like a dog at all, and his fond parents hailed him as the artistic genius of the family. His schoolmaster was therefore instructed to let everything give place to his drawing. When he was fifteen, his father proposed to send him to an Art Academy. The youth, however, did not relish the prospect at all. He wanted to be an auctioneer. Eventually father and son agreed that they should submit his drawings to two Royal Academicians, and abide by their decision. They decided that his career should be art. Many years afterwards, when Mr. Frith was famous, the Academician was startled to be confronted with the very inferior drawings which had been pronounced evidence enough to fix a career.

The Painter and Royalty.

When Mr. Frith painted his "Ramsgate Sands," a member of the Royal Academy observed, "Well, I never did think much of his pictures, but I didn't think he would descend to such a Cockney business as that." Mulready was very harsh in his criticisms. But once hung on the walls of the Academy the picture became so overwhelmingly popular as to quench all carping criticism. Queen Victoria was so delighted with it as to buy it from the dealers who had already secured it. The price paid was 1,000 guineas. To his interviewer, Mr. Frith said:

"The other day I had a message sent me from Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. Speaking to a lady of

my acquaintance, she said, 'You know Mr. Frith, don't you? Well, then, you may tell him something that I think will please him, and that is, that the King has had his picture, "Ramsgate Sands," which always used to be at Osborne, moved to Windsor, and put in his own bedroom. He is very fond of it.'"

Among his many distinguished sitters, Mr. Frith remarks:

"Queen Victoria never kept me waiting for a minute, and the only difficulty I had was that she could not possibly sit for more than an hour at a time. Her Majesty's knowledge of painting was considerable, and on more than one occasion I profited by her suggestions. So well did the Queen sit that I finished the likeness much more quickly than I did most of the others in the picture."

The present Queen, when Princess of Wales, at first did not practise the virtue of keeping still, but a word from her Royal husband made her a most exemplary sitter.

The Chance and Weakness of Modern Art.

Mr. Frith expressed the strong conviction that there are English painters who can do quite as well as the best Continental artists. No particular school is now in the ascendant. One of the great advantages of modern art is that the variety of style, manner and subject is infinite, and the individuality of the painter is given the freest play. The superiority of the old masters, he says, consists in their superior grasp of the character of the sitter. Modern men can make as good a likeness, but cannot bring out the traits which a great master seizes upon.

The brave old man of eighty-three concluded the interview by saying that he would go on painting as long as he could hold a brush.

The Position of Women in Russia

Before and After Marriage.

Mr. James Burns contributes to the "Westminster Review" an interesting paper on this subject. He says:

As a Daughter.

"As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. Her coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remain unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. The power which they can exercise over her, too, is of the most unqualified description. However harsh her treatment may be there is for her no redress. If her conduct proves displeasing to her parents, they can, without any judicial process, have her detained in a house of correction, or sent for a space of time to the seclusion of a monastery. Even after marriage the will of the father pursues the daughter. If he is sick, he can summon her home to nurse him; while if his wife dies he may claim her assistance as his housekeeper for three months. If her husband dies, he can command her to return to the parental roof, and he becomes by law the guardian of her children. No daughter can marry without the parents' consent, though where the daughter possesses property an appeal can be made to the civil authority if the consent of the parents is withheld.

As a Wife.

"When a woman marries, she changes the authority of parents for the no less unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, 'one person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent'! The 'unlimited' power of the parent therefore is withdrawn, and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to visit a neighbouring town without a 'pass' from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the expiry of the term she is bound to return, or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. 'When two witnesses do not agree,' the code runs, 'the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman.'"

As a Citizen.

"According to the peasant's proverb, 'Seven women have only one soul,' while another declares that 'A woman has no soul at all, but only a vapour.' As to a woman's intelligence, the sterner sex disposes of it thus: 'Her hair is long, but the mind is short.' There is no such law in Russia as that of primogeniture. At the death of the owner, the property is divided equally amongst the sons. If there are no male heirs, it is divided equally amongst the daughters, the mother receiving one-seventh of the real estate and one-fourth of the personal property. Women in Russia, too, are mistresses of their own fortune, and still retain control over it when they marry. They even have a voice in the selection of members of the municipal council and county assembly. They cannot exercise the franchise themselves, but are represented at the polls by a male friend or relative. No real advancement in the position of women in Russia can be expected, however, until the means of education are increased."

Submarine Warfare.

Lieutenant G. E. Armstrong, R.N., contributes an article to the April "Cornhill" upon the possibilities of submarines in wartime. He deplores our belated programme of construction. England has nine submarines built and building; France, fifty. Lieutenant Armstrong cites some cases in which the submarine has performed great exploits, and concludes that as their proper sphere is the defence of ports, they practically make a blockade impossible.

A Submarine's Invulnerability.

Many devices have been invented for indicating the approach of a submarine, but even if detected what good does it do? The submarine only shows for from seven to fifteen seconds:

"Perhaps only those who have had actual experience of practice at sea with quick-firing and machine guns can properly appreciate the significance of these figures. In the first place the target which such a vessel presents, when awash, is about as difficult a one as could be imagined. Secondly, only 'direct hits' would be of any avail, and the chance of securing any of them in the short space of time at the disposal of the captains of guns would be extremely slight; and in saying this I think even the most ardent gunnery man will agree with me. Of course, any attempt to injure a submarine when submerged would be out of the question, owing to the resistance given by the water to even the heaviest projectiles, and the constant deflection."

The periscope, however, is now so perfect that a submarine never needs to come to the surface before discharging a torpedo at all:

"So perfect is it, and so regular in its action is the depth-keeping apparatus of an efficient submarine, that the 'Francais,' for example, has run a course of eight miles under water with the periscope constantly one foot out of water. This means that the unfortunate gunners on board a ship which is being attacked would, under these circumstances, have a painted metal rod one foot long and three inches wide to fire at, at the distance of several hundred yards; and even if they accomplished a miracle by hitting it, they would hardly be better off than they were before!"

Lieutenant Armstrong mentions that only a select few amongst our officers have any practical acquaintance with this new type of vessel. In fact, scarcely one officer in a hundred has ever even seen a submarine. The French, however, use every effort to acquaint their officers and men with all the aspects of submarine warfare, and yet, in the opinion of many of our own officers, the whole principle of naval strategy in wartime has undergone serious modification since the introduction of the submarine.

The Latest Submarine.

In "Page's Magazine" for April Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe gives a short account of the "Protector," which has recently been launched at Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A. It differs chiefly from the "Holland" and other types of submarines in being able to run along on wheels upon the floor of the ocean. Travelling on the bottom is declared to be the most simple, safe and reliable method known of under-water navigation. There are two wheels fitted to the keel, one in advance of the other. They are three feet in diameter, with nine-inch face.

The United States Navy Department is going to carry out a series of exhaustive trials with the "Protector," and everyone in authority seems to speak well of it.

The Evolution of the Phonograph.

How Edison makes his phonographs is told by Mr. W. B. Northrop in the "Leisure Hour." He recalls how Edison first discovered the idea of the phonograph. While singing into the mouthpiece of the telephone one afternoon in 1876, he noticed that "his voice vibrated the receiver of the telephone in such a manner as to prick his finger. That gave him the idea of the phonograph, which arose, it might be said, from the pricking of a finger." That rudimentary idea has now been developed into what Mr. Edison declares to be a phonograph as near perfection as it ever will be, with the exception of the possible elimination of the nasal twang.

The Cylinders Not Wax.

The phonograph cylinders are not, as is generally supposed, made out of wax. Were that so, says the inventor, he would have all the bees in the world working for him. Wax proved unreliable. It varied in quality, and was not procurable in the quantity desired. After a thousand experiments he found a species of soap most suitable for the purpose. The soapy substance is mixed with certain hardening ingredients. When melted down they are poured into moulds; then, when cooled, they are trimmed down on lathes and cut with knives composed of sapphire blades. These sapphire knives are amongst the costliest tools to be found in the world. It is interesting to know that Edison finds, after many years' work with both men and women employes, that women are more delicate of touch and more skilful than men in getting the surface of the cylinders absolutely smooth.

The Phonograph Singer.

It is interesting to know that not all kinds of singing voices are equally suitable for reproduction in the phonograph. Accurate measurement of the trajectory of the voice is essential. Some of the best singers, accustomed to the inspiration of an audience, simply cannot sing before a phonograph. There is, then, a regular phonograph voice, for which Edison will pay even as much as ten guineas an hour. Once he has secured a perfectly reproductive cylinder he places it in a gold vapour bath. The gold being extremely fine enters all the indentations in the cylinder. The gold is then copper-plated and rendered firm. The original cylinder is then removed, and the golden copper mould remains to be filled with the soap wax any number of times, and any number of cylinders turned out of it.

Mr. Edison predicts that the phonograph will be the poor man's music of the future, adding, "We shall be able to construct them so perfectly, and at such a low cost, that everyone can afford to purchase one."

The Doom of the Locomotive.

Samuel E. Moffett contributes a most interesting article to the March "McClure's Magazine" dealing with the marvellous development of the trolley car system in America. This has been truly wonderful; and local passenger traffic, at any rate, will soon be quite monopolised by the electric car. The story of the rapid growth of the system is well worth careful study. A few facts, however, are all that we can give.

Four Great Advantages.

"In its early development the trolley has four advantages. It could run separate cars at frequent intervals; it could take on and let off passengers anywhere along the road; it could take people near their homes and offices; and it could pay a profit at nominal fares. Per contra, it had the disadvantage of less than railroad speed, not because there was any difficulty in making an electric car that could go as fast as a locomotive, but because the trolley track as a rule was laid on the surface of the public highway, crossed all intersecting roads at grade, and was a thoroughfare for vehicles, pedestrians, and domestic fauna."

Inch by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sullenly the locomotive is giving way to the insistent trolley. For instance:

"In Massachusetts last year four times as many passengers were carried by electric cars as on the steam roads. Of course that was due chiefly to the dense city traffic, but still the city street-car systems were pretty complete seven years ago, and the trolley passenger business has doubled since that time, while the steam passenger business has actually declined. The electric mileage of the State has increased by from 9 to 18 per cent. every year since 1894. In 1901 the increase was 242.7 miles. In the same year the length of steam lines was reduced by 1.39 miles."

The constructors of the trolley lines have had the experience gained in years of steam railroading to fall back on, and have improved on railroad practice in many ways. For instance, the train despatcher, in-

stead of sending his orders by telegraph, is in constant communication with the cars by telephone. No ringing up is needed; a single "Hello!" will get him attention. Fares are very much cheaper—about one-third of the usual railway rates—and for cross-country work the trolley easily beats the railway. Fifty and sixty miles an hour is by no means an unusual rate for a trolley car.

Capturing the Goods Traffic.

Not only does the trolley compete with the railway for passenger traffic, it is also seizing on the goods traffic:

"A farmer who has once learned to appreciate the convenience of a service that enables him to set half a dozen cans of milk in the road in front of his gate and have them whirled into town on a trolley freight car in less time than it would take him to haul them to the nearest railroad station needs no long space to make up his mind on the question whether electric roads should be allowed to act as common carriers. The electric freight service is as flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as adept at picking up little things. It grows rich off the crumbs of business that a steam road would despise."

No Red Tape.

We find the trolley road looking after its patrons in a way which, sooner or later, is bound to attract business. The trolley road which comes into direct competition with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway gets 85 per cent. of the business, although the rates are the same:

"It gets it because it looks after the convenience of its patrons. Its stock-yards are equipped with hot and cold water, and electric light from its power-houses, so that the shipper can always make up a warm mash for his cattle before loading them on the cars. Stock cars are always ready to catch a sudden turn in the market, and the convenience of patrons is studied in every way. . . . There is no troublesome red tape about the trolley freight system. The Cleveland and Eastern Railway, for instance, handles milk on its forty-mile line at a uniform rate of two cents per gallon for any distance. The farmer buys packages of tickets at that rate. When his milk is shipped it pays its fare like a passenger. A twenty-cent ticket is handed to the conductor for each ten-gallon can. The conductor punches the tickets, and passes them on to the office. The company returns the empty cans free."

The People's Motor-Car.

Many people scout the idea that anyone would care to make long journeys by trolley car except for curiosity:

"They think of the hard benches and the standers perched on the sitters' toes, and they are confident that an hour is the limit of endurance under such conditions. They might gather some new ideas if they could see a modern inter-urban electric parlour-car, with its finish of African figured mahogany, its marquetry decorations, its luxurious individual spring seats, its lavatories, bookcase, and china closet, and its smoking compartment, with chairs upholstered in blue plush to match the carpets and draperies. Travel on a line so equipped is pleasanter than on a steam road, for the breezes can be allowed to blow through without fear of smoke or cinders, and the surrounding scenery is infinitely more attractive."

A Novel Use for the Trolley.

Trolley milk cars, sprinkling cars, stock cars and freight cars in general one would expect to see, but trolley funeral cars!

"The idea of trolley funeral cars is not new; it was applied about ten years ago by more than one road running funeral cars to suburban cemeteries. These places were too far away to be conveniently reached by carriages; the hustle of the steam railroad marred the solemnity of the interments, and the trolley cars exactly met an urgent need. The use of funeral cars is gradually spreading. There is one in Cleveland which is in such constant demand that the company expects to build a larger one, to be chartered at a higher price. On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company there are four cemeteries, and the funeral car of this company has been used as often as four times in one day."

Can the Locomotive Hold Its Own?

One effect of electric enterprise has been the radical reduction of the standard fares. In fact, a halfpenny a mile is now charged where three-halfpence was formerly. The new system is still in its infancy, but—

"It is creating a system of its own, self-centred and independent, and that system contains such a vigorous principle of growth that it will not be surprising to see it swallow up its older rivals. Certainly the locomotive is doomed on local lines; its finish is plainly visible on mountain railroads, where water power is cheaper than coal; and the question whether it can hold its own anywhere is the most hotly debated problem now agitating the transportation world."

A Famous Church of Valetta.

Professor W. Knight contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" a paper on Malta, which, as far as its politics go, is unsympathetic, but which contains some interesting historical facts, and the following description of the famous Church of St. John at Valetta:

"The famous Church of St. John claims the first attention of almost every visitor to Valetta. Its history is remarkable, and the splendour of its decorations more so, while its treasures are quite unique. Its foundation stone was laid in the year 1573, and successive grand masters have tried each to rival his predecessor in enriching it. It must be admitted that the exterior is not so striking as the interior is, partly because it was built not only for worship but also for defence; as was said of the English Cathedral of Durham, 'half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot.' Over the facade is the Maltese cross, with its eight points, flanked by the Campanile. These bell-towers ring forth their chimes in Valetta only too frequently for our British taste. The interior of the church is certainly magnificent, although its scale is a small one. Sir Walter Scott said that it was the finest interior he had ever seen. There are four hundred sepulchral slabs in marble of every hue, erected in their last resting-place in memory of the great succession of knightly figures, with their coats-of-arms and emblazonments of every kind. Magnificent silver-gilt candelabra once were there, till the French stole them; one of which had 130 lights, and another 97. The roof is very remarkable; where, on the stone, not on wood, there are paintings in oil. It may give some idea of the amount of treasure within this church, when it is stated that the catalogue of them extends to three folio volumes

There is a choir, an apse, a nave, and two aisles, which last are divided into chapels, each assigned to the various languages of the Order.

"The most famous relic which used to be in the church was the alleged right hand of St. John the Baptist, said to have been brought from Antioch to Constantinople by the Emperor Justinian, who built a church to receive it. From Constantinople it passed to Rhodes, and thence to Malta. It was encased in a gauntlet of gold, and had a magnificent diamond ring attached to it. When Napoleon Buonaparte was in Valetta, he stole the 'ring' and put it on his own finger, allowing one of his attendants to carry the 'arm' to Russia, and present it to the Emperor Paul I. It is now kept, with jealous care, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where it is almost as difficult to be seen as the famous Orloff Diamond, the second if not the first in value in the world.

"Those who are interested in relics may care to know that, in the Anglo-Bavarian chapel of this Church of St. John, there is a thorn alleged to have been taken from the sacred 'crown of thorns'—an allegation which a late distinguished cardinal of the Roman Church in England assured the present writer that he thought quite probable—a reputed fragment of the sacred cradle, no doubt quite as authentic as that in Rome, one of the stones by which St. Stephen was stoned, the right foot of Lazarus, while the crucifix above the altar is said to have been made from the basin used at the washing of the Apostles' feet. No intelligent person can trust these legends. There are as many alleged fragments of the sacred cross existing in Catholic lands as would make one hundred crosses of the size of the original one.

"The tapestry in this church is specially fine, finer than that at Windsor. There are twenty-nine pieces of great size, and it is interesting to learn that when, by ages of neglect, the fabric had been nearly destroyed, it was restored by the local government at the cost of £3,000. The armoury at Valetta will repay attention. In it, in addition to old pre-historic weapons, etc., are (1) the original Papal Bull founding the Order of St. John; (2) the charter granting Malta to the knights by Charles V.; and (3) the silver trumpet which they used in their retreat from Rhodes.

Pictures on the Skin.

The "English Illustrated Magazine" for April contains a curious article by Pat Brooklyn upon the work of the tattoo artist. Tattooing, he says, was one of the earliest forms of recording events, and instances a mummy found near Thebes whose family history was tattooed on him. The custom is mentioned in the Bible. We are told also that at the present day tattooing is steadily gaining in favour with all classes of the community, a fact much to be deplored. Why people should like to have the image of a snake—it generally seems to be snakes—fixed indelibly into their skin is a mystery; but perhaps if tattooing once gets fashionable we may expect to see Society women covered with snakes and other reptiles!

Mr. Riley is the finest tattoo artist of the day. He uses an electric needle and can tattoo a photograph on a man's arm. The Japanese, as a nation, take the first place as tattoo artists, but theirs is all hand work. The article is illustrated with photos of various people who have been operated on by Mr. Riley. Princess Chimay has a snake and a butterfly on her arm. She is also tattooed on cheeks and lips. Tattooing is now utilised as a means by which a natural-looking and absolutely permanent complexion can be obtained by those to whom Nature has been unkind in this respect. A lizard and a fly adorned (?) the late Prince Christian Victor. The largest piece of tattooing done by Mr. Riley is a snake fifteen feet long winding round the body of one of Sandow's pupils. It begins at the knee and winds round the neck. A hawk with outspread wings is depicted as attacking the snake's head. The next photo is of a well-known German society lady—in a mask—whose arms are completely covered with designs of snakes and other reptiles. A gentleman of the music-hall profession has his arms similarly done, but has rather more snakes. Another man has a dragon in black, blue, red, green, yellow, purple and brown planted in the centre of his back. He, at any rate, is fortunate in being unable to see it. A remarkable example of Japanese tattooing is given. The gentleman in question is covered from neck to feet with Japanese designs.

Mr. Riley went to South Africa as a sergeant, and tattooed many officers and men. His art enabled him to hide ugly shot wounds in complicated designs. Lord Roberts, by the way, strongly advocates the tattooing of every man in the Army with his name and regimental number, as a means of identification.

Mr. Brooklyn says that it is strange how the tattooing craze develops when once a design has been tattooed on anyone. That person has a strange desire for further additions to his skin picture gallery. Moral: don't begin!

How to Bring up Children.

By the High Priest of Positivism.

The "Positivist Review" for April publishes the address delivered by the late Pierre Laffitte in 1887, on the occasion when he conferred the Sacrament of Presentation on Olive, daughter of Frederic and Ethel Harrison.

After explaining the Positivist view of life, M. Laffitte gave the following exposition of the way in which children should be brought up according to the doctrine of Auguste Comte. He said:

A Prayer for a Positivist Child.

"The Mother must take care of the child's physique. The child's mental education is important, and depends on the Mother. And first of all comes the education of what is happily called the Mother Tongue.

"Then obedience is of such cardinal importance; the child must obey strictly. Of course there will be tears; but you must let the child cry; it is one of the consequences of Maternity, and the Mother must accept it. If she gives way, the child of course sees his advantage, and crying becomes the rule. Man is an insubordinate animal by nature, and it is hard for him to learn obedience. But he must. It would be well for the child to see this, and to tell its mother morning and evening in some little form of prayer that it wishes to 'thank Mother for the life she has given me and supports in me,' and to 'promise to be more obedient.'

The Three Fetiches of the Home.

"Then the child, who naturally is a fetichist, may have his attention specially concentrated on the three fetiches of the home on which his attention is

naturally most prone to fall, the Table, the Bed, the House.

"As for the Table, it is the meeting-place of the family, where all take new force and freshness for the work and the play of life. At the Table the child has physical education in the matter of sitting straight, and using spoon, etc., etc., properly; but he has also moral education of high value in the fact that he is expected to see things which he wants and not to touch them. This is most valuable, because Man is naturally a plundering animal, and it is a good deal for a child or a savage to overcome his plundering proclivities.

"Eventually the child respects the Table, and is allowed the honour of helping to lay it, etc. It is an honour to serve the family, and the child feels it to be such. Much the same may be said about the Bed, which ought, as soon as strength permits, to be made by the person who lies in it. Service in material things, be it ever so small, is positive; and it is the only kind of service of whose utility we can be absolutely certain. The House is, of course, honoured as the seat and shelter of the Family.

Dolls and Duty.

"The Mother should teach the child to read. In the second half of this infancy—namely, from seven to fourteen years old—the notion of Duty may be well developed. How important are the early years for this! De Maistre tells us justly that the child 'who voluntarily foregoes a sugar-plum in childhood will give up in manhood taking any advantage of a beautiful woman.' 'Man,' he says, 'cannot obey without bettering himself.' In the case of girls the doll is a great resource, is indeed in herself quite a household education; she has to be nursed, dressed, and undressed; even her clothes have to be made or mended. Then voyages of discovery are fine things, and children explore their native village with the best profit. And always, the whole way along, the child should do as many things as possible for himself.

The Two Great Beings.

"As for intellectual education, it ought to be concrete in the main. There are two great Beings, Humanity and the Earth, and there is Industry, which is the action of Humanity upon the Earth. Well, Knowledge ought to be got and grouped in relation to these two great Beings and their Industrial Relation. Consequently travellers' tales of the different parts of the Earth should be told, and the shape of the Earth and some of its chief astronomical relations may be taught. A good deal of fairly exact knowledge may be given about the stars; only this means getting up at all manner of hours, a practice not bad by way of a change. Then may be told the story of the different nations, and their chief men, whereby is presented the concrete history of Humanity.

First Lessons.

"Abstract Education should not go far, but the child should learn to count, not too high at first, and always keeping his thoughts well in harmony with facts by dealing with real concrete things, like people round a table, for example. The child may learn to measure a square table or round table even; he may even, by the help of water, find the volume of several solids. Then he may have some elementary biological preparation in the Kitchen, where he can see herbs, animal tissues, etc., etc."

The Positivist Christening.

M. Laffitte then, turning from the General to the Particular, said:

"As this child was born close on the great anniversary of Cromwell's death and victories, she is to be called Olive, whatever other names she may choose to add later on. Her name, while recalling the great Englishman, recalls us to our duty to the great country of England; yes! and the country needs women patriots as well as men. Moreover, I call to mind the celebrated tree, the Olive, fruitful, and emblem of fruitfulness; emblem also of peace, great function of Woman.

"To the Parents: Do you promise to bring up this Child to live by and for the Family, the Country, and Humanity, so far as in you lies?

"Ans.: We do.

"And will you try to present her to the World, so far as you may, sound in Body, Mind, Heart, and Will?

"Ans.: We will.

"To the Sponsors: And will you stand by and help these parents in what they have now undertaken to do?

"Ans.: We will.

"Thus I, Pierre Laffitte, Priest of Humanity, have, in the name of Humanity, conferred the Sacrament of Presentation on Olive, daughter of Frederic and Ethel Harrison."

The Rise of the Motor Car.

Mr. Henry Norman continues his campaign in favour of the motor-car. To the "World's Work" for April he contributes an excellent paper entitled "Can I Afford a Motor-Car?" Apparently you can—if you are fairly well-to-do. You can buy a car for £350, which will cost you £216 to keep, less savings. The wages of the driver make up nearly half this amount:

Cost of car (loss per annum on sale of car after two years' use)	£50	0	0
Tyres (average of two years)	20	0	0
Petrol (4,000 miles at 20 miles per 1s. gal.)	10	0	0
Oils, etc. (including grease, chalk, kerosene, carbide, and charging accumulators)	15	0	0
Repairs	10	0	0
License	2	2	0
Wages of driver	104	0	0
Leather suit, etc., for driver	3	13	0
License for driver	0	15	0
	£216	0	0
Less saving in cab and railway fares	40	0	0
Net yearly cost	£176	0	0

If you are not well-to-do you can buy an excellent two-place car for from £175 to £200, and, as you need no driver, your expenses are less than half:

Car for Two, Without Driver.

Cost of car (loss on sale after three years' use, per annum)	£33	0	0
Tyres (three years' average)	15	0	0
Petrol (4,000 miles at 20 miles per 1s. gallon)	10	0	0
Oils, etc.	10	0	0
Repairs	5	0	0
License	2	2	0
	£75	2	0
Less saving in cab and railway fares	15	2	0
Net yearly cost	£60	0	0

Of course the savings of a professional man, a doctor, for instance, are much greater.

The Urgent Need of School Libraries.

Some Suggestions by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Wells, in his latest paper on "Mankind in the Making," in the April "Fortnightly," pleads for a reform in the teaching of children, more especially in teaching them English.

Wanted—a Course in English.

Mr. Wells says:

"The real practical needs in the matter are a properly worked-out method, a proper set of school books, and then a progressive alteration of examinations in English, to render that method and that set of school books imperative. To satisfy those real practical needs, what is wanted is in the first place an organiser, a reasonable sum of money, say ten thousand pounds for ten years, and access for experimental purposes to a variety of schools. This organiser would set himself to secure the whole time and energy and interest of a dozen or so of good men; they would include several expert teachers, a clear-headed pedagogic expert or so, a keen psychologist perhaps with a penetrating mind—for example, one might try and kidnap Professor William James in his next Sabbatical year—one or two industrious young students, a literary critic, perhaps, a philologist, a grammarian, Mr. W. E. Henley, and set them all, according to their several gifts and faculties, towards this end. At the end of the first year this organiser would print and publish for the derision of the world in general and the bitter attacks of the men he had omitted from the enterprise in particular, for review in the newspapers and for trial in enterprising schools, a 'course' in the English language and composition. His team of collaborators, revised perhaps, probably weeded by a quarrel or so and supplemented by the ablest of the hostile critics, would then, working with all their time and energy, revise the course for the second year. And you would repeat the process for ten years. In the end, at the cost of £100,000—really a quite trivial sum for the object in view—there would exist the scheme, the method, the primers and text-books, the School Dictionary, the examination syllabus, and all that is now needed for the proper teaching of English."

The Crying Need of School Libraries.

Mr. Wells would leave the study of geology, zoology, etc., to the school library and the initiative of each child:

"Every child has its specific range of interest and its specific way of regarding things. Each will be bored, or at least not greatly interested, by what attracts the others. Let the children have an easily accessible library—that is the crying need of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand schools today, a need every school-seeking parent may do something to remedy—and in that library let there be one or two good densely illustrated histories, illustrated travels, bound volumes of such a publication as Newnes' 'Wide-World Magazine' (I name these publications haphazard—there are probably others as good or better), Hutchinson & Co.'s 'Living Animals of the World,' Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's 'Extinct Monsters,' the Badminton volumes on big game shooting, mountaineering, and yachting, Kerner's 'Botany,' collections of 'The Hundred Best Pictures' sort, collections of views of towns and of scenery in different parts of the world, and the like. Then let the schoolmaster set aside five hours a week as the minimum for reading, and let the pupils read during that time just whatever they like, provided only that they keep silence and read. The teacher should stimulate systematic reading occasionally by setting a group of five or six pupils to 'get up' some particular subject—a report on 'animals that might still be domesticated,' for example—and by showing them conversationally how to read with a slip of paper at hand, gathering facts.

A Plea for Freedom.

"Now all this schooling need not take more than twenty hours a week for its backbone or hard-work portion—its English, mathematics, science, and exact drawing, and twelve hours a week for its easier, more individual employments of sketching, painting, and reading, and this leaves a large margin of time for military drill and for physical exercises. If we are to get the best result from the child's individuality we must leave a large portion of that margin at the child's own disposal; it must be free to go for walks, to 'muck about,' as schoolboys say, to play games, and (within limits) to consort with companions of its own choosing—to follow its interests, in short. It is in this direction that British middle-class education fails most signally at the present time. The English schoolboy and schoolgirl are positively hunted through their days. They do not play—using the word to indicate a spontaneous employment into which imagination enters—at all. They have games, but they are so regulated that the imagination is eliminated; they have exercises of various stereotyped sorts."

A Real Holiday School in London.

There is a charming account of the first vacation school in England by one of the staff in "Good Words" for April. It is an American idea which last year was admirably carried out in this instance by Mrs. Humphry Ward at the Passmore Edwards settlement in Tavistock Place:

"About three hundred came in in the morning, and the same number of different children in the evening, so that six hundred children were happily employed during vacation month. The staff consisted of some fifteen teachers, under a director, a trained nurse, and the accompanists. Children are the same all the world over, and so a great sand-heap was made in the courtyard, and here twenty to thirty children at a time would dig for all they were worth. There were other children in the gymnasium, trying who could pull and jump the best; and overhead a dancing-class was always in full swing. Several classes were held under the trees. There was the story-telling group.

"Children fond of nature-study found their way to the Botany and Natural History part of the garden, and a selection of very good children was taken to Kew. Delightful little plays were acted before the school and staff."

Painting, drawing, making dolls' clothes, modelling in clay, and card-board cutting were also favourite pursuits:

"Down in the kitchen fascinating cooking lessons were given to the girls, and even the boys came in for their share.

"Another feature of the cooking department was the giving of a dinner-party.

"Upstairs, children were busy modelling in clay, painting and drawing; some were singing of the cooking varieties in the kitchen, for they could be heard in capital part-singing.

"Some of the bigger clothing made in the sewing class was sent away as gifts to 'other poor children,' by common consent of the little workers.

"Two Bible classes were held on Fridays, and the children who stayed (and it was quite a voluntary attendance) entered either the Church of England or Nonconformist room."

Why cannot such an admirable example be followed everywhere throughout the Empire next summer holidays?

If I Die Shall I Live Again?

No; and I Don't Want to. Frederic Harrison.

Mr. Myers' book on Human Personality has, as might be expected, provoked the wrath—finding expression in ridicule or contempt—of those whose complacent presumption as to the next world have been so rudely disturbed. In the "Nineteenth Century" there are two articles devoted to Mr. Myers' great work. That by Mr. Frederic Harrison is much more interesting than that by Mr. Mallock. Mr. Mallock, as his wont is, laboriously plods through a criticism of the gospel of Mr. Myers', which, he declares, resembles the scheme of Buddhism far more than that of Christianity. He further argues that Mr. Myers' belief in the unity and continuity of all subliminal selves is destructive to his thesis that each separate personality is a spirit or first-cause in itself and as such is eternal. It is a relief to turn from the somewhat ponderous philosophising of Mr. Mallock to the brief but brilliant description by Mr. Frederic Harrison of his dream of the future life. It is a very curious effort by the leading exponent of Positivism in England to express in more or less scientific phraseology his conception of the soul when it attains to Nirvana and is merged in the Universal Soul. Mr. Harrison regards the desire for the continued existence of our personality after the laying aside of our body as a vain, brutish, and disreputable emotion. But it is better to quote Mr. Harrison's own words; he describes how he dreamed, and, having shuffled off his body, he passed into the Infinite, where, in his dream, he seemed to revel in the tornadoes of astral volcanoes, and to find rest in icy regions where the very ether had frozen into a liquid:

"*One* seemed? who seemed? who felt? who saw? who passed? What, or who, was I? Individuality, personality, subjectivity, had slipped off as easily as the dried husk they were now laying out for burial. How childish, how brutish, how selfish did it seem now to conceive of any *me!* There was an end of ME, with its outlook of blind kitten or wriggling earth-worm. Should it be rather *We*—was I now a Gas, a Force, an Emanation? Should it be rather *They?*—was I an indefinite unit of a limitless Power extended in Space, and contemporaneous with all Time? The pettiness, the feebleness, the squalor of the sense of being ME was too evident. A more glorious *We* took the place of ME: and WE in turn became THEY; and THEY in a flash became ALL.

"What a miserable insect should I have been in this immeasurable Universe if, by miracle hardly conceivable of Omnipotence, the individual ME had survived! Personality was all very well in the muddy speck men call Earth: dust to dust, ashes to ashes. But in the blaze of an Infinite Universe, scintillating in its every atom with unquenchable light, throbbing not with momentary *sensations*, but with *ideas*, ideas intercommunicable from one point in the boundless All to every other point, without need of language, and without effort, act, or delay—to drag up into this Immensity the soiled rags of 'human personality'—'twould be better to be the parasite of the anopheles gnat, spreading death and disease in its passion for blood. When the entire Universe is continuously and eternally apparent as a whole; when all its infinite and interminable *ideas* are simultaneously cognisable throughout its limitless field; when Motion is extinct, by reason that everything is everywhere, and Sound is swallowed up in one endless circumambient Harmony, then, assuredly, there is no place left for Sight, Hearing, Speech, or Thought. The wretched makeshifts of human sensation are as meaningless and sterile as the eyes of a mole. In this new world the craving for Personality is seen to be a sordid lust of the flesh.

"The transition from the dusty, cribbed, and fetid prison of the Body to the radiant immensity of the Universe, wherein all the uses of bodily sense, and all the notions of terrestrial mind are meaningless and void, was a change so sudden and tremendous that it could not become familiar at first. Remnants of ideas and instincts belonging to the old world of sense still lingered in the new world of transcendence. On earth one had played with conundrums of a geometry of four dimensions. The new world presented dimensions at once infinite in number, at once infinite and infinitesimal in quantity; rather it had no dimensions at all; for everything was everything else; and also was nothing. And so, too, in the world numeration was infinite—all numbers were at once infinity and zero. Two plus two now added up x millions raised to the *nth* power, and instantaneously flashed back into minus 0. Had shame been possible in the world of the Absolute, it would have been fit to mark this absurd attempt to count—this survival of gross materialism from the world of Relation and Matter.

"The dregs of consciousness, of some flickering sensation of an individual *Me*, would now and then break out, like a forgotten weed in a well-tended garden. I tried to think of myself as *Me*. . . . Such petty egoisms belong only to a world of limitations, of parts, of relations, of organisms. They drop off like dead leaves in winter in a world of infinites, of absolutes, a world which knows neither structures, nor parts, nor limits, nor substances, nor organs.

"Once, whilst the sound of human voices had hardly faded from my memory, I essayed to communicate some vague idea to the world around me. The stupidity of such a wish, its wild absurdity and gross animalism, was beamed forth in the myriad flashes of a circumambient Lightning. Millions after millions of electric welkins pulsated across the Heaven, amidst the joyous peal of infinite Thunder claps. They had recognised my wish before it had been expressed: nay, before it had been formed. They were ME; I was THEY; WE were IT. The All now absorbed the Many; it had engulfed all individual entities, so that *personality* had ceased to have existence or meaning."

This, no doubt, is a very clever and vastly amusing delirium of metaphysics. It is the sort of thing we might expect from the riotous votary of an Absolute Idealism like Hegel's, but never from a chief priest of Positivism, with its horror of metaphysics and all transcendental speculations. Verily Mr. Harrison's imagination has taken its revenge on his theories. Two other observations suggest themselves—first, Humanity, an entity which Mr. Harrison holds in such reverence, is certainly not sufficiently developed to regard this prospect of being We, They, and It with any-

thing but shuddering horror. Secondly, even if we grant Mr. Harrison's dream may represent the ultimate stage in which the soul attains Nirvana, what rational ground is there for believing that we shall attain to Mr. Harrison's dream when in a moment death or accident cut short our mortal career? The evidence, a mere fragment of which is adduced by Mr. Myers, but which is accessible to anyone who will take the pains to investigate the subject, points to a directly opposite conclusion. In this respect the Buddhist is probably a much safer guide than Mr. Harrison, and the accumulated evidence of psychological researchers and spiritualists is a much safer ground to go upon than either.

Can Man Create Life?

Louise J. Strong contributes to a recent number of the "Cosmopolitan" a grim story of a professor who succeeds in finding the life-germ. The results are so unspeakably awful that a perusal of the story might well deter any seeker after the same discovery from further attempts.

When first he discovered that his invention lived and moved, the professor was overcome with the magnitude of his success:

"It had lain, quivering, on the marble slab, breathing regularly and steadily, making aimless movements. The four limbs, that had seemed but swaying feelers, grew into long, thin arms and legs, with claw-like hands, and flat, six-toed feet. It lost its spherical shape; an uneven protuberance, in which was situated the breathing orifice, expanded into a head with rudimentary features. He took his spatula, and turned it over. It responded to the touch with an effort to rise; the head wobbled weakly, and two slits opened in the dim face, from which looked out dull, fishy eyes. It grew! Each moment found it larger, more developed; yet he could no more see the growth than he could see the movement of the hour-hand of his watch.

"It had as yet made no manifestation that indicated desire; but soon a fly, alighting near it, was snatched up and thrust into its mouth with incredible quickness and an eager, sucking noise."

Overcome by weariness the professor falls asleep:

"He was awakened by a sense of suffocation and a gnawing at his neck; he started up with a cry, pushing off a clammy mass that lay heavy on the upturned side of his face. Merciful heaven! It was the beast attacking him; its teeth, which he had not before discovered, seeking his throat!

"It lay where he had thrown it, its long tongue licking the shapeless mouth, its eyes hot with an awakened bloodthirstiness."

Gradually he watches the development of his creation, and finds that it can imitate everything it hears. Finally it breeds another creature from the scale-like growth upon its body. The creatures are of the very lowest and debased nature and develop murderous tendencies. Gradually it is borne in upon the professor that his discovery might result in incalculable harm to the world, since the creatures continue to multiply. He therefore decides to destroy them by an enormously strong electric current. By the time his arrangements are complete the creatures have grown until he thus describes them:

"Pygmies, between three and four feet in height, immensely strong; long, thin, crooked limbs, in some of unequal length; squat, thick bodies; pointed heads, bald but for a tuft of hair at the crown; huge ears, that loosely flapped, dog-like; nose, little more than wide nostrils; mouth, a mere long slit, with protruding teeth; and eyes, ah! eyes that showed plainly far more than animal intelligence. They were small, oblique, set closely together, of a beady black, their only lids being a whitish membrane that swept them at intervals—but they sparkled and glowed with passion, dimmed with tears, and widened with thought."

The creatures are destroyed and the world is saved.

Military Lessons of the War.

The "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution" for March 16 contains several articles of considerable interest. The first is the report of the lecture delivered by Dr. T. M. Maguire before the Institution on guerilla warfare. To this paper are added several appendices giving a good deal of information concerning guerilla wars in other countries. Dr. Maguire is an entertaining lecturer, who puts his points well.

Colonel Lindenau discusses at considerable length what he regards as the mistakes of the British commanders in the battles fought in South Africa. It would seem, although we hear a great deal of the difference between the war in the Transvaal and other European wars, the general principle of extended formations is recognised even by the German General Staff. Colonel Lindenau says:

"There can be no doubt that the non-success of the British in attack was due to the faulty and impracticable way in which their shooting lines advanced and fought."

A True Tiger Tale.

Mr. Josiah Flint, in an article in the March "North American Review" on "Police Methods in London," tells incidentally the following remarkable story of how the late Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Bradford, lost his arm and saved his life:

"Sixty odd years ago there was born to a clergyman in England a son, who in course of time elected to try his fortune in India. Some years after the birth of the son there was born to a tigress in the wilds of India a youngster which waxed strong and big. Events so shaped themselves that when the clergyman's son had grown to man's estate, and the tiger had been taught to manage for himself, the two had a meeting. . . . The tiger discovered the Englishman, and springing upon him, felled him to the ground. Remembering a story, heard years before, that so long as a man will keep quiet and does not move, there are chances that an attacking tiger will refrain from further atack, he lay perfectly still. The tiger, however, began to gnaw at the man's left arm. The pain was intense, and there was nothing to prove that his legs would not be nibbled off next, but the Englishman continued to lie still—and hope. Pretty soon he heard the voices of a rescuing party. The tiger heard them also. The rescuing party arrived, and the tiger was slain. The Englishman got back to civilisation minus his left arm.

American and British Railways.

The "World's Work" for April publishes a useful summary of Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Yorke's report to the Board of Trade on the result of his official inspection of American railway methods. It is by no means altogether in favour of our cousins' system, and even in many cases where Colonel Yorke sees the superiority of the Americans he gives good reasons why the British cannot imitate them.

Permanent Way.

The question of permanent way comes first. Colonel Yorke says the advantage lies with England as far as the roadbed lies. But the Americans use more durable sleepers made of hardwood. The Americans also do not place their rail-joints—the weakest point—opposite to one another. American travelling is smooth and quiet, but that is chiefly due to the invariable use of long and heavy bogie coaches.

The Americans largely use automatic signalling. Colonel Yorke doubts its advantages. It is, indeed, a labour-saving device, but does not increase safety.

The American Giant Engine.

Nor can we adopt the enormous American engine, some of them standing 16 feet above rail level. One of Mr. Carnegie's freight engines weighs no less than 391,400 lb. But American bridges are built 18 feet above rail level, whereas in England the height is usually only 14 ft. 3 in. The space between American tracks is also greater, being 7 feet against our 6 feet. Our sidings, coal-sheds, turn-tables, etc., are unsuitable for the big American waggon, and the four-wheel waggon must therefore remain the standard in England.

Finance and Promotion.

One great difference in American railway administration is that Uncle Sam always pays for renewals, reconstructions, and other unproductive works out of current revenue, charging only new sources of profit to capital. The administration is also superior in regard to methods of promotion:

"All employes are regarded as in the line of promotion, and examinations for promotion are held from time to time as may be required. Applicants who fail on the first examination must within one year make written application for re-examination. Those who fail on the second examination will be dropped from the service. Flagmen, brakesmen, and firemen who do not apply for examination within five years may be dropped from the service. . . . In this way it happens that every man employed upon an American railway has the road open to him to rise to the highest positions, and many of the most prominent men in the railway world have so risen."

Altogether, Colonel Yorke's report is not very encouraging. Not because he regards us in all ways behind the United States, but because he sees so many reasons why we cannot pull up in those things in which we are behind. The "World's Work" illustrates its summary with some good photographs.

The Young Man in England and in America.

Mr. John Foster Fraser writes in the "Young Man" about the American young man. He confesses that the first thing which strikes him about the youthful American is that he is inclined to be what we call "cheeky." He has a large faculty for bragging, and a contempt for the lads of Europe. This, however, is the worst feature in his character. The initial keynote to his character is enthusiasm and a sound confidence in his own abilities. To be a millionaire is his hope. He has a positive thirst for knowledge. Technical schools in the United States are always crowded. His desire is to get to college and ultimately one of the State Universities, which teach not merely ancient things and letters, but all manner of modern arts and sciences. Mr. Fraser repeats the stories of the students who work their way out as waiters, bath-chairmen, undertakers and iced drink sellers. He says:

"In great concerns well-educated young men will start at the lowest rung of the ladder. For instance, it is not unusual to find a University man acting as fireman on a great railway line. The University man argues to himself thus:—'Here I am with a good sound education. There are thousands of men above me who have nothing like the knowledge I possess. I will be a good fireman; then I will be a good driver; then I will get the post of overseer, and in time I will become president of the railway.'"

The economic value of youth is recognised in the United States:

"In America, more than in any other land, the merits of the young man are appreciated. It is not experience that counts so much with employers as enthusiasm, as enterprise, as resource, ingenuity, and unflagging energy. Elderly men are regarded as safe, but too fixed and conservative in their ideas, and lacking adaptiveness.

"It is wonderful to go through some of the great works in America and find the heads of departments are young fellows of twenty-four or twenty-six, being the directors of 3,000 and 4,000 and sometimes 10,000 men. They are not there because they are the sons of the employers. They possibly entered the works as sweepers, and by sheer ability have risen.

"Employers in America believe whole-heartedly in young men."

The Secret of American Success.

Also in the "Young Man" we find an interview with Mr. A. P. Hedges, managing director of Benson and Hedges, ardent Methodist, and Liberal candidate for the Tonbridge division of Kent. Mr. Hedges has a flourishing business in New York, which has rapidly developed into a great success. He says he does not find it necessary to use different methods in his American house from those in England, except in minor adaptations. He says, "I have a smart staff there, who are making the business a success, just as in this country our business has flourished because of brain as well as industry." Mr. Hedges thinks there is no need for us to be alarmed at the American invasion. It is a blessing in disguise. English commercial men feel obliged to exert an increased amount of energy and enterprise. The American commercial atmosphere is an exhilarating one for the business man. The workman, too, is encouraged to be inventive and original. English workmen in America soon add to their own solid English qualities the American "push," and so develop a fine working combination:

"'I think the main secret of the American success in commerce is that over there they give young men a chance,' Mr. Hedges continued, 'and trust them to do the best work when they are at the best period of their life. The responsible positions in American business houses are occupied by young men, whereas in this country it is customary to wait until a man has become bald before regarding him as competent to take responsibility.'"

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" tends every month to become more and more of a specialised Service and Church organ. This month it is the Church which prevails, the number opening with four articles on the crisis in the Church, etc. The proportion of titled contributors tends also to increase; we calculate that there are six titled writers in Mr. Knowles' review for every one in the "Fortnightly" or the "Contemporary." And this, not counting M.P.'s, C.B.'s, and all the rest of those who put their titles after their names instead of before them.

The only articles this month which we have dealt with separately are Mr. W. H. Mallock's on Mr. Myers' book, and Mr. Frederic Harrison's paper "From this World to the Next." Mr. John Macdonell, C.B., writes a solid article on "South American Republics," from which we have space only to quote the following words spoken by President Diaz, of Mexico, exactly seven years ago:

"Each of those republics ought, by means of a declaration like that of President Monroe, to proclaim that every attack on the part of a foreign Power, with the view of curtailing the territory or the independence of, or of altering the institutions of, any one of the republics of America, would be considered by the nation making the declaration as an attack upon itself, provided that the nation directly attacked or threatened in such manner bespoke the aid of the other nations opportunely. In this manner the doctrine now called by the name of Monroe would become the doctrine of America in the fullest sense of the word, and, though originating in the United States, would belong to the international law of the continent."

Mr. Somers Somerset has a short paper on the same subject, in which he anticipates that, Monroe Doctrine notwithstanding, South America will be to the European Powers in the present century what Africa was in the last.

The Shortest and Best Ghost Story.

Mr. Herbert Paul contributes one of his admirable literary articles, dealing with the novels of Thomas Love Peacock. From "Nightmare Abbey" he quotes what he calls the best and shortest ghost story in the English language. It is told by a clergyman, hence the opening sentence:

"I once saw a ghost myself, in my study, which is the last place where anyone but a ghost would look for me. I had not been into it for three months, and was going to consult Tillotson, when on opening the door I saw a venerable figure in a flannel dressing-gown sitting in my armchair and reading my Jeremy Taylor. It vanished in a moment, and so did I; and what it was or what it wanted I have never been able to ascertain."

Back to the Land.

Lady Warwick in a brief paper describes her experiences with a contingent of labourers brought from the Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh Farm for the purpose of carrying out some gardening alterations. Her experience justifies the experiment, and she suggests that:

"Several agriculturists might combine to pool their labour demands, and thus establish a small colony from Hadleigh in their neighbourhood. Such a colony, as I can testify, would be under good discipline, and well behaved. They are neither loafers nor drunkards, but respectable working-men. Employers who want labour need not bother themselves as to the precise religious or psychological means taken in making the wastrel a good worker. They will soon find out whether they can obtain what they want—men who can hoe and dig, and some of whom are skilled manual and farm labourers ready to work with a plough and reaper. The work at Hadleigh is not limited to farm labour. There is a brick-field which employs a number of men, and those who own brick-fields might also do worse than employ some of the Hadleigh brick-makers. In these ways the farm colony might be extended in various branches throughout the country.

Continental Duelling.

R. C. Bachofen von Echt describes "The Duel in Germany and Austria." The essence of the military duel he puts as follows:

"In Austria an officer who refuses a duel or does not challenge in the case of an insult, must leave the army with ignominy, and is degraded from his rank just in the same way as in Germany. But if he kills or wounds his adversary in a duel he is punished and imprisoned in a fortress.

"A striking illustration of the dilemma in which Austrian gentlemen may find themselves may be seen in the following episode. Mr. von O., who is a lawyer and an officer in the reserve, and who wrote some years ago a book against duelling, was recently prosecuted for having challenged another man to a duel. He was condemned to one month's ordinary imprisonment. He conducted his own defence, and pleaded in a splendid speech that, although he was an opponent of duelling, he was compelled to issue this challenge under pain of losing his military rank. The month's imprisonment, as we have seen, entails the loss of army rank; therefore, whether he challenged his insulter, or refrained from doing so, he was compelled to lose his rank as an officer in the reserve."

Other Articles.

Sir Alexander Miller writes on the Irish Land Laws, Mr. Keir Hardie on the Independent Labour Party, and Sir Robert Hunter on the Present Position of the Licensing Question.

The "Quiver" contains its usual quantum of readable matter. We note as especially interesting the account given in "Once a Tavern now a Sunday-school" of the way in which the public-houses of Birmingham are being converted into adult Sunday-schools:

"There are six of these beneficial agencies at work in the poorer districts of Birmingham, in addition to the ordinary early morning schools, and as opportunities arise to acquire suitable premises, on the expiration of the surrendered licences, the work will be enlarged, and by this means many a wilderness will be transformed into a fruitful garden."

The National Review.

The "National Review" for April contains no article of note, except, perhaps, Mr. Maxse's account of the Good Shepherd Convent and its infamies. Mr. H. J. C. Cust makes a Fourth Party attack upon Mr. Brodrick's Six Army Corps, which he attacks in principle and in detail. The First Corps is now without the organised cavalry brigade; there are only three of the five cavalry regiments required. In the Second Corps only two out of five cavalry regiments are forthcoming:

"Of the twenty-seven batteries, one horse battery is outside the district; the twenty-four field and heavy batteries, we are told, are available. Of the twenty-five battalions, six are outside the district.

"The Third Corps has the radical defect of being composed in part of Militia. It comprises three batteries of militia artillery, and three battalions which, under the existing system, cannot be called upon to fight outside the United Kingdom. Of the other three Corps we need not speak of any length. For all practical purposes they are composed of units drawn from the auxiliary forces, and have only a slight 'stiffening' of regulars."

France, England, and Siam.

Mr. Lionel Holland, in his article "Where Two Empires Meet," suggests the settlement of the Siamese question as follows:

"Our purpose would be attained were the guarantee of the Anglo-French Convention of 1896 so enlarged as to include the whole dominions of Siam. Thus France and England would mutually contract not to acquire any special privilege or advantage, nor to enter with an armed force without the consent of the other Power, within any part of the Siamese Kingdom. Such an extension over the whole of Siam of the guarantee of 1896 would imply little sacrifice on the side of Great Britain. The expansionists of Singapore would indeed be obliged to contract their day-dreams; and we might have to acquiesce in some infringement of the practical monopoly of trade which we enjoy in the Siamese dependencies of the Malay Peninsula."

The Stage: by an Actress.

Perhaps the most interesting article in the number for the general reader is Miss Ellaline Terriss' on "The Stage as a Profession." Like most people who have succeeded, Miss Terriss is convinced that if you have talent you will succeed. She warns the amateur against inferior "teachers of elocution":

"And the theatrical agent who puts the enthusiast on his books at a fee, and then sends them to some elocutionary friend to receive instruction—beware of him also."

The Labour Question Again.

Mr. F. D. P. Chaplin approves of Asiatic labour:

"To the Boer the Asiatic will do no harm. Nor will the native in any way suffer. Even if on the mines all natives were replaced by Asiatics the demand for labour would still be amply sufficient to provide occupation for all the natives obtainable. Nor, again, should the skilled workman have any cause of complaint, since it must be clearly one of the conditions regulating the importation of Asiatics that they are strictly limited to such work as is now performed by natives. As a class, indeed, the skilled workman will gain, since for every seven natives or Asiatics available one skilled white man can be profitably employed at a high rate of pay. The advent of 200,000 Chinese or Indians will, in fact, mean the advent of a white population of the very best class."

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for April is indifferent; there is nothing in it that calls for long notice, with the exception of the papers on Macedonia. The number opens with a violent attack by "S. C. G." on the Army articles lately published in the "Times," which the writer describes as "nebulous nonsense." There is not one suggestion worth having from one end to the other of these articles with regard to the Regular Army. As for the Auxiliary forces, he admits that the "Times" contributor is in the main right, and proposes to deal with the problem in a later article.

For Municipal Trading.

Mr. Robert Donald contributes one of his authoritative papers on "The Case for Municipal Trading." Dealing with the allegations of corruption, he points out that the opponents of municipal trading never see the taint of corruption in the presence of representatives of the drink trade on the town councils or the magisterial bench:

"Nor do we find the enemies of Municipal Trading condemning contractors who are found scamping work. They see no conflict of interest in the presence of councillors on the board of a local tramway or electric lighting company. In fact, the chief aim of a company which owns electric light, tramway, gas, or any other local service, is to induce members to take an interest in the concern or become directors. We find that the National Telephone Company has influential aldermen or councillors on its local boards in some towns, and the same system is practised by most other large companies, including the British Electric Traction Company, which, through its directors and officials, carries on an uncompromising attack on Municipal Trading."

The charge that municipal trading is carried on at a loss is shown by Mr. Donald to rest largely upon a confusion of ideas, the loss on baths (which are sanitary measures) and public works, which are not municipal trading, being set off against the profits on real municipal trading.

Church Views on Disestablishment.

The Ven. Oscar D. Watkins argues that Churchmen should make for Disestablishment:

"When disestablishment is carefully considered apart from disendowment, its terrors are but small. There would be no formal repudiation by the State of the faith of the Church, for there is no formal acceptance of it on the Statute book.

"But now we come to the crux. When disestablishment is pressed upon the Church by her enemies, what they mainly mean is disendowment, and on the subject of disendowment there is bound to be the gravest difference of opinion."

The income of the Church capitalised, he estimates, is £129,455,032:

"If the Church were to receive on disestablishment two-thirds of the ancient endowments, and the actual value of the recent benefactions, the figures would work out thus:

Two-thirds Capital Value of Ancient Endowments	£82,037,565
Actual Value of Benefactions since 1703	6,398,685
Total	£88,436,250"

The Natural Enemy.

"Patriæ quis Exul" writes on "Our Relations with Germany." His article is mainly an attack on the pro-German articles published lately in the "Empire Review":

"The German brain is a great asset in the world. Let us admire it for what it gives us. But, politically, let us beware of Germany. On few parts of the globe can she be of much use to us, whereas we are almost everywhere of great use to her. Till her fleet is ready Germany cannot do without us. And when it is ready she may 'do for us.' If we cannot come to terms with Russia we must rely upon ourselves, that is, upon our fleet, which must be invincible. But on Germany there can be no reliance. Her star is in the ascendant; in point of aggregate intelligence she is the most vital nation of the world; she is ambitious, envious, and overbearing. She is still in many ways half a century behind us. A study of inner Germany reveals a picture of extraordinary brilliancy, intellect, power, and endeavour compressed into a massive mediæval frame which seems strangely out of place and impairs the light. But in time the light will come, and Germans will be free men. We have much to learn from them even now, and have no reason to abuse them. Germany has nothing to give us; we can give her all. Her fate lies largely in our destiny."

The Kaiser on Christ and Himself.

If anyone takes the Kaiser and his theology seriously, he may read Professor Harnack's "The Kaiser on Christ and Revelation," translated from the "Preussische Jahrbucher." As we do not, we are content with citing Professor Harnack's testimony to the fact that the Kaiser actually does not claim to be infallible! "To the Professor's (Delitzsch's) convictions he accords absolute freedom." How kind of him!—

"There is no suspicion of authoritative decisions, the whole letter breathes the spirit of liberty. For the writer is alive to the fact that in matters so delicate and sacred there is no room for behests; and he further recognises that theology cannot shirk these questions, but that they must be threshed out most thoroughly, with courage and freedom. He hands them over to theological science.

"More fascinating still is the effect produced by the determination, the straightforwardness and the warmth with which the Kaiser takes up his position in the controversy. What he has written is his very own, comes from his heart. He sets it forth just as he thinks and feels it, and he has jotted it down like one who is giving an account of the matter to his own self, omitting none of the little tokens of his own feeling, of his own personal experience. He feels his soul is bound up in Christ, and he will not speak of religion without bearing witness to and praising Him."

Mr. G. Gale Thomas, in "Chambers' Journal," gives a very brief description of the Bloch Museum of Peace and War at Lucerne. He prefaces it with a short account of M. de Bloch himself. He was born of Jewish parents at Radom, in Russian Poland, in 1836. His youth was passed in very poor circumstances. When bookkeeper to Count Hotynski his abilities were noticed, and at the age of twenty-four he obtained the contract for building the St. Petersburg Railway, and made his fortune thereby. He founded a successful banking house, and soon had the administration of the whole network of railways from the Baltic to the Black Sea in his hands.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly" for April, although solid, is not more than an average number. It contains, however, the new instalment of Mr. Wells' "Mankind in the Making."

The Policy of the Kaiser.

A writer signing himself "Vates" is of opinion that the policy of the German Emperor is dominated almost entirely by his dread of what will happen when Francis Joseph dies, and by way of preparing for the inevitable he has made friends with the Sultan, he has courted the Magyars, and has practically secured the support of the Roumanians. He is now busy strengthening his fleet, for warships will probably be needed should Italy be disposed to insist upon adding Trieste and the Dalmatian littoral to the Italian Kingdom. The writer urges:

"As a matter of racial distribution, there is no doubt that the coast of Trieste is predominantly Italian. Therefore should a distribution and rearrangement of territory become inevitable, from every point of view it is right that our weight should be thrown into the scale of giving Trieste at least to Italy, and generally to assist her in the balancing."

Anti-Anthropocentricity.

Last month, Dr. Russel Wallace's astonishing revival of the theory that the universe was made for man, not man for the universe, sent the "Fortnightly Review" into three editions. Criticism naturally came from all quarters. But Dr. Wallace, we hear, has not yet had his last say on the subject, for he is at present engaged upon writing a book in which he will elaborate the thesis advanced in last month's article. Meantime Professor H. H. Turner, of Oxford, publishes a reply; and it must be admitted he puts a very different light upon Dr. Wallace's arguments. As regards the existence of life on other planets, Mr. Turner sums up Dr. Wallace's argument as follows:

"Life is impossible at the uttermost boundaries of the universe. Therefore it is only possible at the exact centre."

But even if we are at the centre of the universe, which Mr. Turner does not admit, he maintains that we are there only temporarily and accidentally. The solar system is moving through space at a rate which would take us to Sirius in 100,000 years, if we happened to be moving that way. In the 50 million or 100 million years during which this earth has been inhabited, we must have passed thousands of stars, and other stars must have held the position before. If the universe is as finite as Dr. Wallace argues, we should have traversed it from boundary to boundary in that time. Professor Turner, however, does not admit that the apparent thinning out of the stars at what Dr. Wallace considers the borders of the universe proves that the universe is finite. There are everywhere dark stars and dark nebulæ which obstruct light, and therefore the fact that no stars can be perceived beyond certain limits proves nothing. Finally, we are not even temporarily at the centre of the universe. The universe, as known, is like a saucepan—we may be at the centre of the bowl, but not at the centre of the bowl and handle taken together.

Military Old Age Pensions.

Mr. Sidney Low makes a novel suggestion which is not likely to be adopted. He wants at the same time to reform our Army and to solve the old-age pensions system. We should have a real professional Army,

long service, and a civilian reserve. The Reservist would be paid a small annual sum:

"But the real pecuniary compensation to the Reservist for his time and trouble would be of a much more important character. The feature of the scheme would be its intimate association with a National Old Age Pension Fund. Popular opinion demands the establishment of such a fund, and there is general agreement that it is in many ways desirable. But most of the projects which have been put forward have broken down owing to the difficulty of selecting the annuitants. To grant a pension to everybody, on attaining a certain age, would involve colossal and superfluous expense; to discriminate, on the ground either of poverty or of merit, is difficult, and might be impracticable, besides being somewhat unfair and highly invidious. But the Reserve would supply an easy, a workable, and a perfectly just method of selection. The Old Age Pension might be regarded as deferred pay for military service rendered in this force. Any man who had completed his term in the First and Second Reserves, and had obtained his papers of discharge, showing that he had passed the proper tests of efficiency, would be entitled, on attaining the age of sixy, to draw a weekly payment from the State for the remainder of his life."

Persons willing but physically unfit to go through this training would gain their pension by serving as regimental clerks, storekeepers, etc. The idea is ingenious. But it means universal service of a kind, or no universal Old Age Pensions.

A Critical Court of Honour.

Mr. William Archer—apropos we need not say of what—pleads for the trial of cases between captious critics and aggrieved authors before a Court of Honour:

"'How,' it might be asked, 'are litigious persons to be compelled to submit their grievances to this Board, which can possess no legal status or jurisdiction, rather than to the ordinary courts which have power to award and exact damages?' There can, of course, be no compulsion in the matter; but (always supposing the Board to have acquired prestige), we may be sure that a plaintiff who had refused to submit his case to its arbitration would come into the law-courts under a heavy handicap. Again, the award of the Board could have no binding power over a cantankerous complainant whose case had gone against him. It would still be open to him to carry his grievance into the law-courts. But who can doubt that he would think twice and three times about doing so, when it was known that a jury of experts, in which men of his own craft were adequately represented, had declared him to have no just ground of action?"

Other Articles.

We notice the Irish Land Bill paper and Professor Knight's article on Malta briefly elsewhere. There is a short poem by Mr. Yeats. Mr. Churton Collins writes to prove that Shakespeare was familiar with Greek tragedy. There is an article by Mr. W. Garrott Brown entitled "The Foe of Compromise," which is quite brilliant in its way, and it is written in remarkable, unconventionalised style very uncommon in monthly reviews. But we make no attempt to deal with it here. It is one of those papers which everyone ought to read and no one to summarise.

Mr. Paul Fountain, in "Longman's," describes the blow-pipe weapon, a magnified kind of the schoolboy's pluffer and dart, which is found only among the Guianan Indians, the Javanese and the Japanese.

The Westminster Review.

This excellent review ought to be better known. It often contains admirable articles which do not attract half the attention they deserve, and which they would receive if they appeared in the "Nineteenth Century." In the present number, for instance, there is Mr. St. Corbet's paper on "The Holocaust at Colney Hatch," which deals with a subject he has made his own. Karl Blind's protest against the cult of Germanophobia is also excellent, although as usual he spoils his dish by introducing the assafœtida of Russophobia with which he is saturated. A brief paper on why English literature is dying, first postulates the fact and then explains it, as follows:

"The appetite for sensation, the widespread and inane habit of reading only scraps and paragraphs, and avoiding like plague anything longer than half a column, point to a feeble power of concentration, a mental indolence or lassitude, whichever it may be, that are fatal to the existence of literature as an art. We read nowadays not to stimulate our thoughts, but 'to rest our minds,' to paralyse for the time our mental faculties. The students of present-day literature will recognise therein an admirable adaptation of means to ends."

There is an elaborate historical paper on Bishop Sprat, who played a not very heroic part at the time of the Revolution of 1688. The article on the position of women in Russia is noticed elsewhere. Dr. John Knott's paper on the medical knowledge of Shakespeare is an interesting contribution to the ever accumulating store of essays demonstrating the quasi-omniscience of our national poet.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Maga as usual contains some capital articles and some thrilling stories. The stories cannot be noticed here, nor the reviews. But special mention must be made of Mr. R. Wyon's description of Roman Catholic Albania. The future of Albania, he says, "is a problem of such magnitude that the Macedonian Question sinks into insignificance beside it."

An anonymous writer on Egypt exults in the thought that we shall never evacuate the country. He says: "The land which moved by centuries now flies by years. Lord Cromer's annual reports, admirable as they are, like all that great man touches, get out of date within a few months."

The writer of "Musings without Method" meditates upon the secrets of Mr. Chamberlain's popularity. He thinks Ministers are in a bad way, and declares: "We look to Mr. Chamberlain to restore to his bewildered colleagues their own confidence and the confidence of the nation."

Page's Magazine.

The April number contains several interesting articles. That on the new American Submarine has been noticed elsewhere. George W. Jackson describes the underground conduits of Chicago. The article is illustrated with several unique photographs. A conduit 6 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in. would only be large enough to accommodate cable for 25,000 telephones, and as 100,000 subscribers had to be provided for, new and larger conduits had to be made. The subject is, however, not approached

from a popular point of view. A short character sketch is given of Professor Ewing, of Cambridge. The vexed question of water-tube and cylindrical boilers is discussed, with the further researches of the Boiler Committee. The electrical Ore-Finding System is described. It seems to have achieved some very good results in Wales. The official report of Lieut.-Colonel Yorke to the Board of Trade on British and American Railway methods should be read by everyone interested in railway practice. His conclusions are given in full in the magazine.

The Empire Review.

The "Empire Review" for April contains a paper by Mr. C. S. Goldmann on the South African Labour Question, who suggests that free recruiting and improved conditions might solve the problem.

Where are the Americans?

Mr. C. de Thierry continues his article thus entitled, the object of which is to prove that the Americans are nowhere, and that most of their great men came from the United Kingdom or from the Continent. He gives a long list of distinguished "Americans" born outside the United States, and concludes:

"The United States has yet to prove that it has the staying power of a great people. The opportunity will be given it during the next ten years."

Cricket and Wicket.

The editor publishes a series of letters from County Captains and others on the vexed question of widening the wicket. All are in agreement that some reform is needed, but not all agree that widening the wicket is the needed cure. Mr. Findlay says that the change could do no harm and might do good; Mr. A. O. Jones approves of the proposal, Mr. Gilbert Jessop prefers a reform of the l.b.w. rule, Mr. Herbert Bainbridge thinks it would be better to keep the width of the bat down to regulation size; and Mr. J. R. Mason, while preferring no change at all, prefers widening the wicket to the proposed l.b.w. alteration.

The Engineering Magazine.

The April number is much more technical than usual. Mr. C. U. Carpenter contributes an article upon the Labour Problem which ably voices the general feeling that in future employer and employe must work more together. He says:

"Consider the actual questions that give rise to strikes, lockouts, and, following these, arbitration and conciliation committees. Consider the gist of the questions that these important bodies must investigate after the trouble has reached the point where, for the sake of the manufacturer, the workman, or the public, they must be called upon. Are not they the practical and fundamental questions of wages, hours, conditions under which men work, discharges, unreasonable demands, unjustifiable and unreasonable rules and practices, restrictions upon employment, limitation of output, etc.? Should we not begin at the lower end of the problem and provide some adequate means whereby the manufacturer and his men can come face to face and consider these questions and problems fairly and squarely before the matters get to such a serious issue as to render it necessary to call in outsiders to make a settlement?"

In other words, the time to stop trouble is before it begins. The second instalment on Dredging Machinery is given by A. W. Robinson. Mr. F. M. Kimball writes upon the application of the electric motor in industry. Mr. R. Buchanan contributes his fifth article upon Foundry Management, dealing this time with the cupola.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" for April, although it contains some interesting articles noticed elsewhere, is hardly quite up to the standard of some of its former numbers. The paper on Literary Geography deals with Scott's country. The first article in the magazine is chiefly made up with reproductions of sketches from Mr. Raven Hill's sketch-book at the recent Durbar. Mr. Edward Vicars describes how a bronze statue of Hermes was discovered last year in fragments, which have been carefully put together, with the result that we have one of the most beautiful statues in the world, which is destined to take as high a place among bronzes as does the Hermes of Praxiteles among marble statues of antiquity. The remains were discovered at the bottom of the sea near an island in the Levant, in a ship, which Mr. Vicars suggests was that which Sulla had loaded with plunder of Greek temples having been wrecked off Cape Malea. Mr. Bowen Rolands writes a gossipy paper concerning great criminal judges, in the course of which he says that at one time he wrote that Lord Russell of Killowen was the greatest judge the world had ever seen; but he adds that since he read "The Life of Lord Russell" he must admit that he was mistaken if the views therein published are correct.

The Burlington Magazine.

The "Burlington Magazine," the new art monthly, may be taken as one of a flood of similar publications which the success of the "Connoisseur" is likely to bring forth. It is a bulky but gorgeous production, published at the price of 2s. 6d.—we estimate just about enough to pay for the paper it is printed on—by the Savile Publishing Company, of New Burlington Street. The magazine is edited by Mr. Robert Dell, with the advice of a "Consultative Committee" of about forty persons, or enough to spoil the broth of half a dozen editors. The first number is attractive enough—for the art student—but not likely to attract the ordinary reader. It professes "the cultivation of an austere epicureanism, an attentive and rigorous weighing of valuables," etc., and protests against the pretty modernites which the uncultivated love. The illustrations, reproduced to perfection, are neither pretty nor modern; and they will attract two classes of persons—the person who loves and knows something about art, and the person who has neither qualification, but thinks the mediævalism, because it is often ugly, is necessarily artistic.

Good Words.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's Spanish romance goes bravely on. Sir R. Ball writes on the Scale of the Invisible Heavens. There is a pleasantly written account of an Irish dancing-school:

"During the winter months classes are formed in various village centres, the same master travelling round a large district. The ordinary course lasts one week and six lessons are given at a charge of twopence a lesson for each pupil. When the week is at an end, the master—unless the contract be renewed—goes on to the next village and begins his instructions anew. The class generally meets in the schoolhouse or in some cottage of more than ordinary dimensions, but the 'school' which I attended was held in a large barn, lent for the occasion by an indulgent landlord. The news that a dancing-school is being organised quickly spreads through the country-side. An ordinary dance in a London or Dublin ballroom is a much more noisy and indecorous affair than a Kerry or Limerick jig."

The London Quarterly Review.

The "London Quarterly" discusses "The Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ," the telephone question, and the evolution of a London slum in Bermondsey. There is an elaborate study of Eudæmonism, or the doctrine that the pursuit of happiness is the dominating principle of human life, an essay on Martineau and modern Unitarianism, some historical papers, and an interesting biological essay on growing old. The problem is to become senescent without becoming senile. To remain young till you are ninety is quite possible:

"Closer touch with nature, more open air, more change of environment, more versatility of function, more effort to secure the lines of activity that are organically most suitable and therefore most effective, less artificial stimulation, less 'pressing,' as golfers say, stricter avoidance of nerve-fatigue, more resolute cultivation of resting-habits, an effort to heighten the standard of vitality rather than an effort to prolong existence—such are some of the conditions of remaining young."

The World's Work.

The "World's Work" for April is a good number. It contains an article upon the cost of motor-car-ing by Mr. Henry Norman, noticed elsewhere. We also notice in "Wake Up!" the important paper on British Railways and American Methods. Perhaps the most interesting paper in the number is that on "The West Point Military Academy," which seems to present as sharp a contrast to Sandhurst as could be imagined:

"The cadet receives £112 a year pay. His only expense during the whole of his four years' course is £20, which has to be deposited for his outfit on first joining. There is no boy or young man in the land so poor that he cannot go to West Point. While there the Government clothes, feeds, and educates him, and then gives him a commission in the army. A sum is deducted from his pay towards buying his outfit as an officer. During the period he is a cadet he need not receive any funds from home—indeed, the authorities prefer that he should not. Except in extreme cases, cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course; as a rule, this leave is granted at the end of the first two years."

There are 465 cadets in the academy, and no less than sixty-nine professors and teachers, or one teacher to 6.7 cadets. This is a larger proportion of teachers than at Woolwich; but there are there seven departments of instruction, whereas there are ten at West Point. West Point, though it seems a more business-like institution than our own military colleges, is nevertheless well supplied with the amenities of adolescent life. It even has a "flirtation walk," depicted in a photograph of a young officer carrying a parasol side by side with a young lady with remarkably big hands.

The "World's Play" is this month devoted to Hunting; Its Value and its Future. Mr. Harry Spreckley writes on "Fish-farming in Scotland," describing the whole process from the collection of ova to the release of the "fingerlings" or fish 2½ inches long. The papers on Education are continued. Dr. Miller Maguire writes on Military Education. He quotes Lord Roberts to the effect that many of those who succeed in winning commissions cannot write their own language clearly enough for the transmission of orders:

"The average English public school produet of eighteen to twenty is at present the most hopelessly uneducated man of his age and rank in any civilised State, fit for no position of responsibility at home or abroad. If he enlisted he could not become a sergeant in any good corps without special preparation under an Army schoolmaster.

"Now what is the remedy? I suggest that there should be a thoroughly efficient and independent inspection of all public schools and private schools, and that all these should be compelled to comply with the requirements of the Government. The endowments of fashionable or unfashionable schools of proved incompetence should be devoted to their original purposes. This would soon effect a change for the better in general secondary education."

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who writes on "Scientific Education," is equally severe:

"The South Kensington Department of Science is probably the most costly, the most wasteful, and the most stupid of our educational shams. The syllabuses drafted by the mandarins of education for elementary certificates, advanced certificates, and certificates in honours in almost every conceivable subject, are mere schedules of facts to be doled out by teachers, and acquired by the pupils."

Foreign Reviews.

La Revue.

"La Revue" for March 1 opens with a budget of unpublished letters of Challemel-Lacour, and proceeds, somewhat unprofitably, to discuss whether or not divorce should be possible at the wish of one party. There is great divergence between the contributors to this symposium, and apparently few of the parties have any particular reasons for their opinions, beyond their personal sentiments. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu says that the proposal to allow divorce at the demand of one party would be to destroy marriage to the great injury of the wife and afterwards the children. On the other hand, M. Alfred Bruneau is quite positive that "liberty should be rendered to the innocent galley-slaves of bad marriages." Madame Alphonse Daudet retorts with "horror" at the suggestion, and M. Gossez has as his ideal "The Republic of Plato; love and union free."

The Rehabilitation of the Donkey.

M. Henri Coupin contributes an admirable article on the intelligence of domestic animals. He says that after

the dog the ass is the most intelligent of domestic animals; and the proof of this is that his confidence in the judgment of his master is very limited. The ass is superior to the horse in that he is capable of associating two ideas, comparing alternatives and deciding which is best for himself. He is even capable of showing his appreciation of music. An ass of Chartres was in the habit of paying visits to the Chateau of Guerville when ever music was going on. The lady who owned the chateau had an excellent voice, and whenever she began to sing, the ass used to approach the windows and listen with sustained attention. One day he even burst into the room in order to show his appreciation. The pig is another maligned animal, inasmuch as he is, when possible, one of the cleanest of animals. The pig will deliberately make his bed, fetching straw from outside his sty when possible. Pigs have been seen shaking apple trees in order to bring down fruit. Compared with the ass and the pig, the cow is a stupid beast, though bulls have on occasion been seen simulating death. Sheep are also among the non-intelligents, but like most stupid things they are susceptible of vanity. However, even the sheep in some things excels his owner, for while human beings prefer to fight their quarrels rather than arbitrate, an intelligent ram often prevents fighting among the other members of the flock, assuming, in M. Coupin's words, "the efficacious role of arbitrator, which he fulfilled, to the great joy of the flock."

A Socialist Symposium.

The second number of "La Revue" for March opens with Count Tolstoy's "Resurrection of Hell," which we notice elsewhere. The symposium deals with Socialism. Three questions were put to the contributors: (1) Do you recognise as the economic aim of Socialism the transformation of a capitalist society into a regime where property will become collective as regards means of exploitation, and will be individual only as regards objects of personal use? Replies received to this question were received from M. Vandervelde, Eugene Debs, Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Sidney Webb, all in the affirmative. (2) Do you think that the end can be achieved only by violence? To this question most answers were in the negative. (3) What should be the Socialist tactics in Parliament? On this question there is dissension.

Dr. Felix Regnault writes on Psychical Gymnastics, and insists upon the enormous power which the will, if exerted, may oppose to physical pain. The Indian fakir who drives long needles into his body without drawing blood suffers no pain as long as he exerts the will; but if he neglects to exert his will he suffers, and blood flows. The punishment inflicted among the Dervishes on thieves was amputation of the fore-arm, the stump being thrust into boiling oil in order to stop bleeding During these operations the faces of the victims were entirely impassive.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" for March contains several notable articles, among them being those by M. Pinon on Morocco, M. Bourdeau on the English Education Act, and M. Bertaux on the Sistine Chapel before Michael Angelo.

France's Catholic Protectorate.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu explains the dangers which, in his opinion, France runs from the persistent anti-clerical policy of the Combes Ministry. For it is not merely a question of domestic measure directed against monks and nuns; it vitally concerns France's foreign policy. The influence of France abroad has hitherto been powerfully supported by her traditional protectorate over Catholics both in the East and in the Far East. But obviously if the issue between the French Government and the Vatican were to amount to an open breach, this protectorate would be withdrawn from France. Whether it would be conferred on Germany is doubtful, though the Kaiser might make a strong bid for the succession. Italy, too, would like it, but would probably not be willing to pay the necessary price to the Vatican.

The Duchess of Portsmouth.

MM. Lemoine and Lichtenberger have collaborated in two articles dealing with Louise de Keroualle, that extraordinary woman who was created by Charles II. Duchess of Portsmonth—"the Protestant mistress," as she called herself, putting her head out of the carriage window when the London mob were saluting her with brickbats. The writers have had the advantage of seeing the Duke of Richmond's papers at Goodwood, together with certain unpublished muniments in France; with the result that they have produced a remarkable picture of this amazing woman and the part she played in the sordid politics of the period.

Other Articles.

Among other articles may be mentioned the continuation of M. Ernest Daudet's series on the Princesse Lieven, including her return to Paris from London; M. Benoist's editing of the correspondence of M. Thiers, covering the eventful period from May, 1871, to September, 1873; and the reminiscences of Comte de Mouy of that Delegation which conducted the foreign relations of France from Tours and Bordeaux in 1870 and 1871, during the siege of Paris.

The Nouvelle Revue.

The "Nouvelle Revue" tends to become more general in character every month. Perhaps the two most interesting articles are those which concern the London Unemployed and the Housing of the Poor Problem. The one entitled "The Unemployed" gives a careful analysis of the various Blue-books and other publications dealing with this terrible and distressing problem. The article is apparently written entirely from the point of view of proving the decadence of the British nation.

The Housing Problem in Europe.

Far more thoughtful and worthy of respect is the article concerning the housing of the working classes. The writer begins by giving some figures concerning the number of workers in Paris. In the French capital 256,000 families occupy only one room. Hitherto the State seems to have hardly made any attempt to deal with the problem of overcrowding, but many private firms have taken the matter in hand, and insist on seeing that their employes are properly lodged in salubrious and airy dwellings. Fourteen years ago was founded the "French Society of Cheap Dwellings," in other words a great building society, which has exercised a very salutary effect on the housing of the French working classes, and which has even been able to influence the passing of certain laws. Yet there are at the present moment in France 200,000 houses which have no windows, because, incredible as it may seem, there is still a French window and door tax! Following on this startling fact the writer describes at great

length, and very intelligently, all that has been done in England for the housing of the working classes during the last sixty years. He pays a high tribute to Port Sunlight, and to Mr. Cadbury's model villages. In Germany the housing of the working classes is only now beginning to attract attention. In Berlin hundreds of families inhabit only one room, and too often this room is situated in a dark and damp basement; some 100,000 workers live underground. The Krupp Works have set an excellent example, the workmen's colonies established in connection with the works being admirably built, and the rents being very moderate. The Prussian Government some few years ago attacked the problem in the mining district of Spandau. In Holland the State has also taken up the matter, and at the Hague the worker, whether man or woman, can hire a pleasant healthy room for the small sum of 2s. 6d. a week.

Two articles deal with French colonial matters, and both have apparently for object that of persuading the right class of French worker to emigrate to East Africa, and especially to Senegal.

Chinese Reform Propaganda.

Those interested in Chinese matters will find the account of the reformer Chang Chi Tung of value. This remarkable Chinaman is the head of what may be called the European Party in China. He would like to see his country really reformed, and he spreads his views by means of little pamphlets, printed at his own expense, and distributed by the million through the Celestial Empire. One of these pamphlets, entitled "Learn," drew down on him the violent enmity of the Dowager-Empress, and he was indeed at one time condemned to death; but now he has been restored to his former dignities, and he is Governor of two large provinces. The French writer analyses the most important of Chang Chi Tung's manifestoes; in it he has the courage to declare that his beloved country ought to imitate Japan, and it is his fervent wish to see the Chinese poor really educated; in fact, he goes so far as to say that there should be in China a hundred thousand free schools where those who are too poor to pay can hope to be educated for nothing.

The Revue de Paris.

The late Queen of Holland's most interesting letters to an unknown French correspondent, and M. Mangini's account of how Lyons deals with her consumptive poor, in this magazine, claim more than passing reference. British military readers will turn to a thoughtful article on the late South African War, viewed from a practical soldier's point of view.

Another article, by an anonymous writer, attempts to describe what should be France's navy in case of a conflict with England, and the present state of the French navy is regarded as deplorable.

Judith Gautier, continuing her recollections, gives a vivid word-picture of Gustave Dore, who, she declares, remained boyish to the end. "His childish-looking, pink and white face, his thin moustache, and long fair hair brushed off his forehead concealed a witty, vivacious personality. He loved practical jokes, and enjoyed nothing more than playing the clown."

Those who are never tired of reading about the Great Napoleon may learn something new of his many-sided personality in a curious paper dealing with his relations with the Council of State, for, as the writer truly says, it is a great mistake to think that Napoleon was never happy unless taking the field. He very much enjoyed what we should call a Cabinet Council, and those who were privileged to take part in these gatherings have put it on record that when dealing with those whom he trusted he was quite capable of taking advice, and of giving way even on a point which he had very much at heart. Some of his talk on these occasions is not without a certain native wit. As is well known, he was equally interested in the greatest as in the smallest matters, and when at one time it was suggested that every town should have a small prison, he observed: "Every inhabitant should make a point of seeing that the prison is comfortable and salubrious, for the day may come when he will be himself personally interested in the question." Concerning the wording of certain penal laws, he declared that "penal laws should be written in a lapidary style; they should be as concise as the Decalogue." Napoleon took the most fervent interest in everything that concerned religion; he was anxious to play in France the part played by Henry VIII. in England; that is, he desired to found a Gallican Church, and to destroy the power of the Papacy.

The German Magazines.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains a most interesting article by the Marquis de Nadaillac upon the martyrs of the North Pole. The nineteenth century closed with the expeditions of Greely, De Long, Jackson, Peary, Nansen, Andree, and the Duke of Abruzzi; and the prize of the greatest effort was a few more miles of ice-field conquered, and the attainment to the highest point yet reached, 83 deg. 33 min. 49 sec. North latitude. This was done by Captain Cagni, Abruzzi's lieutenant. Three men in his expedition were lost and never seen again. Andree's project was condemned by all the highest authorities as quite impossible, and the writer considers that after such a clear sign from heaven as was given by the continuous contrary winds during a whole year, Andree should have desisted. His two companions did do so; but he had so many offers to fill their places that he could pick and choose as he liked. It was said that an American newspaper offered him £4,000 to take one of its editors! Rumours of the discovery of the skeletons of the bold explorers were many, but none proved authentic. Sverdrup, however, seems to have achieved the greatest measure of success of all. He was captain of the "Fram" in Nansen's expedition. On that occasion, staying quietly on his ship, he penetrated almost as far North as did Nansen with fearful labour and privation. A second time he essayed to conquer the problem of the Pole in the "Fram." He solved many important problems. He upset the theory that there was no land between America and Asia by the discovery of three islands. Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, spoke enthusiastically of Sverdrup, but strongly deprecated the costly expeditions which the various nations sent out in rivalry without any system of co-operation. He considers future North Pole expeditions as worthless; useless for geographical purposes; useless from the naturalist's point of view.

Martyrs to the Pole.

Sverdrup ought perhaps not to be considered a martyr of the North Pole, as he had a well-built ship under him all the time. Peary has proved by far the most energetic and persistent of Arctic explorers. He took his wife with him on his first expedition, during which a

daughter was born to them. In all he made seven expeditions, and discovered that Greenland was an island. The latest pioneers do not deserve the name of martyrs. They go in well-appointed ships, with tenders to keep them supplied with food and every luxury—and do nothing. The Russians made a bold attempt to reach the Pole by means of the ice-breaker, the "Zermak," but it was a miserable failure. Two Danish expeditions did very good scientific work from the east side. They discovered a village full of skeletons. The men lying in the huts, the dogs at their feet, whilst the bones of bear and walrus round the huts showed that the gruesome sight was not caused by starvation, but by some sudden catastrophe. During last century 200 ships have perished in Arctic exploration, over six million pounds have been spent, and numberless lives have been lost—but the mystery of the Pole remains unsolved.

Indian Widow-Burning.

The "Deutsche Rundschau" contains many interesting articles this month. Richard Garbe writes upon widow-burning in India. Incidentally he pays tribute to the benefits which have come to India by means of British rule. Widow-burning was sternly repressed in 1829, those who officiated at the ceremonies being tried for murder. The last case of widow-burning was when three wives of the Maharajah Bahadur of Nepal were burned with his body in 1877. A most interesting account is given of the reasons for widow-burning and the way in which it is done. Of course, the underlying idea was always that the husband should have his wife to wait upon him after death as well as during life. Reading the article, one cannot help thinking that the fact that she must be burned alive with her husband largely discounted any risk he might run from a jealous wife. It is curious to find that the different wives used to quarrel as to who should have the honour of being consumed with the husband's body! The funeral pyre was soaked with oil, the wife being sometimes bound to the body, sometimes to a stake, and occasionally not at all. The son or nearest male relative lighted the pile, and then it was lit simultaneously all round. A fearful din was then set up to drown the screams of the wife, bundles of faggots were thrown on, and were held in place over the bodies by Brahmins with long bamboos. Utter callousness was shown for the agony of the burning woman, but the Brahmins were drenched with water to prevent any harm coming to them from the blazing fire! Besides this instructive article, the magazine contains the conclusion of Moltke's plan of operations against France for a war in 1859. The diary of a young lady at the Court in Berlin during the years 1805 and 1806 is brought to a conclusion, and the Memoirs of August Schneegans are continued.

The Dutch Magazines.

"Elsevier" has an entertaining article on dolls. Generally speaking, there is not much that is new in ancient dolls, but the writer contrives to say a good deal that is not generally known about old Dutch dolls, while the illustrations are as interesting as the text. The article is based on the exhibition of dolls and toys that took place in Amsterdam in January of this year, and it must have been a treat for grown-ups as well as for the little ones, judging from the description. Old dolls and new dolls, all were represented; there was the North Holland peasant woman; the lady of 1855, with skirts rather too short and other garments too long; the imitation Red Indians; a doll that belonged to the daughter of the great Huygens; another (with a movable head) that was the property of an estimable lady who played with it nearly two centuries ago; the model of a Venetian lace-maker; another of a Russian country house, with furniture and doll inhabitants, and other playthings too numerous to mention. Other contents of this magazine include a continuation of the sketch of Dutch social life in former days and a description of a country retreat built nearly two hundred years ago.

In "De Gids" there is an article by Dr. de Jong on the formation of our views and opinion about life and the world; it is a philosophical essay, dealing with the writings of Kant and others, and is a thoughtful paper. Dr. Byvanck continues his papers on "Poets," dealing this month (in his usual thorough style) with Henriette Roland Holst. There is a scientific paper on certain phenomena of light and magnetism, the outward manifestations of which are various apparitions or spectacles witnessed at sea.

"Vragen des Tijds" contains an article on State fire insurance. Insurance against fire is a necessity of modern times, yet there are many insurance companies which are not so solid as they should be, and this is a danger to the State; hence the State should take it up in some way or other, and thus put the business on a sound footing. There is something in this contention which may have more force in connection with some countries than in Great Britain. If a street or two of commercial houses were burnt down and the capital for rebuilding were not forthcoming, the result would be detrimental to an extent to the country, as it might force trade to other countries. Another interesting article is that on the defence of agriculture.

"Onze Eeuw" is full of good reading, including papers on the doctrine of Karl Marx and its origin, Wagner, the New Law of Workmen's Accidents, and Potgieter's Letters.

The Italian Reviews.

The interest in the Abbe Loisy's book, written, it will be remembered, in refutation of Professor Harnack's "Essence of Christianity," and withdrawn from circulation in deference to the condemnation by Cardinal Richard, finds expression in the Italian reviews, both the "Civilita Cattolica" and the "Nuova Parola" reviewing it from diametrically opposite standpoints. To the Jesuit "Civilita," Loisy's book—"L'Evangile et l'Eglise"—seems scarcely less acceptable than that of Harnack; it describes it as full of "manifest errors" and of statements contrary to the faith, and the author himself as having "gone over to the enemy, at least objectively." To the "Nuova Parola," on the other hand, the Abbe Loisy appears as "one of the most inspired and pious and cultivated priests in the ranks of the Church," and as worthy to rank, for genius and erudition, with St. Augustine and St. Thomas. His book, both for its erudition and its breadth of view, the writer regards as the most epoch-making volume of our time, but he is over-hasty in assuming that Rome has condemned it. So far it is only condemned in Paris, and the newly-organised Biblical Commission is actually engaged upon it.

The interest of the "Nuova Antologia" this month lies in its literary and artistic articles. Professor Chiappelli discusses the pros and cons of a proposition which is exciting artistic circles in Florence; whether, namely, a

copy of Michael Angelo's great statue of David should be placed in the original site in the Piazza della Signoria. G. Tarozzi draws out a long and elaborate contrast between the paganism of Nietzsche and the paganism of Carducci, wholly to the advantage of the latter. They hold in common their enthusiastic appreciation of ancient pagan forms, but their consciences have developed on diametrically opposite lines. A critical and biographical sketch is given of Alinda Brunamonti, poetess and art critic, who died in 1899. Believers in the higher education of women will be interested to learn that Signora Brunamonti's father, a professor at Perugia, was so disappointed at having no sons that he had his little daughter educated in all respects as though she were a boy. She was even dressed in boy's clothes until the age of eight. The result was to make her one of the most learned and accomplished women of her day.

The "Rivista Internazionale" continues to be one of the best of the Italian reviews for the serious discussion of social problems. In the February number the first place is given to a practical summary, from the pen of L. C. di Chiusano, of the difficulties of the housing of the working-classes in its moral, economic, and hygienic aspects. The author seems to favour municipal building and control.

The Scandinavian Magazines.

Brittany is suffering a severe famine owing to the failure of her sardine fishery, and the French papers are full of heartrending accounts of the bitter trials and privations of the unhappy victims. The Stockholm magazine, "Varia," gives in its February number a charmingly poetical description of Brittany's stoical sons of the sea and their characteristics. The article is written by a Swedish lady, recently returned from a sojourn amongst these interesting "loups de mer," and is illustrated with some extremely pretty photographs.

The nursing home in Drammen, Norway, which last month attained its twenty-fifth year, is sketched in "Nylande" (No. 5). The institution was founded on March 15, 1878, and was then confined to one small rented room, and the care of one little baby. Its foundress was a Miss Svenda Holst, a petted child of fortune, the daughter of a factory-owner named Svend Holst. She was a lively, much-feted, trouble-free young lady, greatly given to sporting amusements, a very unusual trait in those days. The death of an extremely dear young friend gave, however, a more serious turn to her thoughts, and opened her eyes to the many sorrows of life, and the evils that needed remedy. The Nursing Home appears to have been her first important philanthropic effort. A year after it was started, thirteen children had been taken charge of. The house became too small, and in the autumn of 1879 another was bought for the purpose by herself and a goldsmith (now dead) named O. Hoshre. Miss Holst then betook herself to Germany, there to study the subject of nursing-homes thoroughly. Meanwhile her family of other people's children went on increasingly fast, and in 1891 the present Home was bought—a fine, large, solid building, with healthy, airy rooms well adapted for their purpose. About 176 children have been cared for here, leaving at about the age of eleven.

The "Temple Magazine" for April contains three copiously illustrated articles of general interest. The first, "The Delight of Trying to be Somebody Else," will interest all those who go to fancy dress balls. The second, entitled "The Wreckmaster's Work," describes and illustrates, with the aid of some gruesome photographs, the way in which railway accidents are handled in the United States. The third tells all about Furs and how they are prepared for the market. In the fiction of the Magazine there is a horrible story of a man who created living monsters who were so detestable a brood of human wolves that he had to destroy them en bloc by blowing up his laboratory.

If, says Mr. S. Cornish Watkin in the "Treasury," photography is to be interesting and to possess permanent value, it makes two demands upon the photographer. First, a capacity for taking pains, and second, some measure at least of originality. He then proceeds to point to one branch of photography especially suited to amateurs—namely, photographing birds' nests. A stand camera must be used, as snap shots are impossible in the shady spots where nests do most abound, preferably a quarter-plate; a still day must be chosen, otherwise twigs and leaves surrounding the nest blur the finished picture. Blackbirds' and thrushes' nests are the best to start on. They are easily found and are near the ground. All sorts of ingenious devices have been resorted to in order to secure good results. Any photographer who obtains pictures anything like as good as those with which Mr. Watkins illustrates his article would have something worth being proud of.

The chief feature in the "Sunday Magazine" is the serial Life of Mr. Spurgeon, which is well written and copiously illustrated. It is sad, however, to learn that the famous preacher did not give out the hymn, after his wife presented him with twins:

> "Not more than others I deserve,
> But God hath given me more."

In the April number of the "Windsor Magazine" there are many interesting articles served up with a plentiful salad of fiction. Ian Maclaren tells a capital ghost story, which has probably some foundation in truth. There is an article on the Bible Society. Mr. E. E. Williams devotes the fifth chapter of his serial on the Waste of Public Money to Royal Commissions and Pensions. Another interesting paper is that which describes the Royal Waxworks in Westminster Abbey.

The "Century" for April contains an interesting illustrated paper by Mr. W. R. Merriam, Director of the Census, on "The Evolution of American Census-Taking." In the twelfth American census there were nearly 60,000 persons employed, nearly eight million schedules were received, 215 million cards were punched, and the cards were passed through the tabulating machine 619,000,000 times.

The "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution" contains a condensed translation of a very interesting historical paper written by Major-General Soboleff, giving a description of the campaigns which have been undertaken against India from the West and from Afghanistan.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

A STUDY OF RELIGION IN LONDON.*

In the essentially episcopal task of "looking after" the greatest city in the world, the functionaries engaged are many and various. There are the titular bishops of the Anglican and Roman communions, the presidents of Free Church Unions and Councils, the leaders of bodies like the Ragged School Union, the City Mission, and the Salvation Army, which permeate London. There are the Mayors, Lord Mayors and Chairman of the County Council, with their multitudinous staff of surveyors, inspectors and medical officers. There are the shepherds of the schools, the guardians of the poor, the commissioners of police. So one might go on enumerating the divisions and subdivisions of the civic hierarchy. Not with the ecclesiastical fraction of man is this vast metropolitan episcopate in its entirety concerned, but with the whole man, body and soul, individual and collective, public and private, in home and school, at work and play, in sickness and health, in life and in death; with humanity, in fact, as it lies, on every side and in every part, under the providence of God. But the system waits to be unified. The afferent nerves of supervision demand a central sensorium. The several overseerships themselves need overseeing. The bishops, ecclesiastical, municipal, educational, and industrial, want their archbishop. And now they have found him. Not, of course, in any official sense, but only the more truly and really because he holds no office, the author of this colossal work on London stands before us as summus episcopus of the metropolis.

The Visitation.

No other overlooker can for a moment vie with him in the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of his oversight. Mr. Charles Booth's "Inquiry" is an episcopal "visitation" without a parallel. He and his assistants have investigated the mammoth city district by district, street by street, often house by house. "Our plan of action," he says, "may be likened to a voyage of discovery. We have moved our camp from centre to centre all over London, remaining for weeks or even months in each spot in order to see as well as hear all we could." He has thus inspected and appraised almost every phase and interest of the civic whole. His explorations began in 1886, and for seventeen years the huge metropolis has been crystallising in his mind. His single brain holds more of London than is found under any other human skull-cap. He is the unification of London.

The Man.

The work has been carried on with scientific unobtrusiveness. This unmitred shepherd of the metropolis did not strive or cry or cause his voice to be heard in the streets. One of the most potent personalities of the time, he has shunned notoriety. Yet, when he does emerge in public he seems to carry all before him. In seven conferences, held in the chief industrial centres of Great Britain, he gathered into absolute unanimity all schools and parties in the Labour world on the subject of Old Age Pensions for all, and created the National Committee of Organised Labour for the achievement of that end. Five weeks before the last County Council election he announced what he considered the first step in housing reform—a much more drastic step than either party had seriously proposed—won for it the support of both parties, and secured the written adhesion of exactly one-half the new Council. It is his demand which the Royal Commission on London Transit has been appointed and instructed to inquire into. He seems to fuse men's minds into effective agreement by the electric intensity and lucidity of his argument. Party prejudice vanishes at the touch of his science. He charms men by his generous temper, his quick humour, and even more by his unaffected humility. The rapidity of his working and his singular versatility are simply astounding. People can hardly believe that this philanthropist, statistician, social agitator, and voluminous author only devotes his leisure time to these exacting pursuits. His regular calling is that of a business man. He is the chief managing partner in the great shipping firm of Booth Brothers, of Liverpool, and frequently crosses the Atlantic in furtherance of its interests. Only recently he had to fight the battle of his firm against the great Atlantic "combine." He fought —and he won.

Founder of a New Science.

And it is this man, in the very thick of the most absorbing conflicts of commerce, who has

*"Life and Labour of the People in London." By Charles Booth. First series, "Poverty," 4 vols. (new edition); second series, "Industry," 5 vols. (new edition) in the press; third series (now first published), "Religious Influences," 7 vols. Price, 5s. per volume net (each volume sold separately); 30s. for the seven volumes of third series. (Macmillan.)

founded the Science of Cities. Men of thought have long loved to play with cities in the air. From Plato down to Comte they have spun out their dreams of an urban paradise. But a *science* of cities is a new thing: and it was born, not in academic groves or philosophic porticos, but in the brain of an active shipping merchant. It is characteristic of Mr. Booth's quiet audacity that he made his first essay on the greatest city in the world. The first-fruits of this colossal experiment were published in two volumes in 1889. The world has thus been familiar with his methods of inquiry and of stating his results for fourteen years. They have never been seriously impugned. They have, on the contrary, been accepted as the standard of urban investigation on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has applied the same principles in exploring the poverty of York, and private enterprise promises to follow the same lines of inquiry in regard to Sheffield. This is an age of great cities, and the practical value of a scientific study of their growth and tendencies is simply incalculable. It has almost immediately become apparent. And the conscience of the country has been roused by the terrible presumption derived from London and York, that one out of every three or four human beings in Great Britain has not enough food, clothing, or house-room to maintain even animal efficiency. The new science has won the popular ear, as well as the erudite judgment which made its founder Doctor of Science at Cambridge, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

How the Book Grew.

The publication of results, which began in 1889, reaches its completory stage this spring. The entire work, which it has taken the author seventeen years to produce, is now appearing in as many volumes. There is a new and revised edition of the four volumes on the "Poverty," and the revised version of the five volumes on the "Industry" of London is now in the press.

An Inevitable Sequel.

But he felt that he could not leave his task without taking a survey of "other social influences which form part of the very structure of life." Philanthropy, local government, police, housing, health, drink, prostitution, crime, marriage, and thrift—all claimed attention, but more than any of these, Religion. So Mr. Booth set himself to inquire into these interests, and the result of his researches is given in seven volumes, now published for the first time. The title "Religious Influences" and the number of volumes suggest the immense importance which the author ascribes to this subject. He speaks of reserve in religion as a national quality, and he is himself in this, as in other respects, English to the backbone. Yet though carefully avoiding any dogmatic or sectarian confession, he leaves everywhere upon the reader the impression of a profoundly religious soul.

The volumes before us are veritably sociology in edition de luxe. The binding is in white vellum with gilt lettering; the pages, smooth at the top, are delightfully rough-edged at side and foot; the coloured maps are inserted in convenient sections; the whole is strongly and durably bound. Every facility is given for reference in "illustrations," synopses, and transparent classifications. The price of five shillings a volume is obviously nominal. Directly, as well as indirectly, this great work is a gift to the world.

The General Plan.

Mr. Booth himself describes the general scheme of the book as follows:

> Beginning with London north of the Thames, in the far Eastern corner at the Isle of Dogs, we proceed along the metropolitan boundary by way of Poplar, Bromley, Bow, and Hackney to Islington, St. Pancras, Maida Vale and Hampstead. The whole of this outer ring has been built up within the memory of men still living. Within, between it and the City boundary, lies another ring, an "inner ring," and to this our inquiry is next directed. Here old purposes and needs have given way to new, and destruction and rebuilding go on apace. Then the West Central district follows, after which the City and Westminster lead us to the true West end of wealth with its rapidly filling hinterland at Hammersmith and Fulham. Crossing the river to the South side, and beginning with the inner and riverside parts, we then trace the extension of London southward over outer and outermost rings of population, stretching from Rockhampton on the extreme West to Eltham on the extreme East.—(Vol. i., pp. 5-6.)

The One Great Black Fact.

Having seen something of the status and methods of our archbishop, and having traced his tour of visitation, we are now ready to hear his "charge" to the many-named and many-functioned overseers in his diocese. For these seven volumes do actually constitute such a charge. They present the completest picture yet given of the religious life of London, and give a very kindly but also very faithful criticism of the persons and policies responsible. It is the picture presented which will make the deepest impression, and will carry with it the heaviest condemnation. It confirms the worst conclusions suggested by the current religious census of the "Daily News." Be it remembered that London is not merely one town among many. It is, in numbers alone, a nation. It is, moreover, the capital of British Christendom—the headquarters of all the Churches and of all the great religious organisations, the recognised base of the principal missionary efforts of Evangelical religion. It contains combined the

ruling factors of our Christian civilisation on all its sides, save, perhaps, its Art. Yet what is the upshot of Mr. Booth's investigations, carried on for seventeen years, in this capital and concentration of British Christendom? Simply this, that so far as connection with religious organisations is concerned, the great mass of the people have no religion. Judged by conventional tests, London is an overwhelmingly godless city. The first volume, in dealing with the outer East, confronts us with the statement:

The mass of the people make no profession of faith and take no interest in religious observances. They attend no place of worship.

And in the seventh volume Mr. Booth sums up with the appalling generalisation:

The great section of the population, which passes by the name of the working classes, lying socially between the lower middle class and the "poor," remains, as a whole, outside of all the religious bodies, whether organised as churches or as missions; and as those of them who do join any church become almost indistinguishable from the class with which they then mix, the change which has really come about is not so much *of* as *out of* the class to which they have belonged.

Mammon's Monopoly.

Mr. Booth colours his maps to mark the economic grade of the streets or houses delineated. Yellow means "wealthy"; red "well to do"; pink "working-class comfort"; purple "mixed with poverty"; light blue "ordinary poverty"; dark blue "very poor"; black "the lowest grade." And Mr. Booth can say:

The palpable distinctions are those of means. Fashionable and "yellow" districts secure, at the least, prosperous churches and large morning congregations on Sunday. For the rest, where the streets are "red" we find a vigorous middle-class religious development combined with active social life. Where "pink" there is, as regards organised religion, a comparative blank. Where "blue" we have the missions, and step by step as it deepens to black the more hopeless becomes the task. From these broad conclusions there is no escape.

"A Question of Social Standing."

Mr. Booth quotes the testimony of two clergymen in South London to the effect that "church-going is almost entirely a question of social standing. A certain class will come to church provided you do not positively repel them; while another class cannot be induced to come at all." And here is Mr. Booth's own judicial verdict:

The churches have come to be regarded as the resorts of the well-to-do and of those who are willing to accept the charity and patronage of people better off than themselves. It is felt that the tone of the services, especially in the Church of England, is opposed to the idea of advancement. . . . The spirit of self-sacrifice inculcated in theory is not observed among, or believed to be practised by, the members of these churches in any particular degree, and this inconsistency is very critically and severely judged.

The working-classes consequently stand stiffly aloof.

The Churches and the Poor.

But what of the "blue" districts, peopled by the poor—those for whom, above all others, the Nazarene Gospel was designed? Organised religion has not been unmindful of these; it has planted among them missions almost as many as there are public-houses; and with what result? Mr. Booth speaks, as a rule, in the highest terms of religious workers among the poor. He acknowledges their pure aims and their heroic zeal. He recognises that the mothers' meetings, which are generally very popular, supply a real religious need. The children of the poor crowd the Sunday-schools. A few men may here and there be brought in. But the main success of the missions, even of the Salvation Army, lies, Mr. Booth reiterates frequently, in their reflex action on the groups of workers, in eliciting their self-sacrifice, in deepening their faith, and in compacting their fellowship. The great masses of humanity around are alienated or unconcerned. Even where great crowds are drawn they are mostly church-goers of the usual class, who come from a distance, not the poverty-stricken neighbours; or the interest aroused is not genuinely religious. Medical missions Mr. Booth pronounces to be, as a means of propaganda, "absolutely futile." Good is undoubtedly done of a social and humanising kind by clubs, thrift agencies, and the like. But in this direction, Mr. Booth declares, the day schools have done far more service to the poor than the churches or missions. The schools, rather than the religious agencies, fill him with hope.

Mr. Booth avers, it is true, that "the average working man of to-day thinks more of his rights or of his wrongs than of his duties and his failures to perform them. Humility and the consciousness of sin, and the attitude of worship, are perhaps not natural to him."

Labour and Religion.

Mr. Booth says:

What the classes above seek in religion is its support; what the working-man fights shy of is its discipline. Working-men have a far more exacting conception of its ethical obligations. They expect a religious man to make his life square with his opinions.

They are quick to denounce as hypocrites those who are less scrupulous.

But they are also ready to respect and to follow (though not to church) religious men whom they believe to be genuine. Mr. Booth remarks that their most trusted leaders have not infrequently been religious men. He adduces the parallel fact:

The success at the polls, whether for Boards of Guardians, Borough Councils, or the School Board, of

men and women who in the name of religion are giving their lives to the service of the people, is one of the noteworthy facts in democratic rule.

Such a Christian worker "sits as Mayor of Southwark to-day." Mr. Booth, again, bears witness to the readily verifiable fact that of all subjects for discussion in parks and public places, religious subjects are most popular; and neither interest nor intelligence is lacking. "But neither interest nor intelligence leads to public worship." The outstanding facts of metropolitan life have left a stiff deposit of repugnance, which has hardened into habit and tradition.

Mr. Booth quotes the opinion of a thoughtful layman long and closely acquainted with them, who said, "Among working men a kind of sublimated trades unionism is the most prevalent Gospel; a vague bias towards that which is believed to be good for one's fellow-man."

From the collective impression left by the book we may now pass to see how our kindly but critical Metropolitan deals with the particular phases and forms of London religion. All classes and churches are brought to book, and have sentence passed upon them. Many of his judgments are certain to produce a storm of angry resentment.

The Roman Catholics.

Like most people who have compared the Churches, Mr. Booth is deeply impressed with Catholic superiority in powers of adaptation and concentration. He says:

Their exercise extends from high statecraft, through the whole range of appeal to intellect and emotion which constitutes "the propaganda" in England, down to every form of guidance and control that can be exercised in the interest of religion upon men and women of all conditions, the whole system being carried to a degree of perfection and stamped with a thoroughness which make all the Protestant methods seem pinchbeck in comparison.—(Vol. vii., p. 241.)

The reality of the power of the Church of Rome is as remarkable with the cultivated classes as with the rougher, with the educated as well as with the ignorant, with those who have all worldly advantages no less than with those who have none. For poor and rich alike, their religion seems to be their greatest possession. True religion, wherever met, brings with it this equality before God. Among those of rank, wealth and fashion, whether hereditary Catholics or newly-won converts, their faith enters into, and, I think, governs, their lives to a degree rare among Protestants.—(Vol. vii., p. 249.)

Though only reckoned by themselves as numbering in London about 200,000, the Catholics form one religious force, and so stand out as one of the greatest religious influences. "By far the greatest effort" of the Catholics "is devoted to the elementary schools, in the main with success." But with all his fairness, our author remains emphatically Protestant. "The conversion of England to Roman Catholicism is a chimerical dream."

"The Church of the Middle Classes."

"The Congregationalist Church," says Mr. Booth, "is, more than any other Church, the Church of the middle classes, its membership being practically confined within the limits of the upper and lower sections of those included under that comprehensive title."

Of the Congregationalists in the prosperous middle-class suburbs, Mr. Booth gives a very sunny picture, by far the sunniest of any in his book. He says:

With them prosperity and religion go hand in hand. This they readily recognise, thanking God for His good gifts, and praying that they may use them rightly for their own advantage and that of others. There is no trace of sourness or severity in their theories of life. Pleasure is not tabooed. The young are trusted and encouraged. Happiness is directly aimed at, but is associated with the performance of duty: duty to themselves and to each other, and in various ways to the world around. Their pastors preach this ideal and boldly act up to it. They use their churches without hesitation for any purpose which is not actually irreligious. Concerts, popular lectures, debates on social or political questions; all find a place. Even on Sunday, in special services, they do not hesitate to combine the mundane with the spiritual. All may be done to the glory of God; but the immediate object is the brightening and deepening and widening of human lives. It is not by individual units according to High Church methods, nor as a concourse of strangers, as with the large Evangelical Mission services, but in the main as families that their people are handled and held. Such work may be thought to fail, if the saving of souls by the preaching of Christ be the ultimate aim, but it is undoubtedly a wholesome and lasting influence for good.—(Vol. i., p. 122.)

But this confident brightness, Mr. Booth goes on to urge, may be bought at the expense of deeper things. To begin with, it is represented as succeeding only where there is a prosperous middle class. In the most crowded district of London, Congregationalists are said to have ceased to exist. They "are far more absolutely limited by class than either Baptists or Wesleyans." Mr. Booth says:

That which I have described is a very efficient religious system, applicable where there are no insurmountable differences of class or of education. But beyond this limitation it has its faults, of which the chief is that, beyond self-confidence, it is apt to engender a spirit of self-satisfaction. We have not here the overpowering sense of unworthiness which seeks God in humiliation and prostration of soul, and finds support in the ordinances of His Church, nor the spiritual struggles of a sinful nature conscious of its need for regeneration and finding it in the power of faith and in abandonment of the will to the immediate inspiration of God; nor is there here the humility of intellectual doubt that has learnt to live in semi or even total darkness with abiding faith.

In doctrine the tendency, on the whole, is towards unorthodoxy; interpreting the belief in Christ, not primarily as that which involves faith in the great sacrifice of a risen Saviour, but rather as the acceptance of an ideal affecting human life and human rela-

tionships, which may be described as "Christian humanitarianism."

Their churches are, he says, "the most complete and successful religious organisations in North London."

Baptist Virility.

For the Baptists Mr. Booth evidently cherishes a high regard. Their views are, he grants, somewhat austere. "Hell plays fully as great a part as Heaven"; pleasure is distrusted; the Evil One is a personal reality. "The Baptist community is virile beyond any other Christian body."

They are more successful with the working-classes than are the Congregationalists; they are more successful in South London than any other religious body; yet even so the mass of working-people remains untouched. He adds:

With this faith, too, there is concurrent evil. As the attitude of the Congregationalists leads to self-sufficiency, so that of the Baptists brings with it a too obtrusive piety, and so provides the material out of which hypocrisy contrives her hateful cloak.

Nevertheless—

Whether taken individually or collectively, the Baptist Churches are a great spiritual force in London, and the religious influence they exert is very deep.—(Vol. vii., pp. 124-128.)

Wesleyan "Economy of Truth."

It is when Mr. Booth comes to deal with the Wesleyans that "the fur begins to fly." "The Wesleyan body is indeed at bottom a country organisation," suited for village groups rather than city swarms. But he also grants that "the Wesleyan system provides all the machinery that is needed for a National Church," and perhaps for that reason they approach the Establishment more closely than do other Nonconformists. He bears witness to their abounding enthusiasm. "But," he proceeds:

With all this energy, activity, enthusiasm, and zeal, there is something hollow, unsatisfactory and unreal about Wesleyanism as a religious influence which I find it difficult to put into words. I have said that the hard work and self-confidence of Congregationalists led to self-sufficiency, and the deep religious convictions of the Baptists to an obtrusiveness of piety which favoured cant; so the enthusiasm and overwrought emotions of the Wesleyans produce a false atmosphere of exaggerated language. Reports are set in a high key in order to get money. . . . This economy of truth is practised by others also, and exaggeration in order to obtain money is carried further by some of the undenominational missions; but in self-deception the Wesleyans have no equals, and this it is that seems to me to undermine the value of much of their work, whether among their own people or among the poor. Yet the scope of that work is great, and for perfection of organisation it is unrivalled.

The West London Mission.

Of the movement for ever associated with the name of the late Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. Booth has much to say in appreciation, but with serious qualifications:

It is the peculiarity of this latest development of the Wesleyans that all the methods and aspirations I have referred to are in it reflected and find a place. . . . . Yet with this, as with other religious efforts in London, there is a certain measure of delusion which is not without danger. The work does not, in fact, fill the role which it claims to fill, does not accomplish that which it set out to do. Read the reports. They paint a picture of poverty and misery, of depravity and sin. In its midst, and to deal with it, the mission church is planted; but the crowds who fill St. James' Hall come to no great extent from those residing in the neighbourhood. Some of the young men and women employed in the great shops may be attracted; but the poor are not seen there, nor the depraved, nor those who have been lifted out of those conditions. The bulk of those who come find in the service an agreeable Sunday pastime, a pleasant change from attendance at less lively places of worship. The influence of this pulpit may be of very great importance, but it does very little for the spiritual destitution of West Central London. It raises a flag, it rouses public opinion, and it enlists workers as well as sympathisers; it stimulates missionary zeal. All this is excellent, but bears much the same relation to the actual work projected as a teachers' guild bears to elementary education.—(Vol. ii., pp. 190-195.)

Where the Salvation Army Failed.

Of all the Evangelical missions, Mr. Booth declares that "for earnest faith, strenuous work, and real self-sacrifice for the good of others, the Salvation Army stands first." He distinguishes three aspects of the Army. (1) As a Gospel mission. He says:

Of the genuineness and honesty of the attempt there can be no question. Moreover, the mark was hit. The Army has been entirely successful in bringing the Gospel of Salvation freshly and simply to the notice of all, and especially to the notice of the classes standing aloof. This being so, it becomes the more remarkable that, as regards spreading the Gospel in London in any broad measure, the movement has altogether failed. . . . The greater number of its adherents are found amongst religious, or naturally religious-minded people, but there are others who are genuine converts—drunkards reclaimed, or sinners startled out of self-complacency.

But he reports that in their open-air work, "if anything attracts, it is the music. Very seldom have the spoken words either life or power." They are almost as ineffectual as the repetitions of a megaphone.

(2) As a religious community apart, "sustained by the ceaseless" but often fruitless "fighting for souls," Mr. Booth considers the Army a success:

The main merit of the Army lies not in conversions, but in the large number of people it has bound together by new ties, whose faith it has strengthened and whom it has set diligently to work for the social and religious welfare of the world.

(3) The social work of the Army is a growing development, and only excites doubt in Mr. Booth's mind on the score of the charitably cheapened

shelters, which may attract and facilitate the evil life they are meant to help. But he hopes the practical good sense of the Army will in time learn how to obviate harm:

The rest of the work is good, and not the less so, if terribly disheartening. Whether in the shelters, or the elevators, or at the Farm, or at the slum posts, or wherever they touch the lowest and the lost, their work is redeemed and glorified by the spirit in which is undertaken.

Some Minor Sects.

The Primitive Methodists are spoken of with much respect, as having "no class feeling at all," "nothing sensational in their methods, or imposing about the work they do." "Apart from the Sunday-schools, it is practically confined to the satisfaction of the religious needs of small groups of simple-minded people who were born Methodists." The Presbyterians are said to occupy a level of intelligence and culture above the other Nonconformists and, "I should say, above the average of the Church of England." Their evidence is of value to us as "intelligent onlookers." Their religious influence in London is "as an invigorating breeze from the North."

Of the Unitarians Mr. Booth remarks:

It does seem as though the Unitarian view of the spiritual world in its relation to men awoke little response in the human soul, comparing in this respect unfavourably with even the most extravagant assertions of any African medicine man.

The great contribution of the Society of Friends to the life of the people is declared to be "the adult school, which is, in fact, not a school at all, but a social and religious organisation of the most democratic type." The Ethical Churches "fail to touch the imagination." The "strange realism" of the Christian Scientists, "so far from making material things spiritual, succeeds only in giving to spiritual things a materialistic flavour." Mr. Booth does not deal with the Jews as a religious influence, because "in religion as well as in race they remain apart": they concern their own people only. He says of their invasion in the East End: "We need not fear to admit the Jews, so long as they do not come too fast or concentrate too solidly for assimilation." They actually "improve the character of the worst streets when they get in."

"Our Illogical National Church."

The Church of England is divided by Mr. Booth into Churches of five distinct types—High, Low, Broad, "essentially Individual," and "essentially Parochial or Central." These last admit nothing extreme, and are "the best representatives of our much-loved illogical National Church." With the rich they have a seemingly easy task. But "as a pervading spiritual force, capable of uplifting the mass of its adherents, the Church of England fails even among the rich." Their attendance is chiefly dictated by fashion. In mixed parishes of rich and poor, failure is more usual than success. In parishes all poor the High Church is most successful, but draws its congregations not from the neighbourhood in which it works. In parishes almost entirely occupied by regular wage-earners "all branches of the Church of England fail alike." In the middle-class districts the Church makes fair headway, but is behind the Nonconformists, and only succeeds by adopting Congregationalist methods. Mr. Booth hits off the characteristics of the three historic divisions by dubbing the High Church energetic, the Low slow, the Broad slack. Passing to the doctrine of the Church of England, Mr. Booth says of the High Church position "the idea that on these lines the world of men could ever be saved is utterly untenable." He even dares to add, "If all those who reject this road will be lost, then will most of us inevitably suffer that fate." Evangelicalism has resulted in "a blindly self-satisfied piety, hiding its head in the sand, narrow in its sympathies, entirely out of touch with life . . . lacking the power to move anyone." The Broad Church influences intellect rather than religious feeling. The Churches most parochial are most successful.

Anglican Arrogance "Ridiculous."

With the intolerant exclusiveness often connected with the Establishment Mr. Booth has evidently no patience. He says:

When the general failure of the Church of England to touch more than a fringe of the people is taken into account, the attitude of exclusiveness and the feeling of resentment at "intrusion" which are often found become somewhat ridiculous. . . . Theoretically, the masses of the people may perhaps be regarded as belonging to the Church of England, but in practice only a small minority do so. . . The unwillingness to recognise a wide field for the efforts of other branches of the Christian Church is a relic of medievalism, involving the assumption of a catholicity of observance and uniformity of opinion that are non-existent. It is a matter in which common sense overrides logic. —(Vol. vii., p. 5.)

Why Not Mother Church of All the English?

Speaking of the relation of the various religious bodies to each other, Mr. Booth says:

The main trouble lies between the Established Church and those who cannot submit to her authority and pretensions. To her the complaints mainly apply, and hers is the opportunity to rise above sectional ideas and assume the leadership. I do not hesitate to affirm that in London it lies neglected at her feet. To attain it, doctrinal authority which she is powerless to wield, and medieval pretensions which may well be left to Rome, must, indeed, be abandoned. It would be a new departure, I grant; but no new organisation is required. To give to others their place would be to fill her own, and this not in London only, but as

the Mother Church of all the English-speaking nations.—(Vol. vii., p. 421.)

How to Use the City Churches.

The fifty-four Anglican churches in the City, at present all but useless, ought not, in Mr. Booth's judgment, to be sold, and the proceeds used for church extension in the suburbs. "They were never more required than now; they offer a notable opportunity." He advances "a suggestion" and gives great prominence to it. No better field for the more social side of religion could be found than that which lies at the door of the City churches:

It is here, more than anywhere, religion must turn its attention to week-day applications and week-day opportunities. If in other places it is admissible to hold that "everything is religious which is not irreligious"; if it is ever right to use church buildings for secular purposes, it is so in the City of London.

For the social and educational purposes I have in mind, which would include music and lectures and conferences, the evening hours would be the natural time. Minor and detached examples of what is suggested are already found in the choral and literary societies which may be connected with any church, and are not unknown even in the City itself; but as adopted for the city as a whole, they would have to be arranged on a more thoughtful, a more carefully co-ordinated, and a nobler plan. The object would be to offer to the great community which meets daily in the City of London something which, without being definitely religion or exactly education, would be an awakening and refining influence; good in itself, and a stimulus to mind and spirit, from which both religion and education would profit.

Mr. Booth points out that Wren's style of architecture, which almost exclusively prevails in City churches, is more adapted for social than for purely religious uses, and savours more of the civic temple than of the House of God. He adds:

To direct this undertaking there might be, I think, a council upon which the City Corporation, the City Companies and Guilds, the trustees of the City parochial charities, and some other bodies would be represented, in addition to all the City parishes and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.—(Vol. vii., pp. 52-54.)

Sufficient has been said and quoted to give a general idea of the book, its contents, its spirit, its style, and the impression it may be expected to create. It will certainly arouse fierce criticism and prolonged controversy. In so vast a survey some points are inevitably vulnerable, and will readily be fastened on. But the work will abide—a noble contribution to the social story of mankind. What would the world not give for a picture similarly complete of Athens under Pericles or of Rome under Augustus? Its more immediate value will compel instant recognition. No clergyman, missioner, settlement worker ought to be without it, or at least without the volume dealing with his district. It should find a prominent place in the pastoral theology taught in divinity schools. And if only charitable ladies could be compelled to read it, the sum of pauperised misery might be less.

F. H. S.

A Clever Journal for Australasian Women.

The new Australasian women's journal, "The New Idea," improves with every issue. The number for May brims over with good things of peculiar interest to Australasian women-folk. In addition to some fifty pages devoted to every department of fashions, housekeeping, and home interests, several special articles appear. Lady McEacharn, who has just returned from visiting Japan, gives her impressions of Japanese women and children. Miss Helen Davis continues her experiences as a factory worker. Though a lady journalist, she was commissioned by the Editor to spend some weeks in various factories, with the idea of giving her readers realistic accounts from the "inside" of what an Australian factory girl's life is. The result of Miss Davis' experiences is absorbingly interesting, and her articles palpitate with life and colour. "What is the Kindergarten?" is the title to a sympathetic and exhaustive account by Miss Ellie Russell of kindergarten teaching in Australasia. Mr. R. S. Smythe, known throughout Australasia as the "much-travelled," fills a couple of pages with reminiscences of the late Charles Clark, whom he enthusiastically terms "The Prince of Lecturers." Of what may be termed the domestic side of the magazine, perhaps the most interesting item is "Melissa from Arcady," by Anne O'Hagan, the first of a series of six articles. It is a successful attempt to teach the art of a "good grooming" in the form of a story. Melissa learned this wonderful art of self-cultivation in a visit to her city cousin, a plain woman of thirty, who looked to Melissa like an attractive girl of twenty. Melissa is pretty and fair, but just on the verge of growing colourless—and probably wrinkled. To many of our Northern Australian women this article should be worth the price of the whole journal. Many other features of note appear, such as a message to Australasia from Mdlle. Dolores on her departure from Australasia, several stirring short stories, news from the newest books, verses from periodicals, a chat with the Boer women visitors to Australasia, and Little Stories of the Stage breezily told by Charles Bloomingdale.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Greater Russia.*

This is an extremely interesting and useful work. It belongs to what is perhaps the most satisfactory type of book that can be written about foreign countries—that is, the book which is primarily a book of travel, but which is redemed from being a mere collection of fugitive impressions by the special qualifications possessed by the author, and the extreme care which he seems to have exercised in verifying his facts. "Greater Russia," of course, is not a perfect book. It suffers from the defects of its qualities; and as its chief quality is an enormous aggregation of facts, it is somewhat difficult in parts to read, owing to the mass of details and the absence of any bold generalisations.

Mr. Gerrare has been through Russia and Siberia, and traversed Manchuria disguised. Central Asia, however, he does not seem to have visited; and in that sense his book lacks completeness as a picture of the whole Russian Empire. But with this exception it is very comprehensive and minute, as far as facts are concerned. As far as sentiments go, it is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Gerrare takes a somewhat unfavourable view of Russian expansion, and takes it, it seems to us, not on the true ground—the misery which it has inflicted upon the people at home—but upon the narrower ground of international jealousy. He is not altogether free of the traditional British delusion that Russia is a menace to the world. Russia, he says, does not want peace upon terms that could be accepted by the British Empire:

> She will rest for a time, gather fresh strength, and again attempt conquest with an overwhelming military force. Whenever and wherever that attempt is made, Anglo-Saxondom for its own self-preservation is bound to oppose it, and oppose vigorously and effectively. That is the only possible political understanding with Russia until she forsakes her national exclusiveness, becomes cosmopolitan, etc., etc.

Now this we believe to be a mistaken view. In the first place, the Russians are perhaps nationally the least exclusive of all nations; whereas exclusive is exactly what we are ourselves, and even what we are given to boasting of being. In the second place, national exclusiveness has nothing whatever to do with international policy, which should be based on what is most profitable to ourselves, and not upon the alleged shortcomings of our neighbours. We have been allied with the Turk, and we are to-day fighting side by side with Abyssinians, who, whatever their virtues, are certainly not more cosmopolitan than the subjects of the Tsar. It is rather irritating also to be told as a reproach that "The Russians give European statesmen treaties to play with as they would give glass beads to savages who want them," and in the following sentence to be told that all countries do the same. After claiming that Russia will keep to no understanding, Mr. Gerrare proceeds to ask, "What is the Treaty of Berlin? What the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, etc.? So much waste paper." This is hardly a logical attitude for a writer who, as far as facts go, is essentially impartial.

We say that Mr. Gerrare, as regards his facts, is essentially impartial. That is what makes the chief value of his book. Some writers—Mr. Norman, for instance—have seen in Russia nothing but progress, efficiency, and material well-being. Others, much better informed, but no more impartial, like "E. B. Lanin," have depicted only hunger, degradation, governmental exploitation, and popular demoralisation. Mr. Gerrare sees both sides. He sees the enormous obstacles to be overcome in the intellectual stagnation, the lack of enterprise, the practical incapacity of the masses; he sees also their kindliness, their innumerable good and promising qualities. In fact he paints the Russians as a good dramatist paints his characters—neither angels nor demons, but very ordinary human beings, whose chief difference from their Western neighbours can be explained by their state of culture, and cannot be explained by assuming that the man who says "da" for "yes" differs in any essential particulars from the man who says "ja." When he deals with verifiable facts he is no less reliable.

Take him on the Siberian Railway, as one of these verifiable facts. Some writers claim that the whole railway will have to be rebuilt; others talk of Russia pouring hundreds of thousands of troops into Manchuria in a fortnight. Mr. Gerrare, when he gives us the result of his inspection, says what is quite in accord with what well-informed Russians say. The railway is very imperfect; it is in no sense useless. It is a light railway, nothing more. Some of it is well built, some badly built. It will never stand rapid trains in its present state; and so on. He deals with Siberia in the same manner, exposing the exaggerated nonsense

*"Greater Russia; the Continental Empire of the Old World." By Wirt Gerrare. (Heinemann, 1903. 310 pp.)

that has been written about its wealth and possibilities, without, however, going back to the still absurder belief that all Northern Asia is a pandemonium of convicts and exiles, clanking their chains through eternal snow.

The chapter on Manchuria is one of the most interesting. Mr. Gerrare found that while all other foreigners were allowed to enter the country, and even to establish trading establishments there. Englishmen were rigorously forbidden. He did what any wise man would do, ignored the ban, and travelled through the country on a railway trolley, putting up with endless discomfort, but making better use of his eyes and ears than many an officially-conducted tourist. It was a somewhat lengthy journey, as may be judged by the fact that construction trains are not allowed to do more than six miles an hour with stoppages, and actually do less. Mr. Lessar's train, we are told, averaged 300 miles a day, which seems to be the maximum speed attained. Mr. Gerrare found that the Russians treated the natives humanely on the whole, and better than most Europeans, though he insists that they treat them mercilessly during the transition stage of conquest. Of Russian officers he seems to have had a bad experience. He complains that they monopolised all the amenities of the railway, raided the food at the railway stations, leaving nothing for civilians, and generally made themselves overbearing, bearish and unbearable. Mr. Gerrare, it is worth noting, saw in his passage across the Chinese Eastern Railway the new Russian line to Pekin, via Kal gan, about which so much secrecy has been maintained. This line starts from about seventy miles west of Khailar, and is of full gauge, being laid almost without embankments and cuttings across the surface of the ground. He estimates it is being built at the rate of three miles a day; and thinks that it may finally become the permanent line between St. Petersburg and the Chinese capital. The Desert of Gobi, he says, is no longer a protection to North China, and he regards the railway as evidence of effective occupation of the country traversed, although its offensive value may be slight, owing to the imperfect construction. Which means, of course, that he sounds another note of warning to the British public. R.E.C.L.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Success.

We have to congratulate Mrs. Humphry Ward on having at last written a really good novel. In "Lady Rose's Daughter" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) she has rid herself of her tendency to philosophise, moralise, and preach, which made "Robert Elsmere" and its successors resemble sugar-coated pills of theology and philosophy. Lady Rose's daughter, Miss Lolie le Breton, is a charming creation. Lady Rose, having been unhappily married, eloped with a lover, and from their union sprang Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest heroine. Having to earn her own living, she obtained a position as a reader to Lady Henry, a grande dame who at one time had queened it in society, but whose salon had been falling into decay owing to the manifold infirmities both of body and of temper. Miss le Breton revives her mistress' salon, but by sheer force of genius and social tact becomes herself its chief attraction. Hence she is cruelly mortified and snubbed on every occasion by Lady Henry. This has the effect of exciting the sympathy of the gentlemen who frequent the salon, and a couple of good men fall in love with her, and she perversely falls in love with a fascinating, pushing, adventurous soldier who is engaged to her cousin, and who, nevertheless, almost succeeds in bringing about her ruin. From this fate she is extricated at the eleventh hour by the opportune appearance of the man who ultimately marries her, who carries her off to her grandfather's deathbed. The story is intensely interesting, the characters are very delicately and vividly portrayed, the brilliant captain dies opportunely of fever in Africa, and everything ends just as the reader wishes it to do. Miss le Breton is a much more charming heroine than any of her predecessors in the long procession of Mrs. Ward's creations.

Tolstoy's Plays.

Among the more valuable books published last month is the volume of Tolstoy's plays, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude (Grant Richards, 6s.). These plays are "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," and "Fruits of Culture." In an appendix there is given an annotated list of the works of Tolstoy. The translators tell us that Tolstoy has now in hand a new play called "The Corpse," a story called "Father Serge," and "Hadji Mourat"; this is a Circassian novel. These works he wishes not to be published during his lifetime. Tolstoy, they say, has only delivered two public speeches in his life. They complain of the miserable inadequacy of the notice of the last twenty years of Count Tolstoy's work contained in the last edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica"; nineteen columns are devoted to Tolstoy's life, but no mention at all is made to all his more distinctive recent works.

"The Proofs of Life After Death."

Those whose attention has been turned for the first time to the importance of psychical research as an aid to the re-establishment of the belief in

immortality will be interested in the Twentieth Century Symposium, collected and published by R. J. Thompson in Chicago, entitled "The Proofs of Life after Death." The book can be had from G. D. Gavenose & Son, London. Mr. Thompson's brother died about three years ago; this suggested to Mr. Thompson the idea of bringing into a concise form the strongest and best reasons advanced by science, philosophy, and common sense as substantial evidence of a future life. He wrote a letter to a number of eminent men in America, England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, asking them what they considered to be the strongest reason or argument advanced by science or philosophy or by common sense in favour of the belief in immortality. This book contains their replies, together with extracts from their writings upon the subject. Among those who are laid under contribution are Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Professor Elmer Gates, Professor William James, Doctor Lombroso, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Richer, Dr. Van Eden, Cardinal Gibbons, W. T. Stead, Alfred Russel Wallace.

"Poland: A Study of the Land, People, and Literature."

By George Brandes, is published by Heinemann (12s., 310 pp.). We are delighted to welcome an English translation of the most interesting study of Poland that ever was written. Europe has forgotten the Poles, much to the disadvantage both of Europe and the Poles. In this delightful volume the English public can for the first time make the acquaintance—nay, almost the friendship—of one of the most fascinating nations in the world. Dr. Brandes visited Poland four times: in 1885, 1886, 1894 and 1899. In this volume we have the impressions of each visit. In addition to this we have his treatise of more than 120 pages on "The Romantic Literature of Poland in the Nineteenth Century." It is impossible here to indicate even in outline the contents of this volume, so full of charm, written by an author whose sympathy carries him to the heart of his subject, and who has the rare gift of carrying away the reader with the enthusiasm with which he himself is fired. One lays down the book with a feeling that Dr. Brandes ought to spend the rest of his life in making studies of other little-known nations, and interpreting them to the rest of the world.

"The Banner of Blue."

Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest story (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is somewhat disappointing. It is a volume of 421 pages, the first 300 of which are devoted to a romance which has little or no relation to the story of the Disruption, which the romance was written to illustrate. Mr. Crockett would have probably done better if he had divided his story into two books, and let the first go as an ordinary romance of Scottish life and character, and have expanded the last part of the book so as to have made a great historical picture of the founding of the Free Church.

Daudet's "Nabob."

The new volume of Mr. Heinemann's Century of French Romance is the translation of Alphonse Daudet's "Nabob" (7s. 6d.). It is introduced with a brief critical essay by Professor Trent and a biographical note by Mr. Edmund Gosse. It is illustrated by several portraits of M. Daudet, and three coloured plates. This admirable series is now drawing to a close; when complete it will contain one of the best novels of George Sand, Dumas pere, Dumas fils, Balzac, Flaubert, Prosper Merimee, Victor Hugo, De Stendhal, Octave Feuillet, and Guy de Maupassant.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is described in the "Young Woman" by G. B. Burgin as "one of the mightiest intellects of modern times."

That Shakespeare, who was saturated in the word and thought of Scripture, used a Genevan Bible is the contention of the Rev. Dr. Carter in the "Leisure Hour." He adduces many parallels from the plays to the distinctive phrasing of the Genevan version.

The chief feature of the "Woman at Home" is the loose supplement photograph of "Our Future King," Prince Edward. This fashion of presenting their readers with a picture well worth framing is becoming more and more common amongst magazines. Louis Wain and Madame Ronner very charmingly illustrate an article by Mrs. E. T. Cook, entitled "In the World of Cats."

In Spain and in Siberia.—The "Wide World Magazine" is publishing as a serial an interesting account of "A Tramp in Spain," by Mr. Bart Kennedy, one of the rising men of the younger school of journalists. It also contains the publication of Mr. Harry de Windt's account of his journey across Siberia and Alaska, entitled "Paris to New York Overland."

The venerable Dr. McEwan contributes reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon to the "Sunday at Home." He pronounces Mr. Spurgeon great in faith, great in hope, but greatest of all in charity! A letter from Mr. Spurgeon about his college is interesting for the way in which he personalises and feminises his church, the Tabernacle. He says the Church should train her own sons, and "she's" her as if he were a High Churchman.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE TSAR.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN TEXT.

The Western world was startled on March 12 by the receipt of despatches from St. Petersburg announcing the publication of a Manifesto by the Tsar, which the Russian press were said to have recognised as the most important measure of reform a Russian Tsar had foreshadowed since the decree by which Alexander II. emancipated the serfs. The summaries sent over the wires suggested that the Tsar had declared his intention to relax the severity of the laws which enable M. Pobedonostzeff to persecute all non-Orthodox Christians who are sufficiently in earnest to endeavour to convert sinners from the error of their ways, and to extend the civil liberties of the Russian peasants. A pæan of praise went up from the Western press. Those who were most friendly to Russia and its ruler rejoiced the most heartily of all.

But, alas! our jubilation and thanksgiving were premature. When the official text of the Manifesto in the original Russian reached London we experienced a painful disillusion. Why, the reader can discover for himself by perusing the following literal translation of the Imperial proclamation:

We, Nicholas the Second, by the Grace of God, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Tsar of Poland, Great Prince of Finland, etc., etc., etc.

Announce to all Our trusty subjects:

By the Will of Providence, ascending Our Ancestral Throne, we took a sacred vow before the Face of the Highest and before Our conscience to guard as sacred the immemorial foundations of the Russian Power, and to dedicate Our life to the service of the beloved Fatherland.

In indefatigable labours concerning Our subjects, We found a path to the realisation of the people's good in the spirit of the memorable deeds of Our Autocratic Ancestors, and, above all, of Our unforgotten Father.

It pleased Almighty God in His inscrutable ways to cut short prematurely the Autocratic labours of Our beloved Father, and thereby to place upon Us the sacred duty of completing the work begun by Him of strengthening order and truth in the Russian Land as required by the continually rising necessities of public life.

To our deep grief, Sedition, engendered partly by designs inimical to the order of the State, and partly by infatuation with principles strange to Russian life, sets an obstacle in the way of the general labours towards ameliorating the prosperity of the people. This Sedition, agitating minds, diverts them from productive labour, and not seldom leads to the ruin of young forces dear to our heart and necessary to their families and to the Fatherland.

Requiring from all executors of Our will, both from the highest and the lowest, resolute opposition to all violation of the normal course of popular life, and relying upon the honest fulfilment by all and each of their official and social duties, We, with unshakable determination to satisfy immediately the ripening needs of the State, have considered it good:

To strengthen the undeviating observance by the authorities in matters concerning faith, of the covenants of tolerance laid down in the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire, which, reverently respecting the Orthodox Church as first and dominant, permit to all our subjects of non-Orthodox and foreign faiths the free practice of their faiths and ceremonies according to their rites.

To continue the active realisation of measures directed towards improving the material condition of the Orthodox rural clergy, increasing the fruitful participation of the clergy in the spiritual and social life of their flocks.

In correspondence with the impending problems in the consolidation of popular economy, to direct the activity of the State credit institutions, especially of the nobles' and peasants' land banks, to the greater increase and development of the prosperity of the local nobility and peasantry—the fundamental bases of Russian rural life.

The work proposed by Us in the revision of legislation concerning the rural order, after its first execution in manner indicated by Us, to transfer locally for its further elaboration and in order to make it accord with local peculiarities, to government councils with the close participation of worthy workers invested with public trust. To place at the base of these labours the inviolability of the communal order of peasant land-tenure, at the same time seeking means to facilitate the leaving of the commune by individual peasants.

Immediately to take measures to abolish communal liability for the payment of taxes which is burdensome for the peasants.

To reform the governmental and district administration in order to strengthen the methods for directly satisfying the multifarious needs of rural life by the labours of local persons, guided by a strong and legal authority, rigorously responsible to Us.

To bring about as an object involved in the further ordering of local economy, the approximation of the communal administration with the activity of the parochial trustees of Orthodox Churches where such is possible.

Calling upon all our trusty subjects to co-operate with Us in confirming in the family, the school, and in social life those moral principles by which alone, under the shelter of Autocratic Power, the popular well-being and the conviction of each in the security of his rights may increase. We command our Ministers and Chiefs of separate departments to whose jurisdiction these problems relate, to submit to Us their opinions as to the manner of executing what We have decided upon.

May Almighty God send His blessing on our Imperial labours, and may He help Us, with the close unity of all the loyal sons of the Fatherland, to fulfil our projects for perfecting the order of the State by the establishment of a durable organisation of local life, which is the chief condition of the prosperity of our power, on the firm bases of Faith, Law, and Authority.

Given in St. Petersburg on the 26th day of February, in the year One thousand nine hundred and three from the birth of Christ, in the ninth year of Our reign.

Subscribed with His Imperial Majesty's Own Hand.

NICHOLAS.

The foregoing is a close translation of the Russian phraseology. What it means it is impossible for Westerners to understand. But it does not announce, what it was believed to foreshadow, the introduction of religious liberty and the extension of popular representative institutions.

The Genius of the Manifesto.

The story which is most generally credited as to the genesis of the Manifesto, is that it is due to the representations made by M. Demtchinsky, meteorologist, engineer, and landed proprietor, who, after contributing freely to the columns of the "Novoe Vremya," was received in audience by the Tsar. He spoke his mind freely as to the evil state of the country, and being asked to embody his views in writing, drew up a report in which he set forth with brutal frankness the defects of the existing system, and expounded "a whole system of reform in three divisions. The result of all this was that Plehve was sent for, and ordered, in the first place, to get the Manifesto ready, and then to organise various commissions to carry out the proposed reforms."

The Manifesto, says the correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," was

meant to be a clear and concise statement of what the Tsar wishes to do for the welfare of his people, and, as it issued from the hands of officials who had no intention of doing what they were told, it was tantamount to nothing, for what was given with the one hand was fully taken away by the other.

But nevertheless the Tsar means business, and the Ministry of the Interior is working under high pressure. According to the "Standard" correspondent at Odessa, who wrote on the 19th inst.:

During the last ten days the Tsar has been daily giving audiences to Provincial Governors and Sub-Governors, who continue to reach the capital from all parts of the Empire in Europe pursuant to Imperial summons.

Dr. Dillon's Estimate.

Dr. E. J. Dillon contributes to the "Contemporary Review" a thoughtful and discriminating estimate of the Manifesto. No man is better qualified to appreciate the famous document and its real value.

The Author of the Manifesto.

Dr. Dillon says:

The instinctive impulses of Tsar Nicholas II. are happy, humane and seasonable, and in this they differ considerably from the deliberate and Penelopean acts of many of his advisers. With a keen eye on the trend of political affairs, he is ever on the alert for some generous idea, some practical measure which shall fire his subjects with social hope, and, by knitting their interests more closely together, weld all classes in one organic whole. The present manifesto is a striking case in point. It is evidently the product on the one hand of complex processes which have been at work in Russian society for fifteen years at least, as well as of economic and cultural changes, the significance of which has not yet been fully gauged; and on the other, of the Tsar's lively sensibility to these quickly shifting conditions, and of his sincere desire to bestow upon the 136 millions of his subjects such breadth and fulness of national life as he honestly believes them capable of enjoying.

The Manifesto, which was promulgated on March 11, is the expression of a heartfelt wish to satisfy the needs of the people, and the utterance of a reasonable hope that they will help him to solve the arduous problem. It may, consequently, be likened to a piece of white paper with a single text; and all criticism must needs be postponed until the essay on the text has been written. To speak of it as a Magna Charta of constitutionalism is premature and misleading.

What the Manifesto Means.

This document is neither a Magna Charta nor a declaration of rights; it is the expression of His Majesty's intention to have the old-world forms, which the modern man even in Russia has outgrown, readjusted to latter-day requirements. Religion is, the Emperor rightly holds, the most solid groundwork of the nation's well-being; and recognising the fact that religion is not identical with any particular Church, he deems it expedient "to strengthen the undeviating observance—by the authorities who have to do with matters of creed—of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire which, piously recognising the Orthodox Church as chief and predominant, bestow upon all our subjects of other religions and upon all foreign communions freedom of belief and of worship according to their respective rights." Few passages of the Manifesto will evoke more heated discussion than this, but nothing could be gained by commenting at this early stage upon words of wisdom which possess no further meaning than that which future legislation on the subject will put into them.

The Question of Religious Liberty.

One of the laws at present in force in the Empire to which exception is widely taken deals with the religion of children, one of whose parents is a member of the Orthodox Church, and prescribes that every such child shall be brought up as a member of that communion, even though both its parents desire to enrol it in another.

Whether the Manifesto will react upon that article of the Penal Code, it is of course impossible to foretell with certainty; but it would be rash to assume that the Statute will be repealed. On the contrary, the position assigned to the Orthodox Church as "chief and predominant" would appear meaningless without some such privileges which the others do not possess.

The Germ of Future Development.

The changes in the organisation of the village community which are foreshadowed in the Manifesto are less likely to interest foreigners than those which fall within the sphere of religion or politics. But to the Russian peasant it is a matter of supreme moment. One passage of the Imperial proclamation deserves special notice. It is that which contains a promise that the agrarian laws will be revised, and that the schemes of improvement formulated will be discussed in provincial government councils "with the closest collaboration of the worthiest public men invested with the confidence of the public."

If the Manifesto mark, as many Russians hope and profess to believe, a new departure in domestic policy, the beginning of a new era of representative govern-

ment, this promise, then, is assuredly the germ from which it will ultimately spring. Nor is there any good ground for doubting that the powers of the zemstvos will be somewhat extended, that a certain degree of influence upon agricultural legislation will be vouchsafed to them, and that the number of their members will be considerably increased. But it seems equally certain that a long time must elapse before all these reforms can be embodied in legislation. Moreover, whatever the nature of the concrete results which the Manifesto will finally bring forth, it may be unhesitatingly assumed that Constitutional Government, even in the mild form in which it is now pining away in Central Europe, is not among the innovations contemplated by the Tsar.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu's Views.

M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who writes in "La Revue" for March 1, is puzzled at the Manifesto, as well he may be, seeing that he seems only to have at hand the inaccurate version first telegraphed to Western Europe. For that reason, also, he receives the Manifesto, on the whole, sympathetically, and hopes that it will initiate the emancipation of the Russian conscience and the emancipation of the worker. He apparently regards the clause about religious tolerance as if it promised to change the law—which it did in translation, but not in the original, which, as given above, specifically states that the present law is good enough. Still, he calls the promise vague. One thing he sees nothing but good in if it is carried out; and that is the making of it easier for the peasant to release himself from the communal bonds. This, he says, would mean a great transformation for the Empire.

Mr. Norman's Views.

The editor of the "World's Work" (English edition) says he doesn't understand the Manifesto. We need no further evidence that it is not understandable. But, like everyone who reads the Manifesto carefully, he sees therein a dual influence:

If the truth could be known—it seldom or never is known in Russia—it would probably be found that the first draft of the imperial utterance was far in advance of that which now sees the light. Nobody who has been in a position to learn of the character and aspirations of the Tsar will doubt for a moment that tolerance, sympathy, and enlightenment are the mainsprings of his latest action. Unfortunately other influences, against which even a Tsar sometimes struggles in vain, have cast these lofty intentions into a mould which virtually obscures their character and objects.

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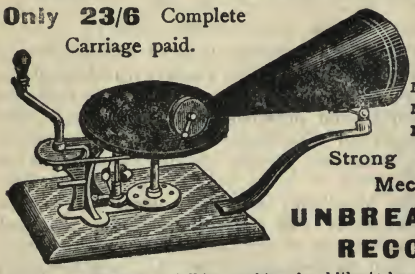

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

General Improvement.

The weather conditions over the lately drought-stricken eastern half of Australia during the past month have been very favourable, and the character of the country is steadily improving. In many cases there is, it is true, still great shortage of natural stock feed, but with the spring this will be remedied. In the meantime there has been a very considerable advance made in the agricultural and pastoral areas, more particularly the former. General indications, so far, favour large cereal harvests for the season 1903-04, though it is yet too early to speak with any certainty. It can, however, be fairly stated that for very many years past the autumn has never been so favourable as in 1903. A fair winter and spring will mean the re-establishment of prosperity in the great agricultural districts of the eastern half of the Commonwealth. Pastoralists are far more cheerful. Over great tracts of country the grass has come on fairly well, and there is plenty of feed to carry the stock on for some time to come, while in Queensland and parts of New South Wales there is much more feed than will be required for the winter. The autumn lambing is said to promise well, while the ewes will be quickly put to the rams again, in order to secure a second lambing this year in districts where food is plentiful. The number of sheep left in Australia is certainly comparatively limited; but, at the same time, it must be remembered that pastoralists concentrated their energies on saving the ewes and rams, and that, therefore, the proportionate increase, with good seasons, will be rapid. In a few districts rain is still wanted, but, generally, the position is satisfactory.

Trade Conditions.

Owing to the great reduction in exports of produce—both agricultural and pastoral—the trade of the country has been quiet. In these remarks we except Western Australia and Tasmania, both of which are making progress, in the former case of very considerable extent. With the depression in the producing industries, it was only natural to find trade dull; but we still hold to our previously expressed opinion that, all things considered, the position might be very much worse than it is to-day. Trade is fairly regular, though the turnover is not extensive, and, fortunately, it is sound. In Victoria, the existing dulness was accentuated by the misguided action of a section of the State's servants, but, happily, Government restored order in a very short time. We do not here propose to deal with the demerits of the strike, but simply state that the Government has been fortunately offered an opportunity of completely reorganising the railway service, and we are sure that the partial cessation of work will mean, in the future, the carrying out of very many economies which should put the service on a more profitable basis from the taxpayers' point of view.

Trade of Australasia in 1902.

Excluding the returns of the Northern Territory, it is possible now to compare the imports and exports of the Commonwealth and New Zealand during 1902 and the previous two years. The figures available are of an approximate character only, though official, for we cannot accept the present rather slipshod method of collecting the returns in the various Commonwealth States as measuring the true extent of our trade. In some centres direct transhipments swell the trade of the State; in other cases, such as Victoria, they are entirely excluded, and only shipments ex bond added to the trade in local produce and manufactures. Again, the values in some cases are taken at very low levels, and in others the figures certainly do not deal with the entire quantity of goods exported. The whole system of collection of the Australian trade figures requires remodelling at the earliest possible date. At the present moment the branches dealing with this subject are each working on a different system. The figures of the Commonwealth include the inter-State movements of goods. The returns are as follow:

IMPORTS.

	1900.	1901.	1902.
New South Wales	£27,561,071	£26,928,218	£25,974,210
Victoria	18,301,811	18,927,340	18,258,211
Queensland	7,184,112	6,376,239	7,355,552
South Australia	8,131,782	7,371,588	6,073,732
Western Australia	5,962,178	6,454,171	7,218,352
Tasmania	2,073,657	1,965,199	2,442,745
Commonwealth	£69,214,611	£68,022,755	£67,322,852
New Zealand	10,646,096	11,817,915	11,132,348
Australasia	£79,860,707	£79,840,670	£78,455,200

PHŒNIX

ESTABLISHED 1782

ASSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

Fire Losses Paid Exceed £23,000,000.

Premium Income Exceeds £1,100,000.

VICTORIAN BRANCH: 60 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE.

ROBERT W. MARTIN, Manager.

THE
COLONIAL MUTUAL
FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE
ACCIDENT
EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY
FIDELITY GUARANTEE.
PLATE-GLASS BREAKAGE
MARINE.
Insurance.

OFFICES.
MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.
SYDNEY—78 Pitt Street.
ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
BRISBANE—Creek Street.
PERTH—Barrack Street.
HOBART—Collins Street.
LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.
WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

CITIZENS'
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
LIMITED.

PRINCIPAL BRANCH OFFICES.
NEW SOUTH WALES: Citizens' Buildings, Moore and Castlereagh Streets, Sydney.
VICTORIA: Citizens' Buildings, Collins St., Melbourne.
QUEENSLAND: Citizens' Buildings, Queen Street, Brisbane.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Citizens' Buildings, King William Street, Adelaide.
NEW ZEALAND: Citizens' Chambers, Custom House Quay, Wellington.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Hay & Barrack Sts., Perth.
TASMANIA: Liverpool and Murray Streets, Hobart.
UNITED KINGDOM: Citizens' House, 24 and 25 King William Street, London, E.C.
And at DUBLIN, LIVERPOOL and MANCHESTER.

HAS MONEY TO LEND on security of Freehold City or Suburban Properties, Good Dairy Farms, Agricultural and Grazing Lands (Freehold or G.P. and C.L.) or Government Stock of any of the Australian States or New Zealand,
At the Lowest Current Rates of Interest.
Loans may be arranged for a fixed term or repayable by instalments, without notice or payment of any fine.

EXPORTS.

	1900.	1901.	1902.
New South Wales	£28,164,516	£27,351,124	£23,544,051
Victoria	17,422,552	18,646,097	18,198,958
Queensland	9,581,562	9,249,366	9,171,059
South Australia	8,122,100	8,015,889	7,698,514
Western Australia	6,852,054	8,515,623	9,051,358
Tasmania	2,610,617	2,945,757	3,244,508
Commonwealth	£72,753,401	£74,723,856	£70,908,448
New Zealand	13,246,161	12,884,424	13,633,577
Australasia	£85,999,562	£87,605,280	£84,542,025

In imports, Queensland, Western Australia, and Tasmania show increases, and the other three States declines, the net movement for Australasia being a drop of £1,385,470. Tasmanian, New Zealand, and West Australian exports increased, but the shipments from the four remaining States dropped by £4,649,894, and the net Australasian movement was a fall of £3,063,255.

Considering the failure of the crops and the enormous losses of stock, the returns are not as unsatisfactory as might have been expected. There is little doubt, however, that the figures for 1903, for the eastern half of the Commonwealth, will show further reduction. Western Australia is making rapid headway, while Tasmania is steadily progressing, and New Zealand is as prosperous as is possible.

West Australian Progress.

The Treasurer of Western Australia, in introducing his trifling loan of £250,000 at 4 per cent. for ten to twenty years, spared no effort to place the financial position of his State fairly before the public. The prospectus contained some interesting statements.

Regarding sinking funds, it was stated: "This State, unlike any other State in the Commonwealth, provides a sinking fund for every loan, and invests that sinking fund with trustees in London, and it cannot be touched by the State Treasurer. On the 30th June last it amounted to £629,737, and at the end of the present financial year will reach £809,000. This money is used to redeem our stocks as they mature; and although it involves at present a big drain on our revenue, yet the people of the State will insist upon this policy being continued, knowing full well that it means eventually that the assets represented will absolutely belong to the State, and that the revenue then derived from them may be used either in reducing taxation or constructing other works."

In addition the following figures were given showing the progress of the State during the last few years.

	1893.	1903.
Population	65,037	219,536
Revenue	£585,822	£4,000,000
Public debt	£2,280,013	£15,068,955
Sinking fund on loans invested in London	£114,294	£810,309
Savings Bank	£74,926	£1,907,785
Shipping (inward and outward)	£1,071,418	£3,353,074
Imports	£1,494,433	£7,218,352
Exports	£918,147	£9,051,358
Total trade imports and exports combined	£2,412,585	£16,269,710
Railways (miles open)	252 miles	1,360 miles
Gold	£421,386	£7,947,663
Total dividends from 1890 to March, 1903	—	£7,809,242
	1897.	
Agriculture (area under crop)	111,738 acres	217,441 acres

The prospects of Western Australia are really excellent; and, what is more, the present Government, in managing the State's affairs, has shown more than the usual prudence.

Australia's Increasing Gold Yield.

The returns for the gold production of the Commonwealth for the first four months of the year show

THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

TWENTIETH REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Twentieth Report, with a Balance-sheet and Statement of Profit and Loss for the Half-year ended March 31, 1903, duly audited.

After providing for Expenses of Management, Interest accrued on Deposits, Rebate on Bills Current, Tax on Note Circulation, Income Tax, and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the net profit amounted to .. £16,222 15 1
Brought forward from September 30, 1902.. .. .. 3,064 18 8

£19,287 13 9

Which the Directors propose to apportion as follows, viz.:

Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on Preference Shares (free of Income Tax)	£7,601 2 0
Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares (free of Income Tax)..	3,360 3 0
To Reserve Fund	5,000 0 0
Balance carried forward	3,326 8 9
	£19,287 13 9

Provision has been made out of the profits for the payment of Income Tax, under recent State legislation. The assessment has not yet been made, but the amount which the Bank will have to pay will probably come to about £1,000.

The Dividend will be payable at the Head Office on and after the 1st proximo, and at the Branches on receipt of advice.

The Twentieth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Company, 126 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1903, at noon.

By order of the Board,

Melbourne, April 21, 1903. SELBY PAXTON, General Manager.

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, Half-year ending 31st March, 1903. Cr.

To Capital Paid-up, viz.:			
31,184 Preference Shares paid in cash to £9 15s. ..	£304,044 0 0		
77,278 Ordinary Shares paid in cash to £1 15s. per share..	£135,236 10 0		
Less Calls due and in arrear ..	830 10 0		
	134,406 0 0		
		£438,450 0 0	
,, Reserve Fund (used in the business of the Bank)		45,000 0 0	
,, Profit and Loss		14,287 13 9	
,, Notes in Circulation..		122,455 0 0	
,, Bills in Circulation		54,576 15 1	
,, Balances due to Other Banks		302 13 2	
,, Government Deposits—			
Not bearing Interest ..	£34,467 15 5		
Bearing Interest..	303,177 6 9		
	£337,645 2 2		
,, Other Deposits—			
Rebate and Interest accrued—			
Not bearing Interest ..	£872,352 17 11		
Bearing Interest	1,089,970 18 8		
	1,962,323 16 7		
		2,299,968 18 9	
,, Contingent Liabilities, as per Contra.. ..		46,026 18 10	
		£3,021,067 19 7	

By Coin, Bullion, and Cash at Bankers	£405,612 16 4		
,, Victoria Government Inscribed Stock, Metropolitan Board of Works, and Municipal Debentures, at cost ..	£36,679 11 7		
Less amount written off	1,585 7 7		
	35,094 4 0		
,, Bills and Remittances in transitu	129,499 17 5		
,, Notes of other Banks	1,415 0 0		
,, Balances due from other Banks	66,139 13 2		
,, Stamps	822 1 6		
		£638,583 12 5	
,, Real Estate, consisting of—			
Bank Premises at cost to New Bank ..		193,253 10 1	
Other Real Estate at Valuation		57,967 7 4	
,, Bills Discounted and Other Advances, exclusive of provision for Bad or Doubtful Debts		2,066,827 17 11	
,, Shares in Other Companies at Valuation ..		14,095 2 6	
,, Chattel Property at Valuation		4,313 10 6	
,, Liabilities of Customers and others in respect of Contingent Liabilities, as per contra		46,026 18 10	
		£3,021,067 19 7	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To Current Expenses (including Salaries, Rents, Repairs, Stationery, etc.)	£23,300 19 3		
,, Bank Note Tax..	1,142 8 10		
,, Transfer to Reserve Fund	5,000 0 0		
,, Balance	14,287 13 9		
	£43,731 1 10		

By Balance brought forward		£3,064 18 8	
,, Gross Profits for the Half-year, after allowing for Interest Accrued on Deposits, Rebate on Bills Current, and making provision for Income Tax, and Bad and Doubtful Debts		40,666 3 2	
		£43,731 1 10	

RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

To Balance	£45,000 0 0		
	£45,000 0 0		

By Balance brought forward		£40,000 0 0	
,, Transfer from Profit and Loss		5,000 0 0	
		£45,000 0 0	

NOTE.—The Customary Auditors' Report and the Directors' Statement, to comply with the "Companies' Act 1896," appear in the Official Report.

SELBY PAXTON, General Manager.

a very creditable increase. The figures are as follow:

	1902. oz.	1903. oz.
Western Australia	681,887	806,196
Victoria	227 781	249,169
Queensland*	175,104	198,435
Other States	124,000	128,000
Totals	1,208,772	1,381,800

*Fine oz.

The increase for the four months is 173,028 ounces. If the advance be maintained at the same rate for the balance of the year, the increase for 1903 over 1902 would be 519,084 ounces. The return for 1902, as we showed previously, was the largest yet recorded for Australia. In New Zealand also the gold yield is steadily advancing.

Notwithstanding the increasing production of gold, except in a few cases, the more particularly in Queensland and Western Australia, the public does not appear to be investing capital freely in the industry. This lack of enterprise is undoubtedly due to the present system of conducting gold mining, and also to the manner in which the sale and purchase of stocks and shares is carried on. Not until a system much more favourable and equitable to the legitimate dealer in stocks and shares is introduced at the Stock Exchanges can public confidence be restored.

Loans and State Finances.

The principal announcement of the past month was that on behalf of a London financial house of undoubted strength, which indicated its willingness to carry out the conversion of the Victorian Government loans falling due on the 1st of January next. The Government has £5,457,000 of 4 and 4½ per cents falling due in London on that date. By the repayment of £234,000 by the Metropolitan Board of Works the net amount is reduced to £5,223,000, and there is evidence that unless the London money market rapidly becomes more favourable in its tone to Australian issues, even a conversion loan would be difficult to place favourably. The offer of the private firm to take up the whole issue for cash on terms which as yet are unstated publicly is undoubtedly evidence that the position of these States is not regarded gloomily by all financiers on the other side. At the same time it is apparent that if the loan were for other than conversion purposes, the money could not be obtained except at a prohibitive price.

So far the Treasurer of Victoria has not announced his intention with regard to the offer made. It is too early yet to make any definite announcement, but in any case he will be forced to apply to London in August next. We have only partial knowledge of the terms on which the financiers are prepared to take up the whole issue, but if they be on the basis of a 3½ per cent. issue at par, there is little doubt the Government will accept the offer. If they did not it would be an error of judgment. The British Government has just borrowed £30,000,000 on account of the Transvaal, and the rate of interest obtained by investors was £3 1s. 6d. per cent., and the actual cost to the borrowers £3 3s. 6d. per cent. If Victoria can borrow at 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per cent. dearer on her own account than the British Government did for the Transvaal, then the terms must be considered satisfactory. Until the exact nature of the offer is disclosed, however, no definite opinion can be formed.

The West Australian Government successfully floated £250,000 at 4 per cent. for ten to twenty years during the month on terms which reduced the net cost to the investor to about 99¾. The Treasurer of that State backed up his first issue with much valuable information regarding the position of the State, but showed an inclination to rather overdo the matter. As has been pointed out in some quarters, the average investor is a steady-going individual, who does not care to be disturbed too much by a trifling issue such as this was, but we assume that Mr. Gardiner felt concerned over his first issue, and took every precaution to prevent failure. The subscription totalled £462,000—a very satisfactory figure.

The West Australian loan enlarged on a practice adopted by Queensland and New Zealand in regard to local loans which the "Review of Reviews" commenced to urge seriously on the Treasurers of the various States some years ago. The loan was offered simultaneously in every centre, subscriptions being received free of exchange, and interest is to be payable and principal repayable free of exchange throughout every State at the option of the purchaser. We have urged for a long time past that all loans floated in London should be open to tendering from this side, for issues are from time to time made exclusively in that centre at rates which would secure any amount of support here. The whole system of loan issues in the past has been faulty. First, loans were mostly made repayable on fixed dates, in which case the Government has very often to make the conversions in a difficult money market. Secondly, the character of the stock and debentures has been unduly large; and lastly, and most important of all, the necessity for providing regular sinking funds outside the influence of hungry Treasurers has been almost entirely overlooked. Until Australian loans are issued in a business-like way the credit of the States cannot be expected to improve.

New South Wales has been off the money market for about two months—almost a record for the See-O'Sullivan administration, and on all sides a fresh issue of Treasury Bills in London, or locally, is being awaited. The Government of the Mother State appears to be still suffering from a prolonged loan thirst, and unless the greatest care is exercised by the people, they will quickly be saddled with a debt which will retard their progress for all time.

Queensland is awaiting a favourable London money market to issue £1,250,000 at, we assume, 3½ per cent. For some months there is not likely to be a very favourable opportunity, but if necessities be pressing the issue may be made sooner than expected. Four months ago the South Australian Treasurer announced that there would be no London loan for six months, an announcement which led the London Agent-General to expand considerably on the smaller loan policy of his State. Those who carefully studied the position of Australian finances would like to hear the announcement of no Australian loan for six years except for conversion purposes. Private enterprise should be allowed the field for a decade or so to re-establish prosperity in these States.

Successful Banking.

Some critics are all too gloomy in their views of Australia. The Wilson clique in London may be cited as an instance, for neither W. H. Wilson nor A. J. Wilson appears to think that any good can come out of this Nazareth. The continued prosperity of Australian banks must be rather surprising to these gloomy individuals, for, notwithstanding quiet trade, decreased

THE SAVINGS BANK
Has
MONEY TO LEND IN VICTORIA
At 4½ per cent.,
In Sums of £500 to £15,000 on Town Properties,
And £2,000 to £25,000 on Broad Acres,
FOR FIVE YEARS,
With option of paying off part Half-yearly.

FARMERS' CREDIT FONCIER.
Loans from £50 to £2,000 at 4½ per cent., for 31½ years.

GEO. E. EMERY, Inspector-General.
29 Market Street, Melbourne.

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1835.)

Paid-up capital	£1,600,000
Reserve fund	1,070,000
(£500,000 invested in Consols at 90, the remainder being used in the business of the bank.)	
Reserve liability of proprietors under the charter	1,600,000
	£4,270,000

SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, with the Accounts for the Half-year to 13th October, 1902, Presented to the Proprietors at the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, held on THURSDAY, 26th MARCH, 1903, at One o'Clock.

REPORT.

The Directors submit to the Proprietors the Balance-sheet as at 13th October last, with the Profit Account for the half-year to that date. After providing for rebate on bills current, for British and colonial rates and taxes, and for all bad and doubtful debts, the net profit for the half-year, including some recoveries from old accounts, amounted to £152,084 17s. 8d.

To this sum must be added £14,705 2s. 10d., brought forward from the previous half-year, making a total of £166,790 0s. 6d., out of which the Directors have declared a Dividend for the half-year at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, or £2 4s. per share, free of income tax.

The Dividend will absorb £88,000, and the Directors have further appropriated £35,000 to the reserve fund, £14,000 in reduction of the cost of bank premises, and £15,141 15s. 5d. to the bonus paid to the staff, as announced at the General Meeting held in October last. There will then remain £14,648 5s. 1d. to be carried forward to next account.

The Dividend will be payable, in London and in the colonies, on the 27th inst.

ALBAN GIBBS, Chairman.

4 Threadneedle Street, London, 16th March, 1903.

PROFIT ACCOUNT, from April 14, 1902, to October 13, 1902.

Undivided profit, April 14, 1902			£102,705 2 10
Less—Dividend, October, 1902			88,000 0 0
			£14,705 2 10
Profit for the half-year to October 13, 1902, after deducting rebate on bills current at balance date (£8,479 17s. 7d.), and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts		£293,774 3 4	
Less—			
I.—Charges of Management—			
Colonial—			
Salaries and allowances to the colonial staff, including the superintendent's department, and 157 branches and agencies	£84,315 12 5		
General expenses, including rent, repairs, stationery, travelling, etc...	22,392 19 8		
London—			
Salaries	8,824 7 5		
General expenses	3,001 17 5		
	£118,534 16 11		
II.—Rates and Taxes—			
Colonial	£12,753 8 7		
London	10,401 0 2		
	23,154 8 9		
		141,689 5 8	
			152,084 17 8
Total amount of unappropriated profit			£166,790 0 6
From which deduct—			
For transfer to reserve fund		£35,000 0 0	
For reduction in cost of bank premises		14,000 0 0	
For bonus to staff, paid June 10, 1902		15,141 15 5	
			64,141 15 5
Leaving available for dividend			£102,648 5 1

BALANCE-SHEET, October 13, 1902.

Dr. Cr.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
Circulation		£503,187 0 0	Specie, bullion, and cash balances		£3,253,834 18 4
Deposits		14,313,892 12 4	Loans at call and at short notice		1,252,410 0 0
Bills payable, and other liabilities		2,292,796 0 11	British Government securities		1,021,339 18 5
		£17,109,875 13 3	India and colonial Government securities		341,784 4 7
					£5,874,369 1 4
Capital	£1,600,000 0 0		Bills receivable, advances on securities, and other assets		13,652,571 7 9
*Reserve fund	1,070,000 0 0		Bank premises in Australia, New Zealand, and London		355,583 9 3
Profit account—undivided balance	102,648 5 1				
		2,772,648 5 1			
		£19,882,523 18 4			£19,882,523 18 4

*Of which £500,000 is invested in 2½ per cent. Consols at 90, the remainder being used in the business of the bank.

F. H. BLOGG, Accountant. R. W. JEANS, Manager.

We have examined the cash and securities in London, and the London books, and have verified the transfers from the several branches in the colonies, and we beg to report that, in our opinion, the foregoing is a full and fair balance-sheet of the bank, and that it exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the bank's affairs as shown by the books.

London, 12th March, 1903. WELTON, JONES & CO., Auditors.

production, and the long drought, the banks are, generally, in a better position than they have been since 1893. The appended results must be regarded as evidence in favour of this opinion:

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

This great institution issues the best balance-sheet in its history for the six months ended October last. The net profit was the largest ever made, viz., £152,085, and, together with the balance forward, left £166,790 available. From this sum £35,000 went to reserve, £14,000 to bank premises reduction, £15,142 as a bonus to staff, £88,000 in the form of a dividend of 11 per cent. to shareholders, and the balance of £14,648 was carried forward. To give some idea of the enormous extent of this bank's business, we append the following comparison for the past three October half-years:

	October, 1900.	October, 1901.	October, 1902.
Capital	£1,600,000	£1,600,000	£1,600,000
Reserve	925,000	995,000	1,070,000
Undivided profits	94,041	94,237	102,648
Notes	482,985	482,868	503,187
Bills	2,718,365	2,374,977	2,292,796
Deposits	13,650,832	13,878,371	14,313,893
Liquid assets	5,734,363	5,111,820	5,874,369
Advances, etc.	13,325,668	13,930,456	13,652,571
Premises	411,193	383,176	355,583
Man'g'm't expenses, etc.	128,473	133,984	141,689
Gross profits	279,439	274,061	293,774
Net profits	151,466	140,077	152,035
Dividend, per cent.	10	10	11

The bank was never stronger or more prosperous than at the present, a state of affairs largely due to the wise superintendence on this side.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

For the half-year ended March 31 last, this institution again increased its net profits, after paying £653 more in taxation, a heading now which is rapidly increasing. The net income, after paying all expenses and taxes, was £34,661, and the sum available for distribution £50,260. From this sum £5,000 was added to the reserve fund, making it £75,000, and the usual dividends of 5 per cent. to pref. and 3½ per cent. to ordinary shareholders absorbed £28,512, leaving £16,748 to be carried forward. This bank is making very steady progress, and with a return of good seasons we may expect to see rapid advances.

THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

This institution presents the best balance-sheet to its shareholders since the crisis. The figures indicate general expansion, and, at the same time, we are pleased to note that a strong policy of increasing reserves and writing down assets is being adhered to. The net profits, after various writings down for the six months ended March 31, were £17,223; but the new income-tax in Victoria is expected to absorb £1,000. Net earnings compare thus:

Net profit, March 31, 1899	£5,600
Net profit, March 31, 1900	11,471
Net profit, March 31, 1901	13,717
Net profit, March 31, 1902	17,172
Net profit, March 31, 1903	*17,223

*Without deducting new income-tax charge.

During the past six months deposits have increased largely. Advances and discounts have been reduced, to provide larger liquid resources, and these have been brought from £477,859 11s. 6d. up to £638,583 12s. 5d., the highest total held for many years. The bank's position is very strong, and the earnings are sufficient to enable 5 per cent. to be paid to both preference and ordinary shareholders, free of all taxes, the raising of the reserve fund to £45,000, and the carrying forward of £3,326. Excellent progress is being made.

This bank has no branches out of Victoria, and no advances against station property in New South Wales or Queensland; consequently it escapes effects of drought in those States. The branches in Victoria are in the favoured parts—Gippsland and Western District.

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE.

Banks whose liquid resources exceed their advances and discounts are few and far between; yet this state of affairs is exhibited in the Bank of Adelaide's last accounts, for the year ending March 31. The net profit for the twelve months was £52,317, from which £20,000 was added to reserve fund, and £32,000 paid to shareholders. The accounts compare thus:

	March, 1902.	March, 1903.
Capital paid	£400,000	£400,000
Reserve	200,000	220,000
Notes	134,903	127,702
Bills	223,029	204,749
Deposits	1,813,741	2,148,950
Liquid assets	1,081,284	1,520,944
Remittances in transit	109,316	99,635
Discounts and advances	1,574,477	1,470,339
Net profit	45,925	52,317
Dividend, per cent.	8	8

The liquid assets have increased by £439,000 on the year. Deposits continue to rise rapidly, and in every way the bank is making great progress, and never presented a stronger appearance.

THE LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

This institution found it necessary this year to make some provision for losses on pastoral properties taken over from the old London Chartered Bank, and is writing off £7 10s., or £368,272 10s. from its ordinary capital.

As regards the working of the bank in 1902, the profits are small, owing to writings down to meet losses. The profits prior to paying interest on deposit receipts were £85,206, and, with the balance forward, there was £95,724 available. From this sum, £71,516 was absorbed by interest on deposit receipts, leaving a balance of £24,208. From this sum the entire due payments to preference shareholders were made, and the balance of £10,024 carried forward. The bank's three last balance-sheets compare thus:

	Dec., 1900.	Dec., 1901.	Dec., 1902.
Preference capital	£171,930	£171,930	£171,930
Ordinary capital	743,985	743,985	743,985
Notes	173,336	181,165	168,597
Terminable deposits	1,911,964	1,591,092	1,589,271
New deposits	2,652,826	2,649,071	2,691,522
Bills payable, etc.	819,431	651,276	584,479
Coin and cash	793,227	804,535	788,035
Money at call and short notice	240,000	110,000	—
Investments	756,191	661,489	831,737
Discounts, advances, etc.	4,327,293	4,065,453	3,973,376
Bank premises	381,700	381,200	380,845
Gross profit	180,792	168,204	158,316
Charges and taxes	74,641	73,240	73,105
Interest on deposit receipts	91,335	71,611	71,516
Net profit	14,816	23,353	13,690

The most satisfactory feature is the big repayments of terminable deposits. Coin and investments taken together show an increase, and in other directions movements are satisfactory.

New Zealand Produce.

The official statement of the frozen produce exported from New Zealand for the year ended March 31 contains the following:

QUANTITIES.

	1899-1900. Cwt.	1900-01. Cwt.	1901-02. Cwt.	1902-03. Cwt.
Butter	161,792	184,553	219,493	263,137
Cheese	98,001	109,152	86,476	74,393
Frozen beef	238,234	295,792	216,881	251,640
Frozen mutton	1,068,558	946,727	858,519	1,252,803
Legs, pieces, do.	53,204	56,165	56,163	93,209
Frozen lambs	405,237	452,884	560,375	667,472

	VALUE.			
	1899-1900.	1900-01.	1901-02.	1902-03.
	£	£	£	£
Butter	693,701	790,160	983,224	1,269,676
Cheese	208,258	248,883	189,992	175,903
Frozen beef	269,459	346,232	251,123	323,711
Frozen mutton	1,103,081	1,015,075	926,530	1,466,000
Legs and pieces, do.	56,992	61,498	62,706	103,781
Frozen lamb	603,722	654,696	831,690	1,048,115

These figures are unequalled in any other country in the world. With only 20,000,000 sheep, New Zealand exported equal to 4,800,000 carcases of mutton and lamb. If the Argentine Republic exported in the same proportion, her shipments would be 24,000,000 carcases per annum. The growth of the butter trade, too, is nothing short of marvellous.

Declining Wool Exports.

The figures relating to the exports of wool from Australia and New Zealand to the end of April show a decline for the ten months of the season of 249,644 bales. Since the opening of the wool season the shipments have fluctuated as follow:

	Australian. Decrease. Bales.	New Zealand. Increase. Bales.	Australasian. Decrease. Bales.
July	5,368	1,835	3,533
July-August	9,772	5,504	4,218
July-September	25,998	9,886	16,112
July-October	62,900	10,860	52,040
July-November	100,559	16,664	83,895
July-December	201,529	39,294	162,185
July-January	206,800	12,003	194,797
July-February	282,643	34,476	248,167
July-March	301,115	49,874	251,241
July-April	303,378	53,734	249,644

By the end of June the decrease will probably be 330,000 bales in the Australian exports, and 285,000 from all Australasia. Next year's shipments will be even less. Prices, as a result of short supplies, continue to advance rapidly, and in September we look for a boom, similar to that experienced in 1899, for fine wools.

Insurance News and Notes.

The Federal Government is proposing to carry the risk of fire in its properties itself in the future. Some of the transferred properties were insured when they passed into Federal control. It is intended to drop the policies on them as they mature. Where a building is only temporarily occupied by the Commonwealth, such as Victorian Parliament House and Government House, it will be kept insured. This system is to be observed in all the States.

The City Mutual Life Assurance Society has purchased the property in Collins Street, Melbourne, known as the "Olderfleet," from Mr. P. K. McCaughan. It is a leasehold, and has thirty-six years to run. The ground landlords are the trustees of the Murphy estate, the ground rent being £1,800 per annum. The price paid was £20,000.

Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, spoke recently on the success of the Government Life Insurance Department, which he said would pay reversionary bonuses to policyholders this year amounting to £290,000. The accident branch had also been successful. This being so, he did not see why the Government could not manage a State Fire Insurance Department equally well, and he intended to again introduce a Bill next session. He suggested that, instead of the profits going to the Government, they should be devoted to giving bonuses to policyholders.

The premiums on fire business for 1902, in New York, amounted to over £3,000,000 sterling. Five years ago the total was only £1,500,000.

The barque "Saragossa," on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Sydney, took fire when fifty days out. For fourteen days the vessel had to be hove-to, during which the work of fighting the fire was carried on incessantly. A large quantity of cargo had to be jettisoned before it was got under. The vessel arrived in Sydney on the 6th inst.

The annual meeting of the members of the Australian Mutual Provident Society will be held in Sydney on the 29th inst. The retiring directors are Mr. B. Short, Senator J. T. Walker, and Mr. James Burns, all of whom offer themselves for re-election. In addition to these, the following are also candidates: Mr. James Ashton, Mr. Gerald Ross Campbell, Mr. William Thomas Dick, Sir James Graham, M.D., and Mr. George Maiden.

Mr. B. Goldsmith, the general manager for Australasia of the China Traders' Insurance Company Limited, and the Union Insurance Society of Canton Limited, has received a cable message from the head offices of the two companies, Hong Kong, to the effect that the mean bonus to be paid to contributors of business for the year 1902 will be 17½ per cent.

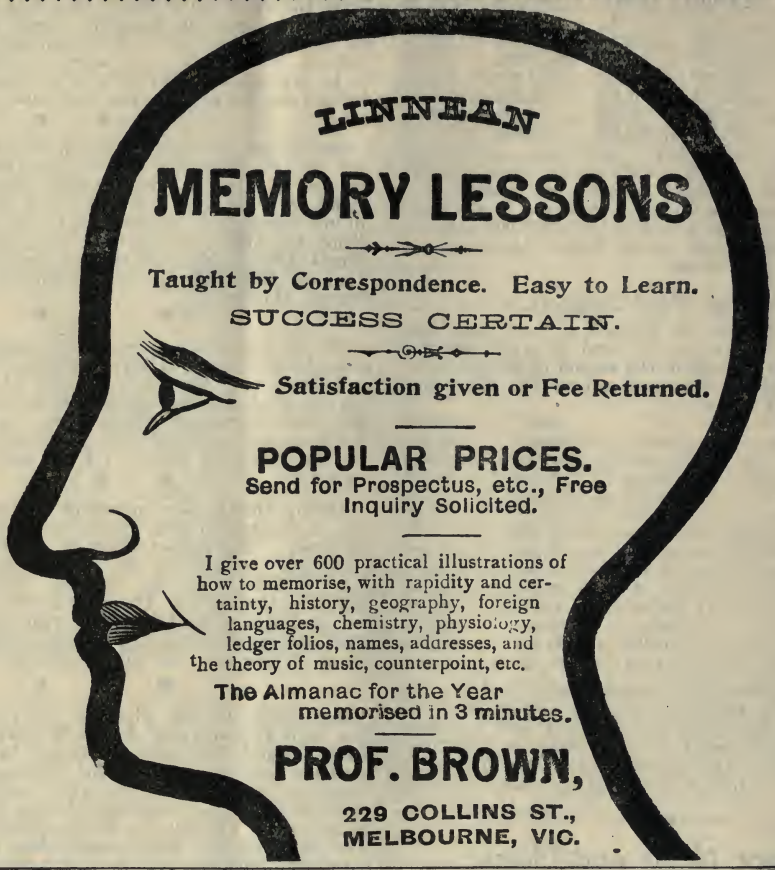
Among British fire insurance companies doing business in Canada in 1902, the following six did the largest business. The figures attached are the net amount of premiums received for the year: Royal, $963,143; Phœnix, $707,661; North British, $571,703; Guardian, $458,430; Commercial Union, $433,560; Liverpool, London and Globe, $424,171. The year was a very profitable one, many companies making an underwriting profit of 30 per cent. of the premiums.

Mr. James Buttle, who for the past thirteen years has been the manager of the Victorian branch of the New Zealand Insurance Company, has been appointed acting-general manager of the company. He was entertained on the 17th ult., prior to his departure for Auckland, by the Fire and Marine Underwriters' Associations of Victoria, at Scott's Hotel. Mr. J. Price, who has been for many years, chief clerk of the company at Melbourne, has been appointed acting-manager of the Victorian branch.

An important income-tax decision was given at the beginning of the month by the House of Lords, on appeal, affecting the funds of life assurance companies invested abroad. The Scottish Provident Association had a sum of £217,350 remitted from Australia in 1898, and the lower Court assessed income-tax upon it. The Association objected, and contended that the don and Globe, $42,171. The year was a very profit- but the court overruled it. The House of Lords concurred, and dismissed the appeal.

The Prudential Assurance Company, the great industrial-ordinary life assurance company of Great Britain, on whose lines the Citizens' Life Assurance Company here is conducting its business, has issued its fifty-fourth annual report. In its ordinary branch, new policies were issued for the year amounting to £6,680,050, producing a new annual premium income of £364,068. The premiums received for the year were £3,651,458. In the industrial branch the premiums received were £5,690,907, and the total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year were 14,770,865. The combined assets of the two branches amounted to the huge sum of £47,155,201.

The new session of the Insurance Institute of Victoria will be inaugurated on June 10 next. Mr. Alfred A. Taverner has been elected president, the office of hon. secretary being filled by Mr. R. T. White.



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